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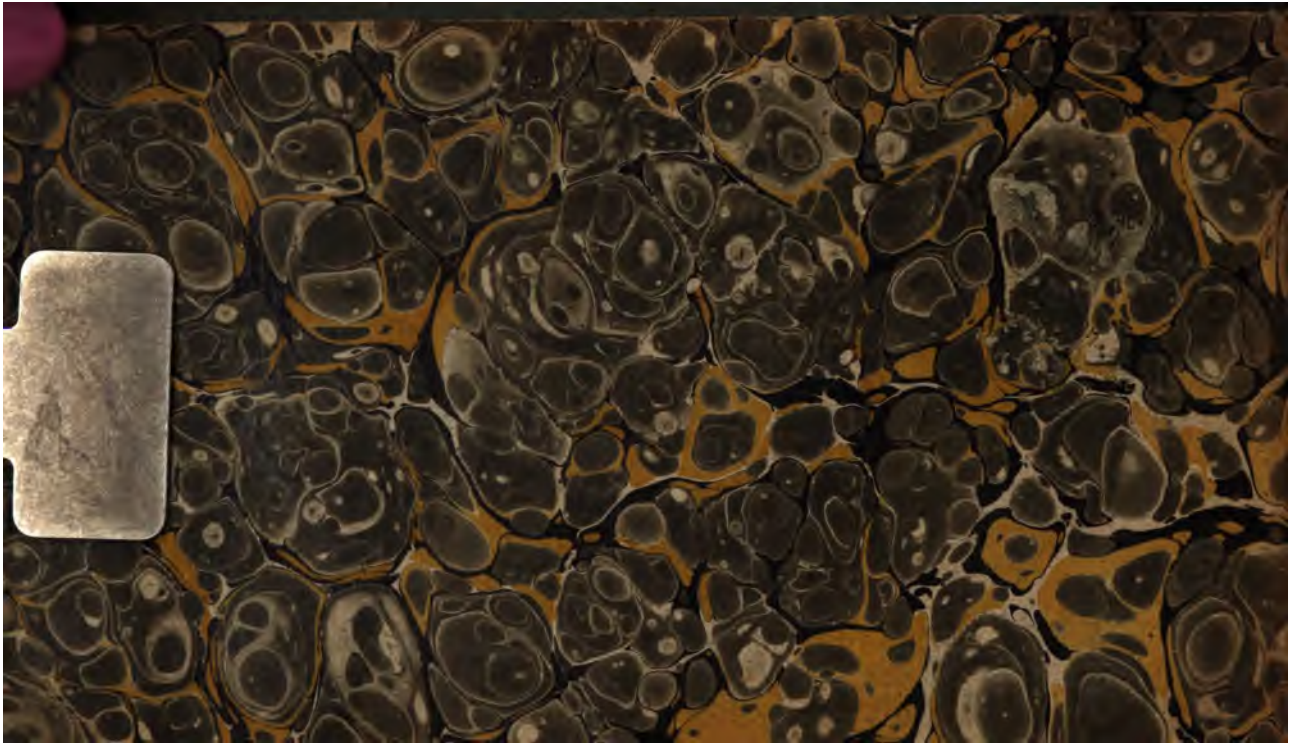

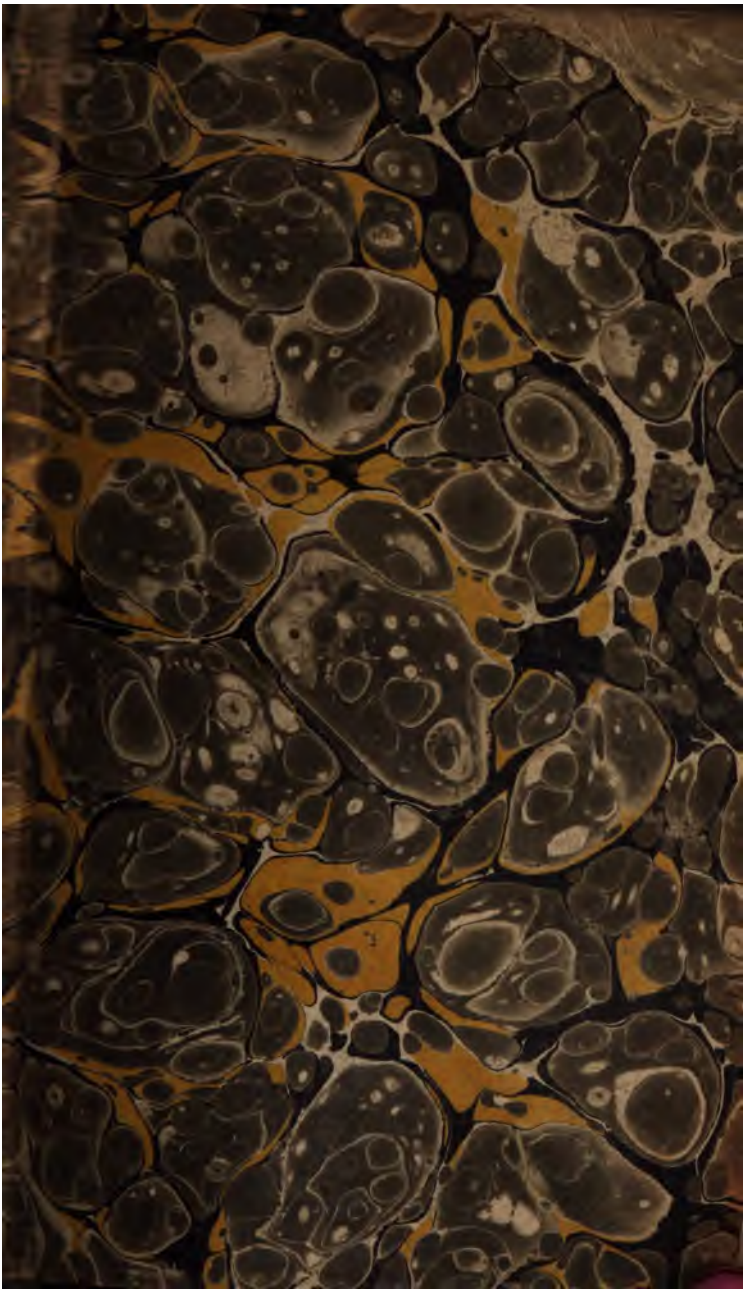

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ROSABELLA:

OR,

A MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

A NOVEL.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES;
SANTO SEBASTIANO, OR, THE YOUNG PROTECTOR;
THE FOREST OF MONTALBANO; AND
ADELAIDE, OR, THE COUNTERCHARM.

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ROSABELLA.

CHAPTER I.

THE companion of Rosabella proved all that the judgment of Lord Flowerdew had predicted,—respectful, attentive, and taciturn,—and, through gratitude for qualifications so conducive to the comfort of her journey, she could not utter a negative to his petition, for deviating a little from the public road to deliver some papers of consequence, which he had in charge for a friend.

But although our almost heart-broken fugitive believed all roads must prove equal in discomfort to her, in which her flight from earthly happiness was to be performed, she soon experienced that a

change for the worse could be perceptible even to her; since by this deviation they were thrown into a line of obscure inns, which afforded very inferior means to facilitate their progress; and their horses and chaises becoming from bad to worse, they at length, in the last stage Rosa was to travel, obtained a carriage so shattered, that in less than an hour after they had entered it the band of a wheel flew off, and there being no habitation near to procure aid from, they were doomed to perform the remainder of our heroine's journey in a complete snail's creep; their postilion assuring them, "they might as well perform it in advance, as to retrace the road they had come; since his master had no other chaise, and was so slow in all his undertakings, that it might probably be midnight ere he would have the wheel repaired, which by slowly and cautiously proceeding would take them safely to Black Friar Moat, as the road was excellent, and but one hill to encounter of any consequence.

At a pace therefore that diminished their patience more rapidly than the length of their journey, they stole onwards, until arriving at the hill they had been apprised of, they agreed to improve their chance of reaching their places of destination, by ascending on foot the long and formidable acclivity. Aaccordingly Rosa and her sturdy companion commenced their pedestrian undertaking through a thick and lofty wood, which almost presented the gloomy aspect of a forest, the road meandering so incessantly, each new winding so completely shutting out the last, and concealing them in impenetrable shade, that, struck by shuddering apprehension, at the lone appearance of the impervious defile, they could not restrain their mutual gratulations upon its being at too great a distance from the metropolis to be a probable haunt for banditti.

"Not," continued the farmer, "that I should mind much if it was; for, although nigh-hand closing my account of seventy harvests, by Goles, I would have a tilt with the stoutest collector that could attack me,

miss,—though I defy them to enrich themselves much by me, having but a one pound note, and a few coppers about me; but, never having been robbed, tis too late to begin now. No, no, I'll not let my bone go with a dog that has no right to it; for right is right: and if I give I give."

At this moment, entering upon a new curve in the road, they perceived a man in a recumbent posture, amid the trees, close to the path they were treading, apparently in profound repose, and with an oaken staff and a sort of cloak-bag lying on a bank beside him.

Through the intuitive inspirations of fear, Rosa cast a wistful glance upon him as they passed; and upon perceiving the meagre and cadaverous aspect of his countenance, she would have pronounced him a victim to famine, had not the respectability of his clothing chased this belief. Hence to sickness she ascribed the appearance, which had awakened her commiseration, and was leading her to give utterance to her pity, by a consultation with her companion, "whether they ought, in

common humanity, to pass on without ascertaining if they could be useful?" when the man suddenly started up, and snatching his stick and *valise*, rapidly proceeded in the same direction our travellers were taking; and although his pace was unsteady and unequal, he quickly distanced them, and soon, by a new turn in the road, was hid completely from their view.

"I should not wonder," cried the farmer, "if that was some crazy mortal, broke loose from confinement;—for, beside his queer unsteady gait, the look he cast upon us as he passed was for all the world like them there sharp and sly ones, which mad folks have with them."

"Indeed," said the shuddering Rosa, "I should fear your opinion was correct, only his French cap, and the style of his whole dress, so much resemble the costume of many foreigners I have lately seen in London, that I am rather led to imagine him to be some half-famished countryman of ours, just liberated from a French prison, who is making an ill-provided march home to his friends; and, if so, I wish we could

have contrived — without offending the poor man—to have given him some pecuniary aid."

"But, if he wanted aid, miss, why did he not beg? I would have given him a handful of coppers, and welcome."

"He looks rather too respectable to belong to the mendicant race," said Rosa, as they wound into a new meander of their path, where, in direct impediment to their progress stood the subject of their conversation, who, as he reared his staff with a menacing flourish, firmly pronounced—

"Stand."

"Never do you fear, but I will," exclaimed the farmer undauntedly, "I'll stand longer than you now, for a wager. But, what must I stand for, master? To help you to the contents of my pocket, hey?"

"Deliver," vociferated the footpad.

"I will," replied the farmer, "myself and my companion from your clutches, by presenting you with the contents of this;" and drawing a pistol from his boot, he levelled it at the robber's heart.

"Oh, for mercy! take not the life of a fellow creature, to save a few shillings," Rosabella exclaimed, catching at the pistol, and turning the point from its sanguinary aim, through the spontaneous impulse of pity, and alive to no recollection of possible consequences.

"It is not to save my shillings, but my charter," replied the farmer. "I never was robbed; and it is too late in the day to begin bad customs now. But as poor miss has such a chicken heart, I'll give you your life, and a handful of halfpence to boot; set in case that phiz of yours tells truth, and that necessity drove you to this unlawful demand for money."

"Yes," cried the man, "such necessity as the calls of imperious hunger, and an exhausted purse, will drive on to desperation. On my way from—no matter whence; and to—no matter where,—I was taken ill, and being amongst strangers, was compelled to part with every thing but the clothing I now stand in, to remunerate for medicine, care, and subsistence; and are quite equal to the

measure, I recommenced my journey with only a few pence in my pocket. They are expended; and necessity and opportunity impelled me to an attempt I was unprepared for; and, only the young lady's humanity interposed, my life had now most probably paid for my offence. And now, madam, give further proof of your being pity's votary, and yield me means to preserve that life you have saved."

Rosabella, like her travelling companion, had but a small sum about her, the chief of her little store being in her writing desk in the chaise; however that little she instantly presented to him; although with her pity was awakened a painful sensation of alarm, since the countenance of this man betrayed a daring ferocity, which not even sickness and hunger had found power to subdue; whilst his accents, composed of various tones, led from the certainty of what nation he belonged to, and created a belief of his having been an adventuring wanderer over the habitable world; and

too probably, not in the path of integrity.

"Well," cried the good farmer, "since the calls of poverty led you to your intended act of dishonesty, I forgive you; and, instead of halfpence, there's a pound note to pay for the fright I put you in: —for I made you tremble, my gentleman! —but mind, you did not rob me of it; nor by putting me in bodily fear, compel my delivering it to you:—mind it is a free gift, and that you always say and consider it such."

"Sir," replied the man, with a half-suppressed ironical smile, as he received the note, with a profound bow, and gracefully placing his hand upon his heart, in attestation of his gratitude, "sir, you may rely upon it I shall be full as anxious as even you can be, to make it clear in evidence, that this became mine by gift, and not through robbery."

"Very well," cried the farmer, "and mind now, you don't make the best of your way to the nearest town, and pur-

chase a weapon to point at me as I proceed on my journey for ———"

"For, more unlikely things have come to pass in this world of ingratitude:" replied the stranger impatiently interrupting him: "however, fear not me. You carry your protection with you:—and may *that protection* ever be *the protected of Heaven!*" and bowing profoundly and even gracefully to Rosa, he ran a few steps forward, and then converting his late menacing weapon into a leaping pole, soon vanished from their view, in the windings of the way.

"I'll be bound to be burnt, miss," exclaimed the farmer exultingly, "if he is not as mad as a March hare, after all! —So, I am glad I did not shoot him; and I may thank you, miss, for being able to walk about in the dark, as usual, without fear of *ghostes* and goblins."

"From every appearance," said Rosa, "I fear he is a formidable personage to be at large; but, for your own sake, I rejoice you did not obey your first impulse."

"He is a monstrous fine looking man too," replied the farmer, "although he has a look with him that seems to say, when the fit was on him, he would mind no more plunging a dagger into one's heart, than I should sticking a pig; nor of shaving heads off, no more than I should using a sickle:—and I think too he is a bit of an impostor to boot; for had he been so main bad lately, he ne'er could have hopped it off thus neatly."

"Certainly," returned Rosa, "we may pronounce our gifts have not been bestowed upon a very prepossessing object:—but charity will soon reconcile us to it, through the conviction his aspect guaranteed of his being starving."

Having now arrived at the summit of this long hill, our travellers were agreeably surprised—particularly our heroine, whose heart had fluttered painfully with alarm, from the moment she had first beheld the formidable personage they had just parted from—by the appearance of a small public house, where they hoped to

obtain some sort of assistance in the repair of their wheel; and their hope was not altogether disappointed, since a few stout nails were procured, to replace the band, just sufficiently to permit their jogging on with more security; and presented to our honest farmer a more certain prospect of getting forward to the place where he purposed stopping for the night. But this delay in progress allowed not of Rosabella's reaching the spot of her anxious destination until about five o'clock in the evening, when the chaise entering an extensive, but gloomily wooded park, at length wound its way to find buried in a deep and sombre dell an immense pile of gothic architecture, surrounded by a moat, of depth and breadth sufficient to exclude all apprehension of exterior foes, except by martial assailants.

As the promptitude with which our heroine had been compelled to execute her flight, admitted not of anticipation by post of her arrival, she was herself the bearer of Lord Flowerdew's letter to an-

nounce it; which she sent in on the appearance of the porter upon the drawbridge, to answer the deep-toned summons of the bell, which performed a loud toll of conventual solemnity.

For about twenty minutes poor Rosabella had to wait, in the trembling anxiety of incertitude,—since now the apprehension assailed her, that she might not be received:—but at length the porter reappeared to throw open all the fortified passes, to admit the carriage of our agitated fugitive into a large quadrangle, in which conventual and military appearances were strangely mingled; since upon every rudely-sculptured emblem of chivalry was placed some pious saint of almost shapeless formation; and over every turret and archway of this ancient abbey was intrepidly mounted on a cannon or war horse,—to prove, beyond all doubt, their being of the legions of church-militant heroes—a Black Friar devoutly numbering the beads of his rosary.

Arrived at length at the grand entrance

door of this magnificent structure, which by turns had given to the echoes of its immensity the clang of warfare, mirth of vassals, and the chaunts of penitent friars, Rosabella beheld Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice's venerable chaplain and confessor, waiting to receive her, and conduct her to his patroness; and his aspect, so prepossessing in accordance with his garb, proclaiming him in serious dignity, yet mild benevolence, a Christian pastor; the heart of Rosa felt instant relief, and mentally she said—

"O, how unlike Mr. Sternham! Surely I have nothing to fear from him of persecution for my religious principles."

This spontaneously formed belief of Rosabella's was just. The abbé Nugent was too liberal in his theological opinions —since, an enthusiastic admirer of the great Fenelon, he had endeavoured to form himself after his mould,—to interfere with the pious purposes of any in-

dividual. The impious only ever found him intolerant; and the impenitent alone had cause to dread his censure.

He was a native of Ireland, who had received his education in Paris, during the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, where he entered into holy orders, obtained that promotion in the church his merits called for, and was loved and respected by all good men: but upon the dire regicide that stamped its horrors upon a wild career of sanguinary cruelties, the well-known attachment of the abbé to the martyred monarch and his saintly sister rendered his flight from Paris necessary for the preservation of his own life; and after encountering a diversity of fortunes in various climes, he gladly accepted the station he now held in the family of Lady Agatha, which he filled with the conscientious observance of a zealot in the care of his flock; but it was with the mild and merciful forbearance of the precepts and example bequeathed by the great Master.

Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice was also a

native of the Emerald Isle, only daughter to the ninth earl of Clanmartyr, a bigoted Catholic, who had sent her, for the first impressions to be made upon her young mind, to a convent of the most austere order at Madrid, where ignorance and superstition usurped the place of every species of useful or important knowledge; and from this convent—in full belief of his child's mental treasures having sufficiently accumulated, —his lordship took her from place to place upon the continent, making pauses of requisite length in every spot celebrated for any particular art or science in the circle of accomplishments,—for, as his Agatha was exquisitely beautiful, he had determined upon presenting her to the admiring world as also the most accomplished woman of the age. As neither money, application, nor, above all, capacity, were dealt by a sparing hand, and that the choice was judiciously made of the professors in each branch, the ambition of Lord Clanmartyr relative to his daughter's acquirements was fully

gratified: her skill in music defied criticism; her vocal excellence enchanted every ear; her preeminence in painting and drawing obtained for her many honorary trophies; her fluency in modern languages even natives could scarcely surpass; whilst when she moved in the minuet's graceful exhibition, or in animated measure joined the merry dance, spectators compressed their circles, in eager gaze to be entranced with admiration: — but alas! the mind of this idol of universal homage was a lamentable blank.

At the period when the beautiful and accomplished Agatha was presented at the Irish court by her exulting father, a Catholic gentleman, recently emancipated by maturity from the guidance of his guardians, returned also from the Continent, where he too had been in search of refining influence. Captivated by Lady Agatha, he sued for her love, and won her unalienable affection; and being of high family, although untitled, and possessing a large unencumbered landed property,

both in England and Ireland, Lord Clanmartyr smiled his approbation upon their union.

But no sooner had Lady Agatha become a wife, than the shaft of death deprived her of her idolizing father; and scarcely had her mourning garb for him begun through use to lose its horrors, when her ruthless destiny compelled her to assume a habit of still more torturing grief; for she was despoiled of her devoted lover, in her adoring husband.

And now was Lady Agatha bereaved indeed. Her affections were strong, she had loved accordingly; all who had formed her world of happiness were wrested from her; and in her own desert mind there was no germe to blossom into consolation; for what, in the moment of affliction, availed superlative accomplishments? Grief resembles not the tarantula's bite, to find its cure in music and dancing. Eyes overflowing with the torrents of sorrow's bitter tears possessed no power to guide the pencil through the regions of creative fancy, or to copy the models

that Italy had presented to her: and whilst her bosom was the seat of anguish, she could give utterance to no language but that of lamentation.

Thus, without one friendly resource within the energies of her own mind, her ladyship threw herself headlong into the dark abyss of despair; when, to secure herself from the dreaded torments of society, she fled from every connexion in Ireland to Black Friars Moat—which with the chief part of his property her husband had bequeathed to her,—and where she enclosed herself with a great aunt, long the recluse of an austere convent abroad; and a chaplain and confessor of the most gloomy order.

The uncultivated waste of Lady Agatha's ductile mind proved a soil most genial for implanting the theories and precepts of Father O'Blaze, and his indefatigable coadjutor Lady Theresa, whose religious paths were choked up and disfigured by all the wild briers and destruc-

tive weeds, that the germes of superstition, bigotry, and ignorance ever put forth, to impede the progress of mild and merciful Christianity.

CHAPTER II.

For more than thirty years had her ladyship resided in this seclusion, declining all social intercourse with the world, and from the death of Lady Theresa, and another severe domestic infliction, becoming hourly more bigoted and more gloomy, when fortunately for herself and those around her, the mistaken holder of her conscience, who guarded the passes of her heart from every approach of human kindness, was summoned to his awful account of errors; and his place was supplied by a widely different pastor, whose precepts, with almost miraculous promptitude, filled her bosom with treasures she had before been poor in; but which now accumulated with auspicious promise of procuring for her a fair inheritance in a better world.

But not even the depth of the moat,

nor the strength of the surrounding fortification, could exclude the voice of calumny, for it sounded with insinuations against the devotee of Black Friars Abbey; nor could the hallowed function or rigid morals of even the austere Father O'Blaze shield him from the accusing sound, on being enclosed in *tête à tête* with his patroness in this sequestration, after the death of Lady Theresa, and their expulsion of a lovely blossom, which had arrived at perfection even in their steril soil and ungenial region. No sooner did these tones of suspicion reach the ear of Lady Agatha, than her inherent purity, in wild alarm, impelled her sending into the world for a respectable female to reside with her, as guardian of her fame: but this companion, after a residence of more than twenty years at Black Friars, discovered the moat was ungenial to health; and, a few weeks prior to Rosa's introduction to Lady Agatha, at one moment's notice decamped, as it shortly appeared, to bestow her withering hand upon a young

rustic, who had lately arrived from her ladyship's estate in Ireland as an under bailiff.

Upon this unexpected dereliction of Miss Imoff, Lady Agatha in agonies of alarm for her once more menaced reputation, now again left to a *tête à tête* with her confessor, wrote immediately to Lord Flowerdew—who being nearly related to Mr. Fitzmaurice, and whom, when he went the northern circuit, she had sometimes seen—"to send her, without delay, a companion to guard her fair fame from slander,—who could brave solitude and the humidity of a moat,—her religious persuasion a matter of minor consequence; for all the Abbé Nugent had taught her to require upon that head was, its unfaltering existence in the true orthodoxy of whatever faith it was conceived in:"—but the seclusion of the moated abbey, and the austerity of Lady Agatha's character in the world, had prevented the possibility of his lordship's executing this commission, until the self-devoted Rosa most thankfully accepted it.

On beholding our agitated heroine alight from the chaise, the abbé started in surprise, and as he courteously welcomed and led her to the presence of his patroness, he said—

"The letter of Lord Flowerdew announced the lady who was to make a pleasing addition to our inmates, as young:—but, I confess I did not expect to see her so very much so.—I trust our seclusion may not prove too ungenial to your season of life, to make you happy here."

"The influence of custom is proverbially established," replied the trembling Rosa; "in solitude I have been chiefly reared, and therefore, existence, without other society than that of inmates, has been habitual to me."

They now had reached the apartment, where our heroine was presented by the Abbé to Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, in whose appearance little could be traced of the loveliness of her youth, although still the fine features of exquisite beauty remained; but all the alluring charms of feminine sweetness were obliterated by the

lower of despondency, gloom, and bigotry, her brow for many a year had worn; and, although that lower had been happily removed by the mild influence of the Abbé Nugent's theology and Christian resignation, a character of formality, not conciliating nor altogether forbidding, had assumed its place; nor was her garb calculated to convey a cheering effect, since that was the close black envelopment of a conventual habit.

Lady Agatha also started on beholding Rosa, but her countenance betrayed emotions the *Abbé's* had not; for her face blanched to a paler hue, and tears started to her eyes; and as she extended the hand of urbanity's welcome, she falteringly said—

"Oh! how could Lord Flowerdew send a being like you to me?—Surely, surely, he must suppose a creature so young, so lovely, once more beneath my roof, must tear open wounds that time can never heal.— But, sit you down, Miss Frederick. Do not tremble, do not look dismayed, for I shall exert my energies to stifle

the agonizing impression that youth and beauty must ever make upon me; and perhaps, in time, I may become reconciled even to what now distresses me.—You cannot have dined.—This has been a meagre day with us, and as we keep primitive hours, we are almost thinking of our tea; but you shall have animal food."

"I too, madam," the highly distressed and agitated Rosabella replied, "I too, kept primitive hours to-day. I dined at one o'clock, therefore tea to me, Lady Agatha, will prove the most pleasing refreshment."

Whilst Rosa spoke, Lady Agatha gazed and listened attentively, then turning to the Abbé, said—

"I think, my reverend friend, I shall become more rapidly reconciled to having Miss Frederick with me, than I could on the first view of her have in possibility expected; for, holy Sir, she assimilates with my fancy I know not how, as if she were some former friend restored to me; as if her form and manner had been familiar to me, by having known her in-

timately before I left the world.—Yet, from her age that is an impossibility; and I perceive in her no resemblance to any one, whom I have immediate recollection of;—and yet there is some combination of expression of countenance or manner, that powerfully excites my interest."

This combination Lady Agatha might have supposed as emanating from recollection of Rosa's mother, had not Lord Flowerdew's letter presented an interdict, in the impossibility of her having ever been acquainted with a sister of frailty; for his lordship announced our heroine as the illegitimate offspring of an Irish noble, in whose family being reared, an unfortunate and forbidden attachment had sprung up unconsciously; and upon the appalling affinity having been disclosed to her, she had heroically determined to fly from the possibility of her too tenderly loved brother ever beholding her more.

Lord Flowerdew had candidly given this statement, which he believed correct; both from his predilection for ingenuousness, and through his wish to account for

the depression of Rosabella's spirits, in a manner that would secure her, through the delicacy of Lady Agatha, from questions which might distress her.

As Rosa had been compelled by necessity, to barter her companionable faculties for maintenance and salary, she no longer considered them at her own disposal —whilst in the presence, at least, of her who paid for them—she therefore felt it as an incumbent duty to close the floodgates of her sorrows, and confine the contemplation of her griefs within her heart, until her release from this dedication of her powers to please took place each night, and liberty was afforded her to grieve uncontrolled until morning. Arduous as was this difficult task of repressing the rising tears and sighs of anguish, to illumine the countenance of mental wretchedness with a smile,—and steady the voice that poignant grief had broken;—to attune the tongue to themes most foreign to the surcharged bosom of oppressive care; and yield the listening ear to tales, that perhaps struck with barbed arrows to

the heart of the dependent, whose mind was in requisition for subsistence; Rosabella performed it so satisfactorily to Lady Agatha and the Abbé Nugent, that when, after their light supper—although for her something more than fruits and salad was added to their meagre day repast—and under the convoy of the housekeeper's daughter she retired for the night, Lady Agatha, in the moment succeeding her departure, eagerly exclaimed—

"We seem, most holy father, in a fair way of finding ourselves under incalculable obligations to my late sub-bailiff."

"Mr. Younghusband has indeed benefited us highly," the Abbé replied; "we have now obtained a companion."

Winifred, a neat pretty looking girl, of about sixteen, led the way for Rosa towards her chamber, carrying the light with tolerable steadiness, through the hall approximate to the room our heroine had quitted: but this steadiness was perceptibly impaired upon entering a long corridor of cathedral aspect; for here poor Winny

beheld the flame of the candle becoming gradually blue, and as she commenced the ascent of a spiral staircase, sombre as black oak and the conventual memento of carved death's heads &c. could make it, she proclaimed to her companion, "that the flame was grown as blue as her apron;" when in all the sympathetic shiverings of consequent dismay, Winny jerked and quivered, and *St. Vitused* her way up stairs; ever and anon pausing to catch a replenish of breath from the clutches of the flitting goblins, who were ruthlessly exhausting it; and to look wistfully behind her, to ascertain that the footsteps she heard lightly following her were those of corporeal substance, and not of the fleshless phantoms, she doubted not, were she alone, she should behold in every ghastly form.

At length, after a painfully alarmed ascent of this staircase, upon entering an immense gallery, in which oratories, shrines, and emblems of death, were with awe-inspiring gloom arranged, Winny, uttering a piercing shriek, exclaimed—

"Oh, Miss, Miss! did you not see that light flit across us?"

"Yes, certainly," answered Rosa; "and when we pass the next window, we may probably see it again. It was a moon beam."

"Ah! so it was, I declare; but, thanks be to Heaven! we shall soon be at your chamber—unless these cursed spirits bewilder us—and you never can be astray about your right chamber, Miss, for there is to be seen as plain as your face in the floor before it an invisible trapdoor, which opens once a month at the full of the moon,—when every mortal in the abbey is buried by the power of the evil spirits in profound sleep, some snoring so loud under the charm, as to draw up the water of the moat many feet above its level,—and out of the trapdoor comes a sight—Oh! may Heaven preserve us from it!—which no mortal ever yet has seen."

"*But if no* mortal has ever beheld it," demanded Rosa, "how comes the appearance of this sight to be known?

"Oh! Miss, it was seen once, but not by mortal eyes, but by a warning in a vision to some wicked monk, whom the spirits slew in your chamber. But, Miss, although you do not seem so frightful as I am, you had much better ask mother to prepare another chamber for you, not near the old monk's haunted cells; for, to tell you the truth, you came by such surprise like upon us, there was no time to get another aired: — which this was — worse luck for you! — by a priest who slept in it for two nights last week."

In a few moments more they reached the chamber destined for our heroine, which, independent of its gloom, was perfectly commodious; but, to increase the impressions of superstitious alarm, Winny seemed anxious to convey to the bleeding bosom of Rosabella, that simple apprehensive girl, after civilly inquiring if her bed was arranged to her mind, announced that room as uncommonly pleasant in daytime, having a beautiful view from the windows.

"Though," she continued, "out of

that particular window I would not have you over fond of looking;—for it was through that, the lady, many hundred years ago, before the hard frost or the flood, saw a spirit rise three times up out of the moat, which is fifty feet below the window, and stand firmly before the casement on the air, each time singing a prophecy of the death of the lady's husband, whose head, all bloody, the spirit bore in its hand; and sure enough, the very next day arrives an express to call the poor lady up to London, where her husband was taken to the Tower, to have his head *severated* from his body for high treasons, as the spirit had foretold."

Rosa, anxious to get rid of her simple companion, to give free indulgence to the agonizing feelings of her surcharged bosom, so long and painfully under restraint, now reminded Winny she had a long way to retrace her steps, and that her candle would scarcely light her if she lingered; when poor Winny, thus reminded of a possible increase to the horrors she had alone to encounter, with shuddering un-

willingness took her departure; first announcing there was a rush light in the chimney,—intelligence Rosa was by no means sorry to find true; for although not of poor Winny's *frightful* order, yet in a lone chamber, in a strange and gloomy place, depressed in spirits as she was, even the sickly beams of a rush candle, she thought, would prove like the shadow of a companion.

The insulated Rosabella, now lorn in her chamber as she was in the world, was not doomed to find that repose there, so necessary for her wearied frame, since sleep was not the attendant of her downy pillow; for now her sacrifice of the man she loved, with every promise of happiness that expectation could blossom brightly with at the shrine of gratitude and friendship, came in all its anguished pangs to wound her tortured heart; though, whilst performing the dreadful achievement, the mental and bodily action of forming and executing her heroic design had warded off the power of harrowing thought upon the subject. Now her purpose was accom-

plished, she had arrived at the haven that was to enclose her from happiness for ever; and all the miseries she had devoted herself to flung at once their barbed arrows cruelly to wound her. Now she began to reflect more seriously upon the anguish she had so ungratefully, so unexpectedly prepared for Lord Montalbert; and before the agonies that such reflections sent through her heart, her own individual suffering faded into mere phantoms of infliction; which led her almost to doubt whether there was any superior gratitude to that she owed to him, and to fear she had paid the smaller debt at the expense of the greater. But soon her reason convinced her she had performed the most imperative duty:—that her benefactress had a far higher claim to her gratitude than even her disinterested lover; for she had rescued her in infancy from all the dire evils, which then menaced her temporal and eternal happiness, in the protection of the low-minded Mrs. Cormack—had reared her at great peril to her grandson's peace and interest, as her own child;

whilst Lord Montalbert requiring no increase of wealth, only sacrificed the pride of alliance in pleasing the influence of his fancy in selecting her for his wife; and thus convinced which was the duty of rectitude, she resolutely opposed every assailing arrow of repentance, although her heart was sorely wounded, and bled to its inmost core.

CHAPTER III.

From the sleepless pillow of despondency and wo our heroine arose at an early hour, to seek the only balm she now had hope of finding; and by her genuine and fervent devotion, gave the strength that fails not to the firmness so essential to support her through the hour of bitter trial.

At the time according with the family arrangements, Winny, divested of her nocturnal *frightfulness*, appeared to awake our heroine, who, upon finding her already up, she concluded had been disturbed by the spectral performances of the night; and perceiving her pallid aspect, heavy eyes, and touching dejection, the affirmations of Rosa, "that she had neither seen nor heard any thing to alarm her," obtained no credence; and only gave birth to another conviction, that she was sprite-

bound not to betray the direful orgies she had witnessed.

Lady Agatha received our poor wretched Rosa with as much kindness as unvanquishable melancholy could unbend to; but the Abbé Nugent's kindness in reception had no cloud of gloom to struggle through; it was open and clear as the ethereal canopy above them.

"I grieve," said Lady Agatha, "that our faith is not the same, Miss Frederick, as it precludes you from the benefit of worship with us; and as the most essential duty of your life will therefore rest so much upon yourself, you must be ever awake to the responsibility you are involved in:—however, as much as I in possibility can, I will lessen this serious evil for you. Our parish church is not much more than two miles off, but the paths are often impassable to pedestrians; I shall therefore send you in a carriage upon all the fasts and festivals appointed by your ritual for particular observance; and as often beside as you may deem it

necessary to partake of the most solemn rite of your church."

Rosabella expressed all the gratitude she felt at such real kindness; and Lady Agatha requested she would take the trouble of making breakfast.

"In aught else," continued her ladyship, "I shall make but little demand upon your time, which I hope you will contrive to fill up as much to your satisfaction as it is possible for a being so young, in such a life of total seclusion as we lead: but if you are as wise as my Lord Flowerdew says you are good, you will turn this seclusion to your advantage, by laying in a fund of useful information that can never fail you.

"My library, collected by Mr. Fitzmaurice, is one of the first private ones in Europe: — and there is an enlightened man, possessing benevolence of heart, to make him delight in guiding you through the right path of information. Nor need your showy accomplishments, if you possess any, rust upon the hinges of inaction, since our holy Sire deems it not incom-

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—for I must never, never, hear them more. —Are you skilled in music and drawing, my dear?"

Rosa answered with such pleasing modesty, relative to her pretensions to any form of accomplishment, that the Abbé, with more cordiality than mere politeness would have influenced, promised to give her every instruction in his power to yield.

"And," he added, with a serious smile, 'when our mutual timidity wears off, and that we acquire courage to play, sing, and draw our best, I trust Lady Agatha, in the kindness of encouragement, will not *always* banish us to a distance from her."

"I make no promises," Lady Agatha replied, "but you may form some hopes, my reverend friend, since already I have vanquished two impediments to my finding comfort in the society of Miss Frederick —her appearance and her name. You would no thank me, my dear, were I to so young or lovely, therefore ish it:—but as you could be ctive with any other name, I urs changed—Rosabella bears

too heart-rending a similitude to Rosalvina:—and Frederick was the name of a man, who made me a cruel monster."

"Then change them, madam," Rosa said; "I should indeed grieve, was I to prove the cause to you of one unnecessary pang."

Lady Agatha felt both pleased and obliged; but said, "it was, perhaps, a wholesome penance, momentarily to pronounce names, that must reanimate her feelings of remorse for an unpardonable cruelty she had practised."

The saddening melancholy of Lady Agatha scarcely could find an enlivening counterpoise in the mild cheerfulness of the Abbé Nugent, whose pitying heart imbibed the most painful apprehension, that the unconfided griefs of the young stranger might find nurture in their cave of gloom; and, as much as possible, to prevent the realizing of this apprehension, he allowed not the morning to pass over without informing himself upon exactly how far Rosa had claim to knowledge in music and drawing, when, to his infinite

gratification, he discovered her to be a pupil of such fair promise, that he should find interest and pleasure in leading her talents in that field of improvement, through which they soon would arrive at perfection.

To drawing, music, the Abbé's reading some celebrated literary productions aloud, with pedestrian exercise through the secluded grounds, Rosabella was indebted for a day, that dragged her through existence without one moment of the hours passed with her new companions being dedicated exclusively to her own sorrows; consequently not until she retired to her chamber for the night, could she shed one tear to relieve the anguish of her bursting heart; and to supplicate for fortitude to bear the mental agonies she suffered.

This night passed like the preceding one with Rosabella, in sorrow's bitter tears, and the succeeding day like its predecessor, in which her gratitude to the kindness of the Abbé Nugent found fast increasing demands upon it; and when she again retired to her pillow, and the

indulgence of her heart's moan, she felt conviction, that was her mind not so overpowered with varied griefs, the advantages she should derive from the Abbé's instructions, and from the brilliant conversation of a man so highly informed, and so benignly communicative of his knowledge, would be incalculable.

The day after our poor heroine's arrival at Black Friars Moat, she dispatched a letter of grateful acknowledgment to Lady Flowerdew, informing her ladyship of the safe termination of her journey, the kind attention of her travelling protector, and the pleasing reception she had been honoured with from Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, who wrote by the same post to Lord Flowerdew, to thank him for his satisfactory compliance with her request; and as for six days at least no answer could be expected from even the most scrupulous attention, the surprise of Rosa was not more powerful than her agitation, on the receipt of a letter from Lady Flowerdew—under cover to Lady Agatha, as [illegible]d upon, to prevent the discovery

of her retreat through the Post Office—the third day after her arrival at Black Friars Moat, with information of a sudden and unexpected arrangement of her lord's, to set off immediately for Paris, accompanied by their elder children and Miss Lorrain, to stay there during the remainder of his lordship's vacation.

Her ladyship next reverted to her hope of Rosa's finding herself comfortable with Lady Agatha; for happy she could not expect to be, until time, her own excellent sense, sound principles, and innate piety, recalled that sensation to her bosom, attracted thither by conscious rectitude.

"How your flight has been borne by the Derville family, I have yet to learn," her ladyship continued, "for they removed to Richmond the day but one after your departure, only sending their P. P. C. card to me; as I believe another elopement, equally unexpected, overwhelmed them in too much distress to call upon any one; since you, my interesting fugitive, were not the only volatile belonging to the family; for on the very evening of your

departure, and in the very same hour, as it now appears by a letter to his brother, Mr. Monson took French leave of his guardian, and set out for Paris.

"I entreat you write to me; for the interest you have awakened in my heart is very intense, whilst that which you have created in the bosom of my *caro sposo* appears to my alarms such as to induce me to become peculiarly careful of my existence, to secure my poor dear brats from a cruel stepdame.

"Direct for me, to the care of Messrs. ——, Bankers, Paris; and believe me, dear and interesting heroine in the cause of rectitude,

"Your admiring

"and sincerly attached friend,

"CECILIA FLOWERDEW."

Rosabella's regrets on finding by the kind letter of Lady Flowerdew that such true friends should be removed, even for a short period, from the same country with her, were all absorbed by distress at the alarming intelligence thus conveyed of

Mr. Monson, whose ruin, she now doubted not, would be completed; since she felt conviction he had not set out for Paris unaccompanied by those, who had plunged him into that ruin his agitated confession had partly betrayed to her; and for one appalling moment this sympathizing distress was mingled with a pang of terror, lest the supposition might be entertained, as both fugitives had disappeared in the same hour, that they had been companions in flight. But for this agonizing apprehension she soon found consolation; for since Lady Derville knew from her letter the motive of her disappearance, she could not cherish such a suspicion, and would therefore not allow such a belief to be sheltered even by Lord Montalbert; although for the subjugation of his ill-fated attachment, and the accomplishment of her ladyship's wishes, no aid could prove more efficacious.

Rosabella could not succeed in concealing her increase of sadness, after the arrival of Lady Flowerdew's letter, from her com-

panions; and their observation of it only augmented their kindness to her; for the interest which was making rapid advances, to awaken dormant affection in the bosom of Lady Agatha, was by its genial influence thawing fast the icy misanthropy, with which reprehensible despondency, an uncultivated mind, and the precepts of ignorant bigotry had incrusted her heart; and her ladyship herself proposed taking an airing round her park, to show Rosa the beautiful views from it, and its own attractions, a kind of solace Lady Agatha rarely indulged in; to which, as she could feel no apprehension of encountering any one she wished to shun in such a sequestered range, Rosa could feel no objection. On their return from this excursion, the Abbé Nugent, whose benevolence was ever on service in the cause of the afflicted, led her to a piano forte, spread before her some enchanting music, and by his own exquisite accompaniment upon the violin, beguiled her attention from torturing retrospection to the pur-

suit he had kindly assigned her; and in the course of the day, when it became his employment to read to his two associates, he selected amusing, not the serious subjects Lady Agatha preferred.

CHAPTER IV.

We will not convert our pen into a chronometer, by giving the mensuration of our heroine's time, in a recital of how she passed each day in her seclusion; since few of her days were otherwise than a repetition of its sombre predecessor: for they beheld none but the inmates of the abbey; went no where, but Rosa now and then to church in a hamlet, where none but rustics formed the congregation; and all our poor heroine had to mark out time for her was, the progress she perceptibly made in the affection of Lady Agatha, in the esteem of the Abbé, in her mental acquirements, and in drawing and music; but not in the extirpation of her attachment to Lord Montalbert, or her reconciliation to her sad estrangement from her dearest friends.

Five months Rosa passed in this unvarying seclusion, without the intervention

of any incident worth recording; for although Lady Flowerdew wrote to her immediately upon her return from France, yet her letter conveyed no information relative to our story; and in vain had our poor heart-wrung recluse, with painful agitation, sought for intelligence of those she believed lost to her for ever, through every column of the diurnal paper received at Black Friars Moat.

But just at the termination of Rosabella's fifth month of sequestration, the Abbé, having some business to transact at a neighbouring market town, left Lady Agatha and her lovely companion to a *tête à tête*, which her ladyship gladly availed herself of, to speak upon those themes that had effaced happiness from her page of life.

For nearly an hour, the perfections of her husband, and the misery his death subdued her by, were the affecting subjects of her wail, when she commenced a lamentation for her cruelty to the child of her only brother.

"Relative to my lamented husband,"

said Lady Agatha, in continuation, "my conscience has nothing to upbraid me: but to my poor Rosalvina, my commissions for repentance have been tremendous:—but, as the Abbé, poor lenient man! deems the penances I have already performed fully sufficient expiation of my offences towards her, and that I disagree with him upon this point, and wish him to devise some heavy infliction for me,—I do not like to mention the subject before him; but you, I trust, my dear, will have patience to bear with me, whilst I bewail my cruelty to that dear misguided creature; because such audible contrition for my transgressions does me good.

"But that you may fully measure the overflowing cup of my enormity, I must give you the history of this dear unfortunate.

"Our progenitors being all of the church of Rome, my brother and self, the only children of my father, were of course reared in that faith; I, perhaps, more piously, since, in the heyday of his youth, he evinced no outward and visible sign of proving

a worthy member of any church; for he formed an improper connection with a seductive woman, the wife of another, which induced him to fly his country, and to live with her upon the tolerating Continent until the blessed period of her death, which did not occur until after the double calamity to me, in the irreparable loss of my husband and my father.

"Upon the fortunate death of the tempter, my brother no longer felt an objection to return to his country, when called to be the representative of our noble house; but with spirits broken down by the loss of his infatuator, he fully determined to come, and form a perpetual *tête à tête* of wo and lamentation with me, when he had arranged all his requisite business, upon coming into the Earldom of Clanmartyr.

"But luckily for him, I would not permit his coming to contaminate my pure sorrow with his impure wailings for a transgressor; as it yielded him opportunity to see, and almost upon sight to love, the only surviving child of a lately deceased Irish baron, whose exquisite

beauty and seraphic mind allured him on to wed her without one shilling fortune; which certainly he did require in a wife, since the horrid connection he had formed, had, by leading him into every species of dissipated prodigality, involved him in such formidable debts, that all the personal property my father had bequeathed, was devoted to their liquidation.

"But this marriage, so auspicious in promise to his temporal and eternal happiness, the ruthless tyrant death too soon dissolved. Lady Clanmartyr died in this abbey shortly after the birth of a female child, and my heart-rived brother, not long surviving her, bequeathed to my care his infant daughter, Lady Rosalvina Northmore—for whom the Clanmartyr estates, which, with the titles, devolved to a collateral branch of our ancient tree, were charged with twenty-five thousand pounds for her portion.

"But, unfortunately for poor Rosalvina, litigations arose—first as to the legitimacy of the supposed heir at law, and then, on his claim being superseded, the com-

petency of the next was disputed; and in attempts to prove his insipience, years were passed away, and on no one could I make my claim for the portion of my ward, until about ten years ago, when every trace of Lady Rosalvina and her heirs were lost to me; and the at last nominated Earl of Clanmartyr has never answered one of my numerous applications to him—which I have even condescended to make in the most suppliant manner—to learn if Lady Rosalvina, or her children, have ever applied for her fortune, as in that case I might obtain some intelligence of my poor child, whom my reprehensible barbarity drove I doubt not to depair."

Lady Agatha was now so overcome by her repentant retrospections, that, in an agony of tears, she was compelled to suspend her narrative for some moments.

"Rosalvina," her ladyship, after a painful struggle with her feelings, proceeded, "throve to my utmost wishes, and bid defiance to all the evils inaction and gloomy sequestration could assail her by; for in

health, beauty, and vivacity, when she attained her sixteenth year, she stood unequalled; and for the heavenly virtues of her disposition I have only found in her own seraphic mother, and in you, any to compare with her.

"At this unfortunate period Father O'Blaze broke his leg, by falling off a library ladder. None of his inmates, of course, could set it, and a surgeon was summoned, who on finding it a compound fracture, likely to pose his skill, demanded the assistance of an army surgeon, quartered at ———, who, in his professional visits, after the operation was successfully performed, by some untoward chance, calamitously saw Lady Rosalvina; since to this man's babbling about her heavenly beauty I ascribe the mischiefs that succeeded.

"In the regiment with this surgeon was a Captain Woodville, young, exquisitely handsome, and in manners resistlessly charming; of family honourable and ancient, being the third son of an English peer; but his company of infantry was

his present all, though his expectations upon the death of his father were promising;—but alas! alas! this man was a heretic.

"From the description given by this prattling surgeon of the beautiful recluse, Captain Woodville was fired to a romantic enterprise, worthy of a boy of twenty:—he obtained leave of absence from his regiment, took a lodging in a cottage near us, and as I was then, most unfortunately, making a material alteration in my pleasure grounds, which required the aid of many supernumerary hands, he enrolled himself amongst my labourers. As Rosalvina's taste was the guide for the alterations, Woodville soon obtained a view of her:—that view was decisive, and led him on to devise opportunities to avow himself, his passion, and his wishes; and as Father O'Blaze was now confined for several weeks by his fracture, there was no one to suspect or attend to what was impending, and the fatal termination was,—the very day preceding the holy father's expected emancipation from his chamber,

Lady Rosalvina eloped for Scotland with Captain Woodville; and so great was the power of his fascinations over this rigidly reared Romanist, that he infatuated her to her perdition, in reading her recantation from the faith of her forefathers, in the town of Berwick, ere they crossed the Tweed.

"Oh! my dear young friend, vain must prove any attempt of man to portray my distraction, when I learned her flight and her meditated apostasy, which a letter left in her chamber for me announced; but you can readily conceive they were such as an adoring parent must feel at her casting herself upon the shoals of perdition for a man, whom three months only she knew was in existence. Those feelings led me to the most invincible contumacy in withholding my forgiveness; and with all the zealous horrors of Father O'Blaze, added as indignant stimulators to my own, I refused to see her, and returned unopened the letters she addressed to me.

"But, poor wretched Rosalvina! if her

wedded life was indeed happy, that happiness was fleeting, and her sin of apostasy soon met its punishment. Woodville was slain in battle, leaving his widow with a boy of five years old, and a girl, an unweaned babe.

"These events, in the most soul-rending language that pen could convey, the widowed Rosalvina imparted then to me; but, under the influence of my spiritual guide, who in his blind zeal forgot his Christianity, I replied not, even to this heart-melting appeal; and not until the succeeding year did I receive her last sad—sad address.

"But that address!—Oh! Rosalvina! my child! my child! what demoniac influence steeled my heart against an address, that was calculated to melt and penetrate even a savage heart?

"Oh! Miss Frederick, that letter has implanted a barbed arrow in my breast, that can never be extracted; for alas! it was importuning my pecuniary aid, such as my humanity would yield to any stranger, plunged deep into adversity as she

was, 'to save herself and babes, from every species of impending want:—for Woodville's family had been as obdurate in withholding their forgiveness as I had been; she held only her widow's pension to subsist on, as the Clanmartyr causes were not yet determined; the recent illness of her babes in the meazles, succeeded almost immediately by the hooping cough, had involved her in debts, which menaced her with alarming consequences; so unknowing of the world as she was, she was a helpless bearer of the heavy burden of adversity; and secluded not only from society, but the natural connexions of her family, during her single life, and having accompanied her husband, soon after her marriage, to Malta, &c., she never had power to make any friend but me, on whom she could rest a claim for counsel or assistance.'

"Can you believe it, Miss Frederick, that letter remained unanswered? Oh! what a ruthless heart must I then have sheltered in my savage bosom!

"But at length Father O'Blaze terminated his mortal career; and no sooner was he consigned to his parent earth, than, as if he had been the frozen zone which bound my heart in the Iceland of unbending cruelty, this long frigid tenant of my bosom began its thaw to genial warmth; and to my poor insulated Rosalvina I instantly dispatched my tender forgiveness, and enclosed an order on my bankers in London, for cash to clear off all her embarrassments, and to bear her and her children to my arms:—but my letter was returned by the post office, as no such person could be found. I then addressed the Colonel, and the agents of Captain Woodville's regiment, requesting every information they could yield to my anxiety;—but alas! neither could relieve it, although both had kindly made inquiries for me; the agent from the clerk who had paid her pension; but several years had elapsed since the widow of Captain Woodville had applied for he pittance; and the colonel stated, 'th having but very lately obtained the re ment, he had not had the honour of kno

ing either Captain or Lady Rosalvina Woodville; and the regiment having twice lost its men, and once its officers since Captain Woodville fell, he could find no individual in it to yield me the clew I wished for;' and thus have I been left without even the glimmering of a light to lead me to my child.

"Oh! Miss Frederick, by the genuine sensibility you so unequivocally evince, you have not been an uninterested auditress of the sad history of my Rosalvina. Alas! alas! that I know not its sequel! and upon the torture of uncertainty, as to what act of desperation my cruelty may have driven her, I am racked. Not to vice, thank Heaven! for I knew her heart too well to fear any distress could precipitate her into its vortex; but young, lovely, and destitute of protection, she was an object to be ensnared by villany, and—but, oh! I should run distracted if I had any proof of such a dire termination to the fair prospect her life commenced with; and should that life have been terminated by a broken heart, and her hapless or-

phans have fallen into improper hands; and—beggary and vice have been their lot—"

This was a climax to horrible possibilities, which the faculties of Lady Agatha could not sustain with firmness, and she fell into the most formidable hysteric fit Rosa had ever witnessed; but by the necessary exertion it aroused her to, in calling for assistance, and affording every aid herself, it drew her out of a train of agitated thought, that was threatening fast the subjugation of her faculties.

From the history related to Rosa by Mrs. Kilbride, she had learned that her hapless mother had been left in similar circumstances with Lady Rosalvina; and the singular comingling of correspondent names was adding strength to the visions of hope's busy creation, whilst reason reminded her how many officers' widows might be found in situations to assimilate with her own mother's; and discretion forcibly commanded her to forbear from any intimation

of her agitating surmises; since proof she had none to produce; and her even glancing at such a possibility might only brand her with the suspicion of having fabricated an artful invention; since, even to substantiate her own ingenuousness, she could direct no reference to Mrs. Kilbride, without betraying the spot of her concealment.

Lady Agatha recovered from her paroxysm of overpowering feeling, and found at length its stilling influence in prayer, and gently-flowing tears; but the agitation, interest, suspicions, hopes, fears and sympathy this narrative of Lady Rosalvina Woodville's misfortunes, and cruel dereliction of her guardian, conveyed to the susceptible feelings of Rosabella, it required many a thoughtful day, and sleepless night, with invocations to the divine Tranquillizer of all mental conflicts, to calm; and to reconcile her to the necessity her duty of gratitude to the Derville family impelled—of not breathing, even to the kind and penetrating abbé, her suspicions

upon possibilities, that every hour were strengthening in her mind to suspicions of probabilities, and which added, by the feelings thus awakened, to the disquietude of her sad bosom.

CHAPTER V.

THERE resided in a sequestered hamlet, in the neighbourhood of Black Friars Moat, a family, whose sickness and distress so peculiarly interested the feeling-hearted Rosabella, that she never omitted accompanying the Abbé Nugent when his almonary rounds led him to visit these people; and the reverend father having promised to bring them a supply of medicine and comforts on a particular day, he expressed so much regret at indisposition preventing the performance of his promise, that Rosa offered to be the bearer of his kindness; and accordingly she set out on foot, attended by the old steady butler.

Nearly nine months had now elapsed since Rosa's rectitude had led her to fly from prospects as fair as ever dawned on favoured mortal; and as in all that long and melancholy period nothing had ever

occurred to lead her to a supposition, that any inquiry had ever been set on foot to trace her place of refuge,—the apprehensions which had at first been her painful attendants, whenever she ventured beyond the abbey moat, had in a great degree subsided. Nevertheless her precautions to effect her concealment from recognition were not suspended: and now in a walking dress, that concealed the symmetry of her figure and the grace of her motion, with a handkerchief held to her mouth, which a keen northern blast fully sanctioned her using, she effectually concealed her face, whilst it left her eyes at liberty to behold unimpeded all around her.

The only exposed spot of the lonely and romantic path to this hamlet was where it abruptly intersected the high north road; and at this spot of the public highway were erected a few cottages, just at the summit of a steep, winding, and thickly wooded hill. In these cottages lived some small children, with whom Rosa, from meeting them in the woods, had become extremely popular; and who, on having

encountered her on her way to her place of destination, were anxiously awaiting her return; when the moment she appeared emerging from her devious path, one of the children,—a boy of more adventurous daring than the rest, darted from his parents' door across the road just as a chaise and four was commencing a renewal of its rapid velocity, after its slackened ascent of the hill; and so completely at full trot were the horses, and so perilous the situation of the child, that not until the uplifted foot of the leader nearest to him knocked the boy down, could the postilion succeed in checking the steeds from one further step of destructive advance.

In the chaise were a lady and gentleman, the latter of whom having perceived the imminent peril the child was thoughtlessly exposing himself to, let down a front glass in breathless humanity to command the drivers to stop. The butler of Lady Agatha had, with much peril to himself, rushed out to arrest the horses in their speed, he therefore instantly raised the boy, and upon ascertaining he was unhurt,

announced this intelligence to the gentleman, who, after a mild reproof to the child, gave money to its mother, and the chaise renewed its rapid course.

Kelly, Lady Agatha's butler, had now a disengaged thought to bestow upon wondering, why Miss Frederick, so tender hearted as she was, had not run forward to inquire into the fate of the child, whose peril she had innocently caused? when advancing respectfully to where he believed she had quietly seated herself, to tell her the boy was safe, he soon perceived her in a recumbent position. Conjecturing she had fallen through terror, he hastened on, and found her half supported by the bole of a tree, against which she had sunk; for Rosabella, whose rectitude had inspired her with sufficient magnanimity to tear herself, as the impeding barrier to her friend's happiness, away from her own, possessed not firmness to sustain the conviction, that her sacrifice had not been made in vain, when unexpectedly it arose before her as the ghost of her own immolated hopes:—for in that very chaise Rosa

beheld Lord Montalbert performing a *tête à tête* journey with Lady Meliora Monson! Could Rosa doubt what sanctioned this? No, she could not; and in heart-rending agony poor Rosabella fainted.

Our heroine was now promptly conveyed by the compassionate Kelly to one of the cottages, where every thing their means afforded was done for her recovery, but in vain, her state of insensibility seemed invincible; when the alarmed Kelly perceiving a returned chaise passing, he took it into requisition, and placing one of the female cottagers in it with Rosa, he attended the chaise to the abbey, where our poor heroine was promptly laid on her bed, and the family apothecary sent express for by the alarmed Lady Agatha, whose attachment to her young companion had grown imperceptibly to such a degree of affection, that the sensations her anxious bosom was now torn by, were little short of maternal.

The son of Æsculapius called in to Rosa, not being able to divine the nature of her ailment, pronounced her insensibility the

effect of her fall, and adopted bleeding, but the poor mental sufferer required not lowering. After this operation, which restored her suspended faculties, not all her most strenuous efforts to recall her fortitude, and impress a semblance of composure to her countenance, could prove effectual; and although she endeavoured to conceal her tears from observation, whilst for four days the weakness of her frame confined her to her bed, her shedding them was discovered by her attendant Winny, and revealed to Lady Agatha, who with the abbé no longer entertained a doubt of grief being her ailment, and that some chord of her bosom's sorrows had been painfully vibrated, through some connexion with the carriage that had passed at the moment her faculties had been subdued.

The apparent solicitude of Rosa for concealing her griefs rendered her sorrows sacred from every reference to it; as the Abbé Nugent had beheld before her illness, with the highest sentiments of approbation, her anxious efforts for the subjugation of her hapless attachment, by eagerly em-

bracing every employment that could monopolize the action of her mind; and he now believed it the wiser policy not to reanimate fatal impressions and recollections,—erasing, by the united exertions of time, reason, and religion,—by elicited confessions and disquisitions upon the subject; and in this opinion he soon persuaded Lady Agatha to coincide.

At length the violence of the stunning blow the heart of Rosabella had sustained began to subside, through the influence of the efficacious balms poured into it by her piety, whilst her gratitude to Lady Derville cried aloud for her rejoicing at the wishes of her benefactress being realized, and the felicity of her beloved friend secured; and her reason sternly censured that inconsistency of feeling, which first led her on the wings of principle to immolate her happiness, and then to weep and mourn when the effect was produced which the sacrifice had been adopted to accomplish.

But poor Rosabella was unalienably in love; and, in defiance of the sound arguments and stern reproofs of reason, she

could not but experience some of the inconsistencies inspired by that passion; and although principle had steered her through the straits of painful sacrifice, it could not fortify the passes of her heart against the assailing pangs of blasted happiness.

Our heroine arose from her bed of grief-inflicted illness, so weak, so low, her aspect so touchingly marked by the sadly plaintive character of her ailment, that even poor simple Winny's terrors of the sprites infesting that part of the abbey yielded to her wish of doing something still to be of service to her; and led her to linger on in her chamber, even after she had no longer ostensible business there, for the purpose, as she told her mother, "of gossiping a bit with poor miss, to beguile her *melancholics*:" and for this she invariably selected the most terrific exploits of the hobgoblins, that held their orgies in the spot where Rosa was confined.

Whilst thus employed, the very morning Rosabella found herself equal to emerging from her chamber, it suddenly came into Winny's head, that it was the nocturnal

visits of those identical hobgoblins, which haunted her imagination by day and by night, that made Miss Frederick ill, and so low-spirited; although fear, or some mysterious injunction, compelled her silence upon the dreadful subject: and instantly Winny determined to ascertain the fact, by asking some sagacious questions, that should lead to a discovery.

"Pray, Miss," she said, "don't you find that cedar chest a very convenient place to keep your best things in?"

"I doubt not that I should, Winny, had I the key:—but it is locked."

"No, bless you, miss, it has no lock belonging to it. It fastens itself at pleasure, by an invisible spring. Why, bless us, miss, and keep us from all harm! I have heard old Ruth the dairy maid say, it sometimes yawns open for all the world like a Christian's mouth, ready to make one gape too for *swim*pathy; at other times it keeps close jaws, which no mortal strength can *ope*."

"I have been unlucky then," said Rosa, with a languid smile, "in its not having

performed its yawning exhibitions since I have been here; as I should be glad it would open for me its capacious convenience."

"Lauk love you, miss, say not such a profligate word!" exclaimed Winny, looking a ludicrous semblance of dismay, "for it is out of that den a nest of them pop, when the mind for roving is in them, that would make your hair, miss, stand an end to see. Why, it is out of that, Ruth says —and she, from being of Scotch blood, is gifted with second sight, miss—which Kelly jeers, and says, 'is only upon her when she sees double, with drinking Yorkshire stingo:'—but, miss, she says, 'that out of this den of mischief they *brings* their witchcrafts, that hinders the butter to come many a time; but since you ha been here, she says, they have not popped out, mischievous to-ads! as the butter comes purely' —Though the week before you came, when one Father Delany slept in your bed, there was old work with them, not a particle of butter would come in the churn; so for certainty, they were playing fine capers for

the holy father, as moreover than the churn evidence, I *finds* the lid gaping wide open, when with Nelly I came here to get this room ready for you; so in frightful expectation the spectres would come upon us unawares, we both, with all our might, smacked down the lid with a vengeance that made us both shriek at it."

"Which, I suppose, terrified the spectres so effectually, as to prevent their yawning ever since," returned Rosa; "but as this chest is merely in use for the unlucky purpose of annoying Ruth, I should be glad to convert it to a better, could I discover the actuating spring of this invisible agency."

"Why as to that, Miss, it lies, Ruth pretends to say, under those there high brass studs at top; but Lord love you, Miss, do not you be meddling with edged tools."

The entrance of Lady Agatha at this moment terminated any further discussion of the cedar chest horrors; and Rosa having removed into the adjoining dressing-room, the Abbé, as well as her lady-

ship, kindly sat some hours with her. In the course of his visit, the benevolent Abbé inquired what he should select for her literary amusement, since he trusted she was well enough to engage once more in reading of a light entertaining species, that could not call for much intensity of thought.

Rosa, with a bright blush and faltering hesitation, replied, she believed she should prefer newspapers and late magazines to any other style of reading at present, to look for some marriages, that she experienced much interest about.

The kind Abbé, conjecturing it to be one particular marriage she was anxious to ascertain, and knowing suspense to be of all sensations the one that most militates against the power of firmness to endure, obtained for our poor heroine a series of different diurnal papers, with magazines of the last six months, which she intently searched with a palpitating heart; but the marriage of Lord Montalbert and her beloved Meliora she could no where find inserted.

The scrutiny of these sources of intelli-

gence occupied the leisure hours of Rosabella so completely for several days, that she recollected nothing of the convenience for her wardrobe, which the mystic chest might afford her; but at length, in glancing her eyes upon it one morning as she was preparing to quit her room for breakfast, her memory refreshed, led her to try her powers in the developement of the actuating spring, when a slight pressure against the brass studs permitted the chest to "*yawn*" once more. She found it completely empty, except that at the bottom lay a written paper, folded in the form of a letter, which Rosa instantly picked up, to discover, by some exterior mark, to whom it belonged in the family, to restore it to them.

The beauty of the writing was attractive; but as it now appeared to be an enclosure, and the envelope gone, and therefore no superscription to proclaim to whom it had been addressed, Rosa unhesitatingly unfolded it, to learn from the commencing line probably, whether she should leave it where she found it, or give it to Lady

Agatha, when she saw it began with "Reverend Father," and was dated Brussels, July 15, 1814. Convinced that it belonged to the priest, who had slept in that apartment the week preceding her arrival, and that he had dropped it there, as from Winny's account of finding the chest open he had possibly used it, she began to refold it, with an intention of delivering it to Lady Agatha, who probably knew where to forward it to the reverend father; when the signature met her eye, and riveted every amazed faculty upon it; for she beheld legibly traced "Rosalvina di Soria."

It would be utterly impossible for us to define the feelings of Rosabella at this moment, since they were undefinable. They were all tumult, amazement, doubt, hope, fear, and eager reminiscence, all striving for ascendency, and threatening fast the subjugation of every faculty; and certainly subdued one — the power of standing, when, sinking into a chair, she burst into tears.

In her hand she at that moment held a paper, which, if the history given by Mrs.

Cormack of the Duchess of *Sorrow* bore any connection with the writer of, she ought to press it to her lips with reverence —to her heart with affection, as the first sacred thing that had ever come to her hand, as the performance of her mother; and should be received as a treasure proof of having a parent in existence, with a devout thanksgiving. But although Captain Woodville had been named Frederick, his wife Rosalvina, his wife's mother Rose Isabella; that he had been slain in battle, his widow and two orphans, a male and female, been reduced to extreme distress; and that widow now bore the name of Di Soria, and was Soria the name of a town in Old Castile: yet all this presumptive evidence bore with it no positive testimony, that the happiness was for her, of at length finding her mother in Lady Rosalvina.

The tumultuous agitation of poor Rosa's bosom found a degree of tranquillizing influence from tears, which restored to her the recollection, that the moment was at hand for her appearing at the breakfast board of Lady Agatha; that she must

compose her aspect for the effort; and that she had an arduous task to perform in conveying to her ladyship, with judicious preparation, the certainty of Lady Rosalvina's existence—at least a few months since; and where she could most probably trace her residence. Yet there might be something in the letter she found, she reflected, which ought not, perhaps, to meet the eye of Lady Agatha—some inspiration of wounded feeling to offend—something too heart-rending of miseries endured, to shock the conscience-striken penitent, without alarming consequences. But she felt she had no right, unsanctioned, to penetrate secrets, which perhaps this providentially discovered letter might contain; therefore to the Abbé Nugent she determined to confide it, for him to act upon it as his better judgment should decide.

Rosa, thus determined, drank some water, bathed her eyes, and by every exertion for composure, presented an aspect before Lady Agatha, that called forth no particular scrutiny from her

ladyship on any suspicion of stifled new emotion: but to the penetrating Abbé all this was visible; and, awakening an increase of pitying kindness, the moment they arose from their repast, he proposed that she should go out in the coach to take an airing.

"Do you, my reverend father," said Lady Agatha, "accompany her, and steer your course to the library at ———, where select some amusing books for her, and cheerful new music, such as our collection cannot supply."

Rosa gratefully acquiesced in this arrangement, as it afforded her that opportunity for uninterrupted conference she was anxious to obtain. The coach was therefore ordered, and with her reverend companion she set out towards ———.

CHAPTER VI.

As Rosabella wished to lose no time in extracting the barbed arrow from the repentant heart of Lady Agatha, the moment the carriage crossed the moat, she commenced her undertaking by recounting how the testimony of Lady Rosalvina's being in existence so lately had fallen into her hands; and concluded her agitated detail, by presenting the providentially found letter to her companion.

The amazement of the philanthropic Abbé could only be surpassed by his joy, at a discovery that teemed with so much probable good, in removing the thorn of compunction from the long tortured bosom of Lady Agatha, and the bitter stings of poverty and neglect from that of her unfortunate niece; but in all this tumult of amaze and joy, another source of astonishment presented itself, at why the person to whom that letter had been ad-

dressed, had omitted to inform Lady Agatha of it.

"The same source of astonishment presented itself to my imagination, Sir," responded Rosa; "but I accounted for it, by concluding the reverend father knew not of the connexion."

"That was not the case," replied the Abbé: "Father Delany is intimately acquainted with the present Lord Clanmartyr; and, although he came to Black Friars Moat ostensibly relative to some affairs of my predecessor, I have no doubt, from the import of questions—under a sort of covert slyness, that awakened suspicions of his ingenuousness,—it was upon his lordship's business that he came hither. His purpose seemed that of fathoming, whether Lady Agatha possessed any clew to the fate of Lady Rosalvina and her children; and, as *he* possessed one, why did he not impart it, to give tidings of joy to a sorrowing fellow being? May Heaven pardon my presumption, if I judge this man uncharitably! yet, in my belief, he does not honour the sacred function he belongs to. But

this letter, my dear Miss Frederick, we must, I think, venture to peruse, to shape our course of action by; for, assuredly, we cannot allow Lady Agatha to read it, unapprised of its contents; and, as her true friends, attached to herself, and anxious for her happiness, I think we shall not be presuming too much, if we inspect this letter, which is indisputably the handwriting of Lady Rosalvina: for I am well acquainted with it, there being many pages of manuscript in the library of her transcribing. We shall only use the contents judiciously, not abuse them."

The Abbé now unfolded the letter, and read to his panting auditress.

"Brussels, July 15, 1814.

"REVEREND FATHER,

"FROM the length of time you have allowed to elapse, without fulfilling your solemn promise of conveying to me, without delay, every intelligence, whether good or evil, of my children that you could obtain, I must now consider the address you left with me a most uncertain guide

to the safe delivery of this letter to you. I yet cannot forbear venturing its doubtful fate, to conjure you, by all you hold sacred in Heaven and upon earth, no longer to sport with the tortured feelings of an almost distracted mother.

"It is now seven years, Father Delany, since you undertook this important mission for me; when I possessed unlimited power over wealth for defraying the expenses of your inquiries, and to give you, for the immediate use of my children, should you happily trace them for me, and find them, alas! in need of such supply. But at that period the gold you went laden with from Castile, you affirmed, could not stimulate your exertions to relieve my anxiety, like the debt of gratitude you felt to me; and certainly, that debt was no inconsiderable one—not for sheltering you in my castle, when, attacked by banditti, you lay, apparently dead of ghastly wounds at my gate—not for taking every possible care of you until your convalescence was established; for these were merely the acts of Christian duty, in which my own

eternal welfare was deeply interested: but it was for braving the stern displeasure of a husband, when he commanded me to send you from beneath his roof, long, long ere you were equal to removal; and, at the peril of a dungeon's horrors for my charity, I concealed you in the castle, visited you by stealth, and poured every balm into your wounds, that active pity could supply.

"In that time, when the lively animation, with which you expressed your gratitude, led me to believe it genuine, I revealed to you the nature of my misery, that sent its legible character from my bleeding bosom to my sad aspect. I confided to you the Duke de Soria's frantic jealousy of the memory of Captain Woodville having led him to bereave me of both my Frederick's babes. You saw, holy Sir, *that* misery was not imaginary—the mere glowing tints of Fancy's picture of maternal feelings; for you had proof in beholding the anguished agonies I endured in the recital, that it was Nature's own colouring.

"You then promised, holy Sir, to seek for me what I was myself fettered from performing, both through the stern interdiction of my husband, and from the suspended communication at that period between the Continent and my native country. You then, I say, promised, Sir, —but in seven long and dreary years, measuring their tardy pace by the agonies of maternal solicitude, you have not performed.

"In the two last eventful years of my hapless life, I had the anguish of seeing the man, whom I had calamitously wedded, degenerate into a traitor to his liege sovereign and his country; to hear of his discomfit in arms, and loss of life in battle; to have my castle laid waste, and my lovely Constantia, my sole offspring by my fatal marriage, compelled to fly with me in disguise, to save our menaced lives, and in comparative poverty to make our way to the coast, where I so unexpectedly encountered you.

"Again, Father Delany, you professed the strong attachment of gratitude to me,

and I believed you. Then you told me, you feared my darling cherub Rosabella had, with her attendant Antonia, perished on the coast of Ireland, as there was such a legend on record at Donaghadee; but that no, not one, trace of my Frederick had you been able to discover. Oh, holy Sir, if you were not sincere in your professions, why not delude a wretched mother with brighter visions?

"Under your guidance, reverend Father, I accompanied you to this place, which you considered the most judicious for my residence, until you had been to recount my hapless story to Lord Clanmartyr and Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, to obtain their aid for my return to my own country, there to ascertain, if yet the possibility remained, the fate of my heart's fondly cherished idols.

"'You had exhausted your means,' you then informed me; 'had no credit in Holland, being a stranger in the Netherlands, like myself.' In consequence, you obtained the last of the jewels I had found power to secrete for my child's and my

own subsistence; and, with a scanty store of only a few ducats to support us, you left me, with every solemn promise, of sending me a remittance from London, and, without one moment of unnecessary delay, the result of your applications for me;—but no remittance, no intelligence, have ever reached my hands from you.

"The little you left with me is all exhausted. I am encompassed by debts, whilst every hour my credit becomes more impaired—the health of my sole remaining treasure overthrown, and I possessing no means to afford to the sorrow-blighted flower the aid she calls for; whilst the loud murmurs of my stern landlord for his arrear of rent fearfully increase. The horrors of a prison cannot be far distant from me; and even the postage of this anxious appeal I am writing must accelerate their advance.

"You are not a parent, reverend Sir; but your holy profession must have led you to behold the anxieties of many a one: and if ever you were summoned, as the Gentle Shepherd's pastor, to comfort and

compose a mother, the destiny of whose stolen or straying child was still to be sought for by conjecture, through the doubtful field of horrible possibilities, you may, in retrospection of her touching anguish, trace my sufferings for the unknown fate of my darling boy. If ever you beheld, in the chamber of dread sickness, a mother bending in breathless agonies over the pillow of an idol child, suppressing the lamentations of her bursting heart, by soothing hope restrained, whilst life or death seemed hovering over that pillow, you may form some faint conception of what I endure for the uncertain fate of my cherub Rosabella.—If ever you entered the hut of poverty and despair, and there saw a mother withholding from her own parched lip the last drop of water she possessed, withholding from her own famished cravings that morsel of bread she saved for her perishing offspring; beheld her anguish as she gazed on the legible inroads of famine, and the absence of every comfort for her drooping child, you may form some idea of my maternal despond-

ence, as I, in anticipation's terrors, hang over my devoted Constantia: and if pity is not a phantom formed like hope, to beguile misery in its overwhelming tide of wo, I implore, I conjure you, send some immediate relief, both mental and material, to her, holy Father, whom you ought not to have thus abandoned to despair.

"ROSALVINA DI SORIA."

Although we have presented this letter to our reader without any interruption, yet it was not perused by the Abbé Nugent without an electrifying one; for no sooner had he articulated, "You told me you feared my darling cherub Rosabella had, with her attendant Antonia, perished on the coast of Ireland," — than our heroine, uttering a wild cry of almost maniac joy, sunk upon her knees, but unable to perform her purpose of aspirating those thanks to Heaven her grateful heart was full of, she burst into a torrent of tears, and, hiding her face on the opposite seat of the coach, wept convulsively.

Her amazed companion, with all the

kindness of his benevolent nature, inquired the cause of such sudden and oppressive agitation, when, with wild eagerness, she conjured him to read on.

"No, my poor child," he gently replied, "I cannot read on until I see you more composed—until you tell me, is there a cause for your being thus alarmingly affected by this letter?"

"O yes, yes!" she with difficulty articulated, "conjecture, almost amounting to certainty, leads me to believe that very Rosabella is now weeping her joyful agitation beside you. But I cannot, cannot yet, most reverend Sir, enter upon the particulars of my early insulation: but I am, I will be composed—composed as a stoic, and will not interrupt you, even by a sob or sigh, read what you will to wound me; so pray, pray proceed."

The Abbé complied, and when he came to his final close, he found his sympathizing auditress chilled to a very statue of despair; since the horror of believing her mother—for she could not doubt its being her own unfortunate parent—and

her sister too, had by this time perished for want of the common necessaries of life, and, too probably, in a noisome prison; whilst that fond mother had yielded her whole subsistence to a designing monster, through maternal anxiety to learn the fate of her poor brother and herself; and all this proved a climax to suffering sympathy, too mighty for Rosabella's to endure with that degree of stoicism she had promised.

The soothing tones of her pitying companion recalled the tears of our poor heroine to an overflow; and now, in agonizing grief, she audibly deplored the possible fate of her parent and her sister.

The Abbé knew well how to work upon the human heart; and Rosa's, although a most susceptible one, could be soothed into imbibing his consolatary hopes, as he drew her gently by the magic bands of Christian piety, to rest her standard of faith upon the intervention of pitying Providence, which had led her to the discovery of a clew to her mother, through the infatuated, and no doubt Heaven-

propelled carelessness of that monster of ingratitude, to whom villainy ought to have taught more wary circumspection.

Although, as to an oracle, Rosabella listened to the Abbé as he led her through the paths of piety, to the rising ground of hope; and to trust the goodness of the pitying Power, that rules our destiny, had sent its succouring aid to her afflicted mother: yet still the thought of all her parent might have endured, ere divine interposition yielded her relief, and of all she actually had suffered, ere her heart-rending letter had been addressed to the diabolical Delany, wrung her writhing bosom with such anguish, that only through the most powerful struggles with her firmness could she acquire the capability of giving even the outline of her infant insulation, as related by Mrs. Cormack to Lady Derville and to herself.

These facts, though succinctly told by our agitated heroine to her sympathizing auditor, bore instant conviction to his penetrating mind, of his young companion being the identical Rosabella, so cruelly

wrested from her wretched mother; and now all kind anxiety, that not one unnecessary moment should be allowed intervention, until some plan was adopted for conveying every possible consolation to the unfortunate Duchess di Soria, he decided upon their immediate return to the Abbey, to commence the delicate task of revealing to Lady Agatha the fortunate clew, so providentially thrown into their hands.

And no individual could have been better adapted to such a task than the Abbé Nugent. He revealed the important discovery to Lady Agatha, without the subjugation of her faculties; and gave the cup of consolation to her thirsting lip, in the belief that now power would be given to her repentant heart, to evince her penitence for past cruelty, without the overthrow of her reason in her almost maddened joy: and, ere the agitated trio separated for a sleepless night, every arrangement was in train, to the amazement of the uninformed household, some individual of whom, the Abbé thought it probable, might be on a good under-

standing with the villanous Delany, for a prompt departure to the Netherlands. For although he had proposed, as the most expeditious method of conveying consolation to Lady Rosalvina, setting out alone to seek her, no argument could induce Lady Agatha to subscribe to the proposition; since in the indefinite period ere she might hear from him, suspense would annihilate her, to the prevention of her last moments being cheered by the forgiveness of her child.

And to Rosa also she predicted annihilation, in such a protraction of suspense; and therefore she would undertake the anxious and fatiguing journey herself. She would herself, as some expiation of her cruelty, rescue her fatally neglected child, not only from the miseries of poverty and insulation, but from the horrors of impending and uncertain warfare: for as the sanguinary leader of the formidable host of Europe's disturbers was yet at Paris, and his fearful legions not yet assembled in full force upon the frontiers, she doubted not there being

sufficient time to effect all her anxious wishes, ere the impending hostilities could commence.

Neither would Lady Agatha agree to any application being made to Mrs. Kilbride: for as Lord Montalbert now was united to Lady Meliora, Rosa no longer felt the necessity of withholding such an application, since she trembled, lest the villainous Delany should be in the confidence of this unsuspecting simple woman; and by his machinations raise up any barrier to impede her fondly cherished conviction of Rosabella being the lost Rosabella of her family. In short, she imbibed suspicion of the fidelity of every one but the Abbé Nugent and our heroine, and of every thing, but that Rosa was the child of Captain and Lady Rosalvina Woodville.

Under this naturally, although unjustly cherished suspicion of her household, Lady Agatha would not permit any of the domestics to be informed whither she was going, or the cause of her sudden flight from home; and none were allowed to

accompany her but her own woman, who had lived with her forty years, and had taken most sensibly to heart the obduracy evinced to Lady Rosalvina; and the Swiss valet of the Abbé, who had never forsaken his master during all the perils that encompassed him in the age of terror, nor through all the years of misfortune he had known.

About the middle of the day succeeding the most providentially directed discovery made by Rosabella, our anxious travellers commenced their long, fatiguing, and important journey.

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Agatha could not proceed more than fifty or sixty miles each day, and twice on their thus protracted progress to Ramsgate was compelled to the rest of a whole day; but without her being subdued by her anxiety or fatigue, they at length reached that place, where, as regular packets were once more established, no material delay occurred, ere they sailed with an auspicious wind, and landed in perfect safety at Ostend.

Our poor love-lorn heroine had, with every laudable exertion, kept her feelings completely in subjection, to support and cheer the spirits of the long miserable penitent Lady Agatha; but the moment she landed on that soil, where, in fondest expectation, she trusted she was to embrace for the first time in maturity a mother, and inhaled that air her fluttering heart whispered was impregnated with the breath

of tender kindred, all her counterfeit semblance of composure vanished; her varying cheek betrayed the changing tints of mental conflict; her tremulous frame, her abstracted manner, her faltering voice, her quivering lip, and tearful eyes, announced how her susceptibilities were affected; and proclaimed to the alarmed Lady Agatha and the pitying Abbé, how fatally to this long estranged child must any disappointment terminate.

The prompt and touching alteration in the aspect of our heroine seemed at once to inspire her aunt's exertion, for getting forward with the powers of renovated youth; for not one hour would she yield to unnecessary rest, during all the way from Ostend to the spot of their anxious destination.

In the happy country of Britain, where the dwelling of the subject is sacred from an inquisitorial register of police, it might have proved a much more tedious process than the Abbé found it, to trace out two indigent strangers in an obscure lodging. But the Abbé Nugent knew what means

he was to adopt for the information he required; and, the moment he established Lady Agatha, and our dreadfully agitated heroine, at *Bellevue*, in the *Place Royale*, he lost not a moment in making his application to the first officer of police. Having some slight acquaintance with the mayor, Le Baron Hooqvorst, the most prompt attention was paid to his inquiries; and in a very short period, the Duchess and Lady Constantia di Soria he found were still in Brussels, and obtained a guide to the very apartment which they inhabited.

But, ere the good Abbé proceeded with his guide to the *Rue* ——, in eager anxiety to convey the happy intelligence that those they sought were found, he hastened to *Bellevue*, to the painfully agitated relatives of the unfortunate Rosalvina, to whom the satisfaction beaming from his eyes and smile proved the harbinger of good tidings; when Rosa, bursting into tears, exclaimed—

"You have heard of them!"

"I have.—They are still in Brussels;

but whether in health or otherwise, I have yet to learn: therefore collect your firmness, I implore you both, my dear friends, since yet we know not if all is to prove a plain of joy before us."

Rosa grasped his hand in hers, pressed it to her quivering lips in grateful sensibility, then threw her arms around the neck of Lady Agatha, and mingled with her aunt's her tears of joy and fear.

The Abbé made no longer pause, but hastened with his guide to the *Rue* ——, where he was conducted to so spacious a dwelling for the Duchess di Soria's, that the good Abbé, with a bounding heart of joy, conceived at once that her prospects had brightened by the sun of prosperous transition. But soon that hope was blighted, when guided by reality through many long and dreary passages, and by a winding staircase up into the roof of this large edifice, where, upon his conductor knocking at the door of a chamber, and announcing respectfully, that a friend of *Madame la Duchesse* wished for the honour of an interview, the Abbé was admitted into a

large apartment, in a sloping roof of Flemish architecture, the furniture of which struck him at one glance with sad conviction of how afflictingly the fortunes of the inhabitants must have fallen; and where, at the door, stood in trembling agitation to receive him, the once transcendently beautiful Rosalvina,—now changed to a spectral appearance by sorrow and adversity.

The manners and address of the Abbé Nugent were resistlessly conciliating, and, in one moment, the Duchess felt firm conviction, that in him she beheld ingenuousness; and, in all the wild tumult of feeling the sudden transition from despair to hope, which this belief awakened, she conjured him "to tell her,—although the glad sound might annihilate her senses—at once to tell, had she one friend upon the surface of the earth?"

"My dearest madam," said the benevolent Abbé, taking her hand with soothing kindness, "be composed—be comforted, and doubt not your having many friends, could they trace your abode, as I

have been led to do, at the earnest request of a lady in Yorkshire :—a friend—a relative of yours,—Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, who sent me to protect you for her, and to provide you with every comfort."

" Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice ! !" the Duchess exclaimed, in a piercing tone of almost frantic joy—" Oh ! then, she does relent, and I shall find balms for the preservation of my child."

And now the Duchess di Soria flying to a couch where, in a recumbent posture, reclined the form of a once lovely girl of sixteen, emaciated to a phantom for pity to deplore; and sinking down on her knees by her daughter, endeavoured to articulate a thanksgiving; but yet her amazed senses could not concentrate, and almost wandering from their boundaries, she exclaimed, in tones torturing to the Abbé's feeling heart to hear—

" This, this is my child, sir !—the last of three cherubs my hapless destiny has spared to me,—and famine and sorrow are wresting her, in their ruthless grasp, from my desolated arms.—Look, look on her !

—Behold this sad, sad, phantom of former loveliness!—See my blighted flower, supported for the last few weeks by the manual labour of a hoary-headed vassal of her father's. Oh! poor faithful Rinaldo, how has he toiled for you, my child!—But such sustenance as he could yield us could not sustain the drooping blossom; and, although I parted with all things but our necessary clothing,—yes, even to the fatal ring that bound me to her father, yet all—all availed not; and, as I have lost through my ruthless destiny my Woodville's babes, so I shall lose this treasure."

The highly agitated Lady Constantia, unequal to more than feeble exertions, yet contrived to raise herself up, and threw herself upon her mother's bosom, imploring her not to fear, but, through the blessing of pitying Heaven, she should be spared to her; and this tender sympathy in feeling caused the most salutary effect;—the duchess burst into an overflow of tears, which promptly restored her faculties to the power of exertion, when she succeeded

in her endeavours to make inquiry for the health of Lady Agatha.

To these inquiries, the Abbé replied, without allowing it to appear to this too nearly subdued sufferer that her repentant aunt was yet in Brussels. But to yield her all the comfort of firm reliance upon the restored affection and favour of Lady Agatha, he informed the duchess of the death of Father O'Blaze, and of the consequent softening of Lady Agatha's heart to her; her bitter contrition, and anxious but fruitless inquiries after her fate, which had at length been almost miraculously revealed to her, and which had caused her ladyship's hurrying him off to Brussels,—he now being the successor of Father O'Blaze—to relieve her from the distresses the treacherous Delany had involved her in, and to bring her and Lady Constantia to her open arms.

The Duchess di Soria was sensibly affected at all the Abbé now communicated, and, whilst she wept, repeatedly aspirated her pious thanks to Heaven, for this miraculous interposition of its Divine Provi-

dence, for the restoration of Lady Agatha's favour; but at length an appalling fear assailed her, and she exclaimed—

"O, sir, I fervently hope, my restoration to my dear aunt's favour depends not upon any stipulation relative to my apostasy; for I can never, never, give up the faith of Woodville,—although I, alas! did, his name—but that heart-rending abdication was inflicted, to rescue his children from famine, and all those horrors of poverty, which for the second time has surrounded me. In stern judgment for that unnatural dereliction of his honoured as adored name, his babes were torn from my desolated arms:—and this child, sir,—this solitary treasure, is of Woodville's faith:—from conviction, I carefully reared her in it; and no pleading of interest, I feel assured, will ever make her a proselyte to any other."

"Never!" said Lady Constantia, firmly —"Never!—As I have lived in the bosom of my mother, I will die in that of her church."

"You have nothing to apprehend upon

that subject," the Abbé replied. "Conviction of the unchristianity of bigotry has happily altered the opinions of Lady Agatha; and you will now find her an humble emulator of the Great Master."

The Abbé expressed his anxiety to remove the duchess and her daughter to apartments more appropriate to their rank, and conducive to health and comfort; when the former told him, "that, in the very house she was in, there were excellent apartments unoccupied at that moment; as the alarming approach of warfare had sent an English family, who had inhabited them for some months, the preceding day to Anwerp; and, as the proprietor of the house,—lately come into possession of it, upon the death of her late savage landlord,—had permitted her to remain unmolested in her garret, she therefore thought gratitude ought to lead to her remaining in his premises, if possible, when she became possessed of means to pay him rent."

The Abbé Nugent perfectly agreed with her in this sentiment of gratitude, and

conceived there would be convenience also in it, as Lady Constantia appeared to him in too feeble a state to sustain, without peril, the fatigue of a removal, until recruited by nutritious food—and now, assuring the duchess he would be prompt in his return to her, he took leave, to arrange with the landlord for her better accommodation; and anxious, not only to relieve the agonizing tortures of incertitude his friends at *Bellevue* were enduring, but to procure some cordial kind of nourishment for the famished duchess and her child.

Upon the Abbé's application to the landlord, he found not only ample and comfortable accommodation for the duchess, but also for Lady Agatha and her establishment, which he hesitated not instantly to engage, although the term the landlord chose to let it for far exceeded the time, he trusted, they would be detained in the Netherlands. The benevolent Abbé then hastened to *Bellevue*, where, the moment he entered the apartments of Lady Agatha, his countenance proved the herald of the commingling of good and bad

he had to communicate, which he did with all the kind caution his sympathy inspired.

His interesting communications ended, the Abbé added, "that, although he had taken apartments for Lady Agatha and her suite, in the same house with the duchess, yet he must advise for her ladyship and party to remain where they were for a couple of days at least, to allow that time for the unfortunate sufferers to recover the effect of this unexpected sunbeam breaking into their misery's dark gloom, which might otherwise subdue them; and, besides, he thought it would require full that time, ere he could venture to disclose that Lady Agatha had thoughts even of coming herself to Brussels."

Her ladyship subscribed to this advice unmurmuringly, because she felt both its force, and full conviction that she could not sustain the tortures of an interview, whilst symptoms of the dire poverty, which her cruelty had allowed her poor Rosalvina to fall into, were so manifest in the aspect of the poor sufferers, as now she

feared they were. But Rosabella, panting to behold a mother—to see for the first time, since memory held its traces in her brain, individuals, dear as kindred bonds could make them, felt murmurs at her heart; and, whilst in appearance she acquiesced, she wished for power to make the precepts of prudence and dictates of affection coalesce.

The Abbé, having obtained jelly, wine, and some light bread, in the hotel of *Bellevue*, hastened back to the *Rue* ——, attended by his faithful Swiss, to leave in the service of the duchess, to relieve her faithful Castilian from every toil; and soon the happy transition was effected, of establishing the duchess and her drooping child in apartments, which proclaimed that their rescue from famine and misery was no deluding dream.

As the day drew near its close, Lady Agatha, so long entombed within the solitary quietude of Black Friars Moat, found the bustle of a hotel, thronged with concentrating warriors, too much for her nerves to sustain; and led her to articulate

a wish her heart had conceived, for an immediate removal from the *Place Royale;* since, according to the Abbé's description of the residence of her dear Rosalvina, she could, with her small suite, find accommodation beneath the same roof, without her poor child knowing it, until prudence removed the inderdict to their meeting.

The Abbé, well aware of how ungenial a hotel must prove to Lady Agatha's comfort, and fully assured, from the formation of the spacious and widely extending dwelling she wished to remove to, that her being in the same house could be effectually concealed from the duchess, made no objection to the measure. Rosa heard of this prompt removal with the most sincere joy; for, independent of the anxiety of her panting heart for proximity to her parent and sister, and, by stratagem, to obtain even a covert glance at them, she found her residence at *Bellevue* menacing peril to her eager wish for concealment from the recognition of the few individuals in the world who knew her.

When our sorrow-stricken heroine un-

hesitatingly and eagerly accompanied Lady Agatha upon this anxious expedition, her every thought was devoted to the object of finding her mother and sister, and having them rescued from the ruthless fangs of poverty, and restored to friends, protection, and affluence; and, not until the fond hope of her panting solicitude was thus far realized, did her mind revert to the complete state of emergence she now stood in at the first hotel in Brussels, the rallying point of an assembling army, commensurate in magnitude to the importance of the cause it was concentrating to support. In this collecting legion of warriors, could she doubt the hero Montalbert would be convened? And, although her sacrifice to gratitude had been completed by his union with her friend, and, therefore, upon gratitude's account, her sequestration was no longer necessary; yet, upon her own, her fluttering heart told her, that concealment was yet essential; since, to behold Lord Montalbert, her fortitude was not yet sufficiently in force:—to behold Lord Montalbert amongst those hastening

to the dire uncertain conflict, menacing him with the death of the brave, could not be sustained by her without a subjugation of her firmness inimical to that concealment of the true state of her affections, which every feeling of propriety commanded her to effect.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the close of evening, Lady Agatha and her small suite quitted the animated scene of *Bellevue* for the sombre residence of the Duchess di Soria, which her now painfully agitated ladyship was charmed with, because its gloom, its long passages, and winding staircases, reminded her of her home: and the at least equally agitated Rosa thought not of its cheerless aspect; she only considered the advantages to be derived from the house standing in a walled garden, as it would aid in her own concealment, and prove salubrious to the dear relatives she panted to behold.

Immediately upon the removal of the providentially rescued mother and child to their new apartments, the attentive Abbé brought an English physician of some eminence, whom he long had known, and had accidentally encountered at *Bellevue*, to visit Lady Constantia, whom he

pronounced standing on the verge of a decline, if not already under its fatal influence: but that he could not yet decide with absolute certainty the exact state of the case, since want of nutritive food, and other essentials to a delicate constitution, reared in the lap of luxury, had fearfully reduced her to a state of weakness, that could not have contended against many more days of poverty, and now demanded every exertion to counteract.

Amongst other prescriptions of Doctor Healy, he ordered a careful nurse to be provided for Lady Constantia, to sit by her pillow during the night, to give her an anodyne or nourishment every hour; to take which, she must even be awakened; so much more essential he deemed them for her than the balm of sleep; for of this restorative her frame required no payment of arrear, since the last week she had passed in an almost uninterrupted doze.

The duchess was little less subdued by famine than her more weakly child; but, as to her sleep was deeply in arrear,—having long kept vigil by the pillow of her

daughter, brooding and weeping over dire miseries, which seemed drawing towards their close in death,—Doctor Healy considered an opiate necessary for her; nor would he hear of the resumption of her post as nurse to her interesting Constantia, until she should herself be sufficiently recruited, to permit her doing so without peril.

This arrangement being made known to the anxious Rosabella, she desired an interview with the nurse, ere her care of Lady Constantia should commence; and, as the Abbé concluded she merely wanted to make some promise of further remuneration if she performed her duty, he made no objection to a conference, which terminated in the gratification of Rosa's eager wish: for the nurse—wife to a British soldier billeted in the very house,—through the influence of gold, readily came into the proposition of yielding her nocturnal vigil to our heroine; and, according to their arrangement, Rosa assumed the night clothing of the nurse, who gladly retired to the comfort of repose.

It is totally impossible for our pen to portray the sensations, which filled every throbbing pulse in the susceptible heart of Rosabella, when, with tremulous steps, she entered the chamber of her mother, from whose tender encircling arms cruelty had torn her so many years since;—a mother, whose image the painful lapse of time had effaced every trace of from the tablet of her memory;—that mother, whose tones had long ceased to vibrate their sadly sweet sounds on her retentive ear; yet of whom remembrance still cherished in affection's rich treasury a hoarded store of unvanquishable love:—that mother was now in the awful semblance of death, pale and attenuated by grief and poverty, under the influence of a powerful opiate, in profound repose.

With a heart almost bounding from her bosom, Rosa approached the bed of her sleeping mother; and where the curtains were unclosed she took her agitated station, with reverence, to contemplate the unconscious tenant—to aspirate prayers for her future health and happiness, and

to weep the tender emotions of her mental rapture, until from this fond position she was summoned by the gentle voice of her sister, calling softly from another bed, "for nurse to come and raise her pillow."

The first address of so near a relative to her, who so long had known no kindred to accost her, sent at once its innovation of tender delights through the susceptible feelings of Rosabella's bosom; and might have subdued her powers of action, had not the great importance of self-possession held its recollection in her wakeful memory, and led her to the most determined exertions for the preservation of her firmness.

"Oh!" exclaimed the grateful Constantia, the moment her pillow was improved in comfort, by a sister's hand.—"O, my good nurse! you have now made it as easy for me, as if it had been settled by mama herself."

In a few moments more Constantia inquired, "Was her mother sleeping as if her slumber was refreshing to her?" and

upon Rosa's replying, although she uttered in a corresponding low tone, her sister hastily drew her curtain aside, and eagerly demanded, "Who answered me?" and upon Rosa's still more cautiously delivered response, announcing "that she had,"—Constantia said,

"I suppose my head is wandering again, as it has lately sometimes done after a long sleep; for indeed I thought it was my mother. The tones sounded like her sweet accents."

Rosabella performed her voluntary task through the night, with all the tender solicitude of watchful care, which affection only can inspire; and at the appointed hour of caution in the morning, the nurse resumed her station, and Rosa retired to her bed, to take, if the state of her mind would permit it, an hour's repose, ere she arose to perform through the day her attentive soothing duties to her self-upbraiding aunt.

When Doctor Healy arrived at noon, he perceived an effort at approach to improvement in both mother and child,

that warranted a continuation of his plans for their restoration, which he felt assured would not be rapid; and, amongst the innumerable questions he put to Lady Constantia was, "how the soldier's wife performed?"

"To a miracle during the night, Sir," she replied; "for then she was, like mama, all vigilance, tenderness, and care—making medicine and food alike palatable to me, and disarming the little caprices of illness by the magic of her kindness, until, by morning, she all at once became tired and sleepy; and then she changed into every thing different from what the night had found her."

For four successive nights Rosa took her anxious station by the pillow of her unconscious sister, without allowing her feelings to betray her; and each succeeding morning the same account was given to Doctor Healy by Lady Constantia, of the extraordinary difference she marked in her nurse through the dead hours of night, and from the dawn of morning.

"But whatever causes this remarkable

change," added Constantia, to her account of her fourth night, "it is singularly fortunate for me; since, had she proved the same sort of being in the night she does in the day, I should have been dead by this time."

The soldier's wife now entering the room, Doctor Healy inquired how it was she contrived to be so much more alert in her nocturnal watch, than in her day attendance; when the poor woman's stammering replies, strengthening the suspicions which the Doctor entertained, of her animating her faculties through the night by exhilarating cordials, the fumes of which caused her stupefaction by day; led him on to put such puzzling questions to the simple woman, as she had not wit to parry; and at length drew out the confession of her not being the night nurse.

"Then who," he angrily demanded, "have you dared to transfer that important task to, unauthorised by me?" and the Abbé Nugent, who was present, and equally displeased at such a measure, desired to know who had acted for her.

"You need not be so angry, gentlemen," the trembling nurse replied, "since it is one a deal *equaller* than the likes of me; for it is a lady, your honours, almost as young, and quite as beautiful, as Lady *Stantia* herself."

The effect of so many nights of anxious vigil had made its traces upon the aspect of poor Rosabella too conspicuously, not to have been observed with concern by the Abbé, although he could not divine the cause; but fresh in his memory, he was not slow in identifying this tender nurse of Lady Constantia; and whilst his heart was paying its tacit tribute to this new testimony of the perfections of his young favourite's mind, the grateful and amazed mother and child implored him to find out this benevolent young lady for them, to make their acknowledgments for such unparallelled humanity; and their supplications for changing her hours of charity's visitation, to the less fatiguing to her, and and more gratifying to them, of day.

The Abbe found himself compelled to ·se compliance with their request,

although convinced he could have but little chance of succeeding, without hazarding a premature discovery, which he feared the Duchess was not yet able to sustain; for he could not suppose the firmness of our heroine equal to bear her through an interview with her mother, without her tender susceptibility betraying her.

But to the Abbe Nugent's amazement, Rosa shrunk not from an immediate introduction; for her anxious wish to behold her mother unobserved—to speak to her—to be addressed by her—to yield tender services and attentions to her,—led her to build faith on her own firmness, which he, a more competent judge of human nature than she could be, scarcely gave credit to. Yet he had seen her exertions upon many points far surpassing all he could have formed expectations of, from her youth, her sex, and sensibility; and as her assurances of maintaining her self-possession through the interview were given unfalteringly, he hastened to prepare the Duchess for her visit.

At length the Abbe returned for the

agitated Rosa, who had made every exertion for giving nerve to her firmness, by dwelling upon the possible consequences to the dear beings she was to be presented to, did she allow feeling to betray her; and had succeeded in throwing over her aspect a superficial veil of composure, ere she found herself in the presence of her mother.

The Duchess arose on her entrance, and with all the captivating graces of her nature, aided by all the acquired ones of polished life, was commencing the animated ebullitions of her gratitude, when Rosa raised her eyes and looked upon her mother; and although meaning it to prove a stolen glance, the parent caught it, and it thrilled like a stroke of electricity to the heart of the Duchess, who, uttering a wild shriek, flew to her child, and grasping her by both hands, as she held her at a distance convenient for gazing upon her face, articulated with the catching breath, and every visible symptom of the most powerful internal agitation—

"Rosabella!—It is, it must be my own

Rosabella!—None, no, none, but my own child, could beam that touching look of love at me! None could counterfeit that look!—it was her father's—it was the look her young affection always beamed on me, and time has not effaced that tender affection; for its genuine ray comes reflected from her heart through the eyes of my child."

Rosa turned her glance upon the Abbé to supplicate advice; and the Duchess more vehemently continued—

"Will you not speak?—Shall I not again hear the voice of my darling?—Will you not tell me you are my child?—but that you need not. Time has too little changed your infant beauties for the retentive memory of an adoring mother, not to pronounce you her own Rosabella Woodville."

Rosa sunk from her mother's grasp upon her knees before her, and the Duchess fell on the bosom of her long lost child, with every faculty suspended by conviction's joyful tumult.

The pitying Abbé now aided the almost subdued Rosabella in raising her mother

to a sofa, where they used every restorative they could find for her recovery, and at length with effect; when the Duchess unclosing her beautiful eyes, they rested on the weeping Rosa, and from a sympathetic torrent, she found prompt relief. And now she shed her flowing tears of maternal sensibility upon the bosom of her child, until another tender claimant importuned to share in the embraces of a mother and a sister.

Lady Constantia, who for weeks had been able only to move from her bed to a couch, even with support, had now, through the invigorating power of natural affection, glided to the arms of those whose caresses she fondly coveted.

The Abbé now withdrew, to convey to the painfully anxious Lady Agatha intelligence of the important discovery having been happily made; and in a very few moments succeeding his departure, the agitated mother, eager to hear the voice of her restored treasure, implored her to tell where, and by what blessed beings, she had been preserved and reared.

Thus called upon, the before glowing heart of Rosabella was chilled by the icy grasp of painful apprehension; for although circumstances had yielded evidence almost positive of her being the long estranged child of the individual, whose arms, in tender affection, now encircled her neck, yet it was possible the tale of her insulation she had to unfold might prove her not the Rosabella, who had been wrested from the Duchess di Soria: but by the first few sentences she uttered, imparting the day and year her mother and the Spaniard had entered the King William's Head at Donaghadee, and the occurrences there, every doubt was happily terminated; since all was registered on the heart of the Duchess, and of their authenticity there held full record.

It was only the important occurrences, attendant upon her cruel deposit at Donaghadee, from the legends of Mrs. Kilbride, that Rosa recounted circumstantially:—the subsequent events of her life called for only a brief outline at present;

but even that the Duchess could not listen to, without the most touching emotion of varied feeling; and often through the interesting detail her hands were raised with her streaming eyes to Heaven, invoking every blessing upon the head of Lady Derville for the preservation of her child, and for rearing her in innocence, and in the sphere in which she had been born. But her tears became those of bitterness, when, through the whole of this recital, she found no mention made by Rosa of her brother; and when in an agony of affliction she alluded to this sad confirmation to her fears relative to her son, Rosa reminded her, how impossible, from the circumstances attendant upon her insulation, without the clew even of her family name, to guide her to any relative, she should trace any information of her brother; yet even alone in the world, as she had been, she had heard from the unfortunate Antonia the preceding year, that he was living, and an honour to his family.

The cheering influence this intelligence conveyed was hailed as a sunbeam to the

long chilled heart of a despairing mother, and cherished there with a hope of yet embracing him; and, as he had been old enough, when torn from her maternal arms, to know his family connexions, even was the story of Antonia untrue, of his having been sent to his uncle by the Duke di Soria, she trusted that he had made himself known to some of them, of whom, when she arrived in England, she might obtain a clew to find him.

The Duchess now in her turn gave a brief sketch of her unfortunate life, to her new-found treasure; but, although eventful and interesting, our narrative already exceeding the boundaries of our expectations, we cannot transcribe it in its full extent for our readers, who already know sufficient of her history, to allow of a few particulars only being necessary to complete their information upon the subject.

The solitude in which the widowed Rosalvina had been reared, so wholly unfitted her for buffeting the surges of adversity, or stemming the rough torrents of life in the straits of poverty, that when her appeals to

the affection of Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, the justice of Lord Clanmartyr, and the family pride of her late husband's eldest brother, for relief to her distresses, proved successless; and when penury, with all its concomitant horrors, she beheld in fearful menace hovering over the heads of her children and herself; she was impelled by the hapless aspect of her destiny, to listen to the suit of the Duke di Soria, then making a tour of Britain, who had accidentally seen her when in her weeds she had ventured into the Park with her children to give them air. He, with all the romantic gallantry of his country, was captivated at first sight,—traced her to her obscure lodgings in Pimlico, where a first floor being vacant, he secured and occupied it; and from thence he hourly assailed her through every channel with love epistles of the most honourable form—even in the very first of them making her an offer of his hand.

Not one honey-moon had glided over the heads of this ill-fated pair, when unfortunately, in full belief of the adoring duke

having an engagement that would detain him from her all the morning, the secret mourner, Rosalvina, solaced herself with a fond view of treasures, which neither death, time, nor her new marriage, could lessen in her estimation—the portrait of Woodville, and a lock of his hair. Over these her husband, entering her dressing-room unheard by her, absorbed as she was in her occupation, caught her weeping; and from that fatal moment the most deadly diabolical jealousy sprang up in his bosom, bearing down before it all that ardent tenderness which had warmed his heart; and, in the first impulse of its influence, he snatched the precious relics from her hand, and, with the phrenzy of a maniac, dashed them out of the window into the street.

The next act of this transit from love to cruelty was to bereave the wretched Rosalvina of her boy, whom he seized unknown to her; and whom, as Antonia afterwards told her, he carried to the house of a brother of Woodville's, then in Italy; and delivered the trembling child, with a

letter, to the care of the housekeeper. Then, having previously made all his arrangements, he carried off the Duchess in a few hours after the flame of jealousy had been kindled in his bosom, from London to Ireland, there to demand the payment of her dowry; but the litigations relative to the true heir to the earldom of Clanmartyr had recommenced, and his application of course proved unsuccessful.

The Duke di Soria, having determined to efface all traces of the Duchess from those who might hereafter wish to seek her for the sake of her son, now having finished his business in Ireland, pursued the most intricate route he could devise from Dublin to Donaghadee, from whence, as already stated, he proceeded with poor Rosalvina to Portpatrick; where, in an unguarded moment of her heart's prized solace—of weeping over the portrait and hair of her Woodville, he discovered she had re-possessed herself of them; and then, in the raging phrenzy of his jealousy, which bore down every feeling of humanity within his bosom, he tore the affrighted

Rosabella from her wildly shrieking mother's arms,—who never beheld her more, until their fortunate reunion now in Brussels.

With the velocity almost of a necromancer driving his chariot through the air, this jealous man, in frantic disappointment, at now clearly comprehending the wife he adored had only married him for maintenance, whilst her affections were buried in the tomb of her first husband, hurried his heart-wrung Duchess through Scotland and England, to Falmouth, where they embarked for his native country; and, in due time, he placed her little less than a state prisoner, in his magnificent castle di Soria, in Old Castile,—the castle of *Sorrow*, composed of *old cast-steel* of Mrs. Cormack's legend—where, enduring every species of domestic misery which a jealous tyrant, of a diabolical temper and vindictive disposition, could inflict, whilst her heart writhed in anguish for the loss of her children, nothing could have preserved her existence but new maternal ties and duties, by the birth of a daughter in about

a year after her unfortunate second marriage.

From the birth of Constantia the duke relaxed a little in the harshness of his conduct to her mother, but never in his exertions to prevent the possibility of her effecting any intercourse with her native country; and these exertions led to his arbitrary command—of sending the impostor Delany from his castle, ere his wounds were cured; and had Rosalvina's mistaken pity suffered her to comply, she would have prevented the villanous miscreant from insinuating himself into her confidence, and swindling her out of large sums of money he never meant to earn, since he then could have relieved her anguished heart by all the information it sickened to obtain.

At length the success of the allied armies in Spain became so menacing to the cause the Duke di Soria espoused, that, fearing the British might make their way too near the Castle di Soria, and lead to the restoration of the sorrowing Rosalvina's son to her maternal arms,—since he

knew Frederick Woodville had embraced the military profession, was in Spain, and would no doubt present himself at the Castle di Soria,—he sent off his wife and daughter privately from Castile, under the escort of Rinaldo, to a castle of inferior strength and consequence in the province of Alava; which, at length, was devoted by the treachery of the Senechal to pillage and flames immediately after the memorable battle of Vittoria. Through the fidelity, courage, and ingenuity of Rinaldo, the Duchess and Lady Constantia effected their perilous escape, and with him fled to Bayonne, where they unfortunately encountered the miscreant Delany, by whose sinister counsel Rosalvina proceeded to Brussels, instead of fulfilling her own wiser intention of embarking for England, as yet the means were in her power. But, ere she adopted this luckless measure, Rinaldo had obtained certain intelligence of the Duke di Soria having fallen in the battle of Vittoria, and of his brother, a devoted loyalist, having invested himself with all the possessions of the late Duke.

CHAPTER IX.

The happiness of the long insulated Rosabella, in being thus restored to her only surviving parent, and such a parent!—to name, to connexions, and a place in society; and with having proved the means, through the mercy of Providence, of lending succour to her mother and sister ere it was too late; effaced every thought from her bosom, but that of her gratitude to Heaven: and, in the very first moment her agitated mother allowed her to disengage herself from her maternal embrace, she flew to the solitude of her own chamber, there to perform her sacred duty, by the pious ebullitions of her heart, to the gracious Bestower of all mercies. Ere Rosa again indulged her panting wishes to revisit her mother, she sought her conscience-stricken aunt, to soothe her self-upbraidings, and convey to her the joyful con-

firmation of her being indeed the child of Lady Rosalvina.

The Duchess, who, during the absence of our heroine, had poured forth the aspirations of her gratitude for the restoration of her long estranged child, had, after the performance of that duty, begun to wonder what had drawn her Rosabella from her, and to murmur at her absence; and the moment her longing eyes were blessed with the sight of their coveted treasure again, she made her gentle upbraidings, by saying—

"Oh, my child! how often have I called upon my Rosabella in vain, and now the mercy of Heaven has restored you to me, give not my heart, in one moment of unnecessary absence, the terrifying sensation of fearing the blessing of your restoration was all a vision.—But Rosabella, without even the testimony of Mrs. Cormack, I should have recognized in you my child: no obscurity could have concealed you from the knowledge of my heart; — so little is your countenance changed, in its progress from infancy to

maturity; so striking is your resemblance to your father, — for, in you, live again 'his every look, his every feature'—but, I cannot add, '*more* elegantly touched;' for elegance was one of the sweetest enchantments of his countenance."

"Ah! happy sister!" exclaimed Constantia, in a plaintive voice of almost weeping sensibility.—"Believe me, I shall not love you less, although I cannot but envy you in having had a father, who thus so fondly endears you to our mother's love:—whilst mine!—remembrance of mine, can only diminish my mother's tenderness to me."

"My child!" exclaimed the Duchess, flying to her Constantia, and clasping her agitated frame to her maternal bosom, "believe, that nothing can diminish my tenderness for you. — A mother's love, my Constantia, can never be diminished by diversity of demands upon it; and an affectionate parent of twenty children will find from nature's wonderous treasury of love a portion for every child, equal to what an only offspring would awaken."

"Envy me not," said Rosa, gently, and kindly pressing the hand of her weeping sister. "Envy me not the tender tie that binds me to our mother's heart; for when that recurs to pain you, remember how you have lived in her love, by infant fascinations twined round her heart; in childhood been the object of her sole maternal solicitude, and in your riper years have been her companion, her friend, her consolation in affliction; and, in that remembrance, find conviction of how her tenderness must glow for you."

"O, I will," exclaimed the weeping Constantia, drawing Rosa to her tender embrace; "and remember, too, how sweetly and kindly you have both poured balm into my jealous apprehensions."

The Abbé Nugent, at this moment became an advocate for admission, to impart cautiously to the Duchess, "that, through information he was then in possession of, he thought it probable she might shortly expect to see Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice in Brussels." In the course of the evening,—as Doctor Healy removed the inter-

diction to their meeting, the painful first interview took place; and, although both were sensibly affected, neither was subdued.

As the agitated rapture of Rosabella's mind began to tranquillize into the calmer feelings of affection, gratified through conviction of her mother's presence being no delusive fancy of a vision; the hectic of delight that mantled her cheek for the first two or three days after her restoration to her parent, began to fade; and the observant Rosalvina, in alarm, awakened to a distracting belief of her having only found her child for the new and poignant misery of mourning over her early tomb. But in the replies her maternal solicitude drew from Rosa, relative to her health, the Duchess found suspicions awakened of inauspicious love being the canker, that was feeding on her lovely blossom; and now, in grief and apprehension, she knew not which to endeavour, to hasten or retard their return to England, as being most advisable for the peace of her child.

As Rosabella constantly evaded all the

interrogations of her mother upon the cause of her quitting the protection of Lady Derville, and going to that of a stranger,—as Lady Agatha then was to her—and that her evasions were accompanied by a degree of pained emotion, of which she could not effect the concealment; the anxious parent naturally concluded attachment between one of Lady Derville's grandsons and her child was the cause of her banishment, and of her dejection; and induced her to ask many questions relative to her young companions at Ravenswood, which soon led her to discover the true object of her child's inauspicious passion.

Of Lord Derville Rosa spoke with a degree of calm regard, that promptly told her mother he was not the man; but of Charles Monson, with so much affectionate interest and feeling, that the Duchess began to ponder, if here all further inquiry might not end? when Lady Constantia requested to have a description of Lady Meliora Monson's person, as well as mind.

"There is no longer a Lady Meliora

Monson:—she,—she is married;" in faltering accents, and in a mournful cadence, Rosa answered.

"Married! To whom?"

"To,—to—Lord Montalbert," was the response of Rosa, delivered in a lowly tremulous murmur; whilst the expression of anguish that beamed over her countenance at the question,—with the blanched cheek and quivering lip which accompanied her reply, chased her mother from the room, to weep in solitude for the now too certain misery of this adored child.

The letter of introduction Rosabella had borne from Lord Flowerdew to Lady Agatha, announced her as the illegitimate offspring of the late Lord Derville, &c.—and as an unfortunate victim to the transgressions of her parents, her ladyship had received her with pitying kindness.—Now this identical Rosabella was absolutely discovered to be the child of Captain and Lady Rosalvina Woodville; the story, therefore, of the illegitimacy all deceptive: and Lady Agatha, writhing in apprehensive horror lest this deception had pro-

ceeded from Rosabella's inventive propensities, summoned the Duchess and the Abbé to a private conference, the morning after the former had made her painful discovery of who was in possession of her child's affections, to lay before them her alarms, and to counsel with them how to develope, if Rosa was this defaulter in truth.

"That, I will stake my life, she is not," said the Abbé, with fervent zeal. "In the ten months I have now been an inmate with her in the same dwelling, I have been her anxious, her wary observer;—for so much of singleness of heart, of ingenuousness, purity, and every Christian virtue I discovered in her, that in constant alarm I watched for the appearance of some mortal base alloy to the pure ore of her virtues; but in all things I have found her pass the ordeal; and unhesitatingly I pronounce her heart to be sterling, and this fabrication she is innocent of. Yet, some mystery assuredly rests upon the cause of her flying from the protection of Lady Derville into such total seclusion; and some consequent

embarrassment might have impeded the anxiety of Lord Flowerdew to obtain a safe asylum for her in your family; and misapprehension, or necessity, or any thing but Miss Woodville's deception, might have caused his lordship's misrepresentation to you."

Lady Agatha, with whom the Abbé had become an oracle, instantly imbibed his opinion; whilst the grateful mother felt almost ready to fall prostrate and worship him, for his high estimation of her child; and from this moment, inspired with firm belief of his regard for Rosa rendering him worthy of her confidence relative to her conviction and apprehensions of the state of her daughter's heart, she sought the first opportunity to disclose to him all her painful observations, for the purpose of obtaining his advice upon the best plan to pursue for endeavouring to restore the blighted happiness of her drooping child.

The Duchess di Soria could no where have found a more sincere sympathizer in her distress, for her interesting child, than the Abbé Nugent; and his sorrow

and commiseration were indeed extreme, when he found how hopeless Rosabella's attachment was, since the object of it was the husband of another, and a man too, whom it was no easy matter to forget:—since the Abbé, although he too had been long a recluse, yet had access to universal knowledge; and he knew, not only that the military exploits of Lord Montalbert ranked high in the records of fame, amid the heroes of our isles; but that in the senate his talents reflected lustre on his country; and that in private life his excellence could not be surpassed.

The Abbé, like the Duchess herself, knew of no balm to heal the wounds of inauspicious love, but that which piety and time distil; but with a steady eye fixed on passing events, he was aware of possible consequences; and it now became his earnest wish to hasten their return to England: for as the myriads bearing arms were rapidly assembling around their unconquered chief, the Abbé could not doubt that Lord Montalbert, if not already arrived, would soon appear amongst the con-

centrating heroes; and should poor Rosabella behold him there awaiting the uncertain fate of the fearful warfare, that was either to emancipate Europe, or for ever enslave it, he trembled for the effect upon susceptibility like hers; and this wish, and its actuating motive, he hesitated not to impart to her anxious mother.

But Doctor Healy pronounced Lady Constantia scarcely yet in a state of sufficient convalescence, to hazard a sea voyage, and with grief the Abbé and Duchess found their departure for England thus necessarily postponed; for with the wary eye of sympathizing solicitude they marked, that while Rosa smiled in affection and kindness upon those around her, was alive to every duty and every demand of urbanity, anticipating every wish of her aunt and mother, and attending and devising amusement for her invalide sister, with the most unabating zeal; her sighs stifled as they arose, her fading form, and grief-clad brow, betrayed a sad increase of mental suffering.

And what they marked was no illusive

fancy. Rosabella's mental ills had painfully increased; for although she never went beyond the garden surrounding her abode, yet she was not now, as she had been at Ravenswood, in total ignorance of all that was passing around her. She knew the awful purpose was approaching nearer every hour, for which the armed legions of Europe were assembling; and apprehensions for the menaced safety of Lord Montalbert, and the happiness of the soon too probably widowed Meliora, had fastened on her heart; whilst her brother, whom she classed amongst the victims assembling for impending immolation, and Charles Monton too—who having so completely broken from bondage to his guardian's power, as to fly to Paris, she doubted not had enrolled himself amongst the mustering warriors—were ever present to her fancy, as the ghastly phantoms of her appalled imagination, covered with wounds. Thus in addition to all that mental anguish, upon which delicacy to her beloved Meliora had pronounced its painful interdict to confidence, came now her direful terrors for her brother

—since even to seek the consolation of sympathy for his anticipated fate, she betrayed not to her mother the intelligence imparted by Antonia to her, that Frederick was a soldier.

At length, painful anxiety to learn the regiment her brother belonged to led her, through the agency of the soldier's wife, privately to obtain an army list; when, after diligent perusal of it, she found, as she expected, the name of the Hon. Charles Monson as a cornet of cavalry, commission dated the preceding month: —but in no rank or regiment could she find the name of Frederick Woodville inserted; to her other mental miseries now was added the torturing apprehension of his having already been numbered with the slain, or that Antonia had deceived her relative to his existence.

From the time of Rosa's restoration to her mother, that adoring parent would not permit her sacrifice of rest; but not enduring the idea of her absence one moment from her presence, she arranged for her becoming a sharer of her own bed;

that if her sister required her tender services in the night, she might be there to yield them; whilst, should any dire fancy in troubled visions assail her maternal alarms, of the restoration of her child being delusion, she might promptly find the rapturous conviction of its reality.

The happy alteration in Lady Constantia's situation promptly evinced so salutary an effect, that at length the attendance of a nurse at night became unnecessary; the soldier's wife was therefore dismissed. In the first arrangement of the family for the concealment of Lady Agatha being in the same house, each party had been established at a distance from each other, long passages and winding staircases intervening between them; while, lest any increase of indisposition should assail Lady Constantia in the night, the faithfully attached Rinaldo had a chamber appropriated to him at the extremity of the gallery their apartments were in, that he might be at hand to summon Doctor Healy; and to add every facilitating con-

venience to this arrangement, a lamp was placed each night in this corridor, both for the use of Rinaldo, and to yield light to those who might find cause for arousing him. When the convalescence of Constantia led to the dismissal of the nurse, Rinaldo chose to have the lamp continued, as the dire destruction from which he had rescued the Duchess and her child still haunted his imagination; and in fearful apprehension of the French surprising Brussels under covert of the night, he wished for this aid for the preservation of those he now only wished for life to serve.

By the arrangement of the Duchess, for her new-found treasure becoming the sharer of her bed, poor Rosabella lost that relief to the sorrows of her heart, which her nights of weeping solitude had yielded her:—but, although tears were thus necessarily prohibited, lest they should lead to questions upon their cause, still a sleepless vigil was hers, since grief and apprehension banished rest.

In a few nights after the dismission of the nurse, Rosa, overpowered by a long

arrear of sleep, sunk into a momentary oblivion of her griefs; but slumber resting lightly on senses oppressed with sorrows, she was shortly aroused from her repose by a sound that seemed to issue from behind the head of her bed; and as clearly as her awaking faculties could perceive, the sound resembled that of the cautious undrawing of a massy bolt.

Rosa, upon receiving no response to her question of, "did you hear a noise?" found both companions of her chamber were buried in profound repose;—when, not wishing to awake them with an unnecessary alarm, she listened with a palpitating heart intently, for some subsequent sound, either to remove or confirm her fears; but none was repeated, to disturb a stillness profound as death. At length, as she anxiously listened, another of her senses was assailed by apprehension, through a strong smell of smothering oil, which she instantly conjectured to issue from the lamp in the passage; and in consequence she arose, without disturbing her mother, and wrapping herself in her *robe de cham-*

bre, softly paced her way to remove the impediment to the lamp's emitting its clear safe flame.

Our heroine having completed this rather alarming business, which drew her to the gallery, returned with the same light footfalls to her chamber; and, gently closing the door, she was proceeding towards her bed, when her eyes encountered the form of a man, colossal in stature, a mask concealing his face, bearing in one hand a dark lantern and a dagger; and in the moment the appalled Rosa beheld him, he was unclosing the curtain of her mother's bed.

As this dismaying sight struck on her vision, the wild shriek of Rosa echoed through the room; with the lightning's dart she sprung to shield her mother; and gliding in between the assassin and the Duchess, piercingly exclaimed—

"Oh, touch her, touch her not! but if you strike her bosom, it must be through mine you reach my mother's."

"*Mon Dieu!*" the assassin exclaimed, starting a few paces back, as if a sudden

shock, or some painful amazement had assailed him.

The Duchess and Constantia, both awakened by Rosa's shriek, now sprung up in their beds, in terror demanded the cause of her shriek; and in augmenting terror beheld it.

"My mother! my mother! Oh, spare her, spare her to my prayers!" exclaimed the terror-subdued Rosa, sinking on her knees before the assassin, with the uplifted hands of supplication.

The assassin rushed forward to the trembling Rosa, turned the light side of his lantern upon her now ghastly face,—again articulated "*Mon Dieu!*" in a deep tone of horror, and dashed down his dagger; and ere the united shrieks of the Duchess and her younger daughter had drawn Rinaldo to their aid, the bravo had retreated.

The moment the Duchess had awakened to comprehension of the scene of horror before her, she started from her bed, to fly to attempt her child's rescue from murder; but, ere she could effect her me-

ditated purpose of catching the assassin's arm,—to stay it by her frantic efforts till Rinaldo should appear, the man had flung down his dagger and disappeared.

As Rinaldo had come from his chamber at the sound of reiterated shrieks, armed with the pistols he had prepared for French assailants; he experienced no apprehension at searching for the assassin, no vestige of whom could be found, except in the dagger he had left behind him; nor on the subsequent day could the most minute examination of the room and its situation, by the officers of police, attended by the Abbé Nugent, lead to the discovery of any possible pass for retreat. It was therefore pronounced by all, that the bravo must have retired as he entered, through the door of the chamber, unmarked by the ladies in their natural terror; and had concealed himself in some approximate chamber, until Rinaldo was securely in the Duchess's apartment, and as not even the shadow of a suspicion could be traced, to implicate the master of the mansion,—who voluntarily went before

the mayor, who made every exertion to penetrate the mysterious business—it was by all deemed unnecessary for Lady Agatha to take the trouble of removing to any other habitation; more particularly as the landlord of the house bore a character of unimpeached integrity.

But, although the Duchess di Soria had firm reliance upon the integrity of her landlord, and argued that, could he be engaged in any sanguinary plot against her, he would have taken advantage of her insulation, when she and her child were unprotected inhabitants of a remote garret; yet, neither she nor her daughters found their nerves of a texture to enable them to repose in tranquillity in a chamber, where they had encountered so serious and mysterious an alarm. They therefore removed to one contiguous to those inhabited by the rest of the family; whilst that they deserted was, at the suggestion of the landlord, given to the soldiers who were quartered in their house.

On the day but one subsequent to the mysterious visitation of the night, Rosa

accompanied her sister to take a little walk in the garden; but Lady Constantia soon becoming weary, sat to rest, and Rosa turned out of the shady walk the invalide was seated in, to gather a few flowers. During the time she was employed in this pursuit, she neither beheld any person, nor heard the smallest sound of any individual being near her; yet, on the moment she turned into the shrubbery, to rejoin her sister, she perceived a letter lying on the gravel walk, and, to her amazement, saw by the superscription it was intended for her, since it was directed to Miss Woodville.

This was the first time the eyes of Rosabella ever rested upon any thing directed to her in her paternal address; and with a palpitating heart she snatched it up, and was about to sever the seal—although it was superscribed in a hand wholly unknown to her—when an intervening thought of the possibility of there being some other Miss Woodville in Brussels arrested her purpose, and led to the resolution of being guided by the

opinion of the Abbé, in opening it, or depositing it where she had found it.

Lady Constantia had neither seen nor heard any movement during the absence of our heroine; yet Rosa was assured some person had been there, as she was positive the letter had not been on the walk when she passed to the parterre.

"Then," said Constantia, "there can be no doubt it is intended for you; and as the Abbé is out, is your patience of such magnitude to sustain itself until his return to gratify your curiosity?"

"Read," sounded forth a deep and hollow toned voice, issuing as it seemed from beneath the spot they stood upon; but, not waiting to evince their prompt obedience to this apparently supernatural mandate, Rosabella encircling her sister's waist with her supporting arm, to aid her in a rapid flight, they hurried to the house as swiftly as Lady Constantia's powers permitted. There they recounted their adventure to their mother, and then in junction broke the seal of this mysterious

letter, and as they were commanded, read—

"Fear not! Heaven protects its own: and even the arm of an assassin becomes nerveless under its arbitrary influence.

"Again I repeat—Fear not!—for should Brussels fall to other possessors, even then your safety shall be secured; and your little hand will prove the mighty shield to all surrounding you.

"In the moment you least expect him, you will once more behold the man, who so few hours since alarmed you:—but it will be not to harm, but to restore that you thought for ever lost.

"Fear not,

"and expect me in the form of,

"GRATITUDE."

This mysterious composition was of course confided to the Abbé Nugent, who in the first moments of that alarm the singularity of its mode of delivery inspired, repaired to their landlord, to speak

to him upon the certainty of a subterraneous passage communicating with his premises; but the landlord affirmed he knew of none, and to evince his sincerity, set a party of soldiers to dig in the spot the young ladies had heard the voice in; but after penetrating several feet without any appearance to confirm suspicion of a passage beneath, the proceeding was relinquished; and it was concluded the voice must have sounded from amid the thick foliage near them; or from the top of the garden wall, over which it was very possible to climb.

This refutation of all belief of a subterraneous communication with their abode, lulled the poignancy of the alarms the Abbé had imbibed, through those suspicions of all around him, which the attempted assassination of the Duchess had awakened; an attempt which he doubted not the villanous Delany had directed: yet still trembling for her safety, he privately took every precaution to guard it, and no longer withheld his confidence upon the subject from Doctor Healy, whom

he importuned to give Lady Constantia even artificial strength, if that were possible, to enable her undertaking a voyage to England, where bravoes could not be so readily found, to immolate for hire their fellow beings.

CHAPTER X.

It was now June, and the second week of this eventful month had commenced, when, through the representations of the Abbé upon the necessity of the measure, Doctor Healy pronounced Lady Constantia sufficiently convalescent to undertake a sea voyage; which he now ingenuously confessed she had been for the last week, although he had wished to wile on Lady Agatha's stay at Brussels, until the moment it would suit his own convenience to return to England, that he might travel with her party.

This permission given, the active Abbé set about every arrangement for their departure,—but with that wary secrecy his apprehensions of the treachery of Delany inspired; not allowing it to appear to their landlord, that there was any intention of quitting his premises, until the expiration of the period they had been engaged for;

since the Abbé Nugent was not now to learn, that man can deceive by specious seeming.

The Abbé was thus preparing for a prompt departure, which he allowed the ladies under his protection to believe solely caused through necessity from the posture of public affairs, when all his plans were unexpectedly overthrown by the sudden and dangerous illness of Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice; — whose life Doctor Healy for many hours considered in the most imminent peril; — and even when that was pronounced out of danger, the Abbé in dismay found, that three or four weeks must necessarily elapse ere she would probably be able to venture on her return.

Rosabella, now devoted to dutiful attendance upon her aunt, was separated from all who would have been anxious to convey to her bosom a portion of the anxiety and dismay, which on the evening of the 15th of June assailed every bosom in Brussels, on the unexpected arrival of a *courier* from Marshal Blucher, to announce

the dread conflict had commenced; whilst those she did hold intercourse with in the chamber of Lady Agatha as carefully concealed from her as they did from the invalide herself, that the perilous warfare had stolen upon the prepared, but unexpecting warriors, like the assassin of the night.

But what precaution could avail? The tale of horror broke from concealment at the dread hour of midnight; and the secret was revealed to Rosa by the drum's electrifying beat to arms, and the trumpet's loud call to death and glory!

The nerves must be case-hardened, and heart adamant, upon which sounds like these, striking in the dead stillness of night, and awaking from a profound repose those who were doomed to find their next sleep eternal, produce not effects that must baffle description. Their operation therefore, upon the susceptible Rosa, foils our power to portray, until the voice of her feeble aunt recalled her fleeting senses to the performance of a duty, by desiring her to pray,—on her knees to pray, for the

blessing of Heaven to go with her countrymen!—Rosa did pray: and none ever more devoutly.

The whole household of Lady Agatha was disturbed by this harrowing call to arms, as well as her ladyship and our heroine; and soon the trembling horror-struck Duchess and Lady Constantia appeared, to unite with their aunt and Rosa their fervent supplications, for the protection of Heaven to attend their countrymen.

The Abbé Nugent, in natural anxiety to learn every particular of the necessity for this sudden call to arms, hastily arraying himself for the purpose, sallied forth to seek intelligence; he therefore beheld the assembling of the troops in the Place Royale; which individually, as he beheld them scattered about the streets of Brussels, he had believed a formidable host; but now, in the aggregate of what could be so suddenly collected, he saw how fearful the conflict must prove; and with an anguished sigh from his prophetic heart, he pronounced, as he looked on the ten

thousand heroes who marched out of Brussels in the highest health of hope-clad courage, few of them would behold the dawning of another day.

From this scene of bustle,—of awful preparation for death and glory ; — of tender adieus and affecting benedictions, bearing painfully upon the feelings of the patriot and the man, the Abbé returned to the *Rue* ——; when, after kindly desiring the weeping wives of the departed soldiers, who had been billeted in their mansion, to remain in their quarters, he proceeded to give all the comfort in his power to the tremblers in the apartment of Lady Agatha, by assurances that the general opinion was, that there could be no battle that day; and by the morrow, a larger force would be collected to oppose, and, with the blessing of Heaven, to conquer.

Such being the universal belief, and clung to, as if from this respite to fearful conflict some miracle would arise to ward off the necessity of battle ; the dismay that assailed those who remained in Brussels was indeed most painful: when about three

o'clock in the afternoon the sound of a tremendous cannonading suddenly struck on every ear, and with appalling force to every heart; but upon none more direfully than the bleeding one of Rosabella; for through that was echoed from the awful sound the impending fate of the man whom she loved, and of the friend whom she regarded.

From the moment this sound of horrid conflict reached Brussels, the anxiety that reigned there for certain intelligence of the fate of nations can better be imagined than described:—for every tender tie of the heart was writhing with the anguish of suspense, and every patriotic bosom pained with the agony of hope and fear:—but all was contradiction's rumour, until about five o'clock, when an officer arrived from our army,—then engaged with an enemy far, far superior in numbers—who proclaimed how the heroes of our isles were immortalizing themselves, and their proud country.

The inhabitants of Brussels seemed like the troubled shades of the heroes, who had

fallen, ere victory had been sealed by their death blow;—for they wandered about from spot to spot, asking questions, and in breathless agitation surrounding all who came in a direction from Quatre Bras, still trembling in dismay at the heavy discharge of artillery, which about ten o'clock gradually lessened upon the ear, until all was still as many a warrior's lately animated heart.

The Abbé Nugent had wandered about with others, until some time after the cessation of the din of warfare, when, worn out with fatigue, he returned to his home; where, as he was about to enter, a person rushing by him, muffled up in a great watch coat, thrust a letter into his hand, and flew on his way up the street.

On arriving at a light, the Abbé perceiving by the superscription that this strangely delivered letter was for Rosabella, felt his suspicions confirmed of the bearer of this billet being no other than the mysterious bravo. This added new regrets and uneasiness to the detention at Brussels, the illness of Lady Aga-

tha thus unfortunately caused; but the letter he delayed not in delivering to our heroine, who in amazement and apprehension broke the seal, and read—

"Fear not, I again repeat; for should Brussels pass into the hands of the French, you, and those whom you have raised a shield for, will be secure from molestation.

"None who are near and dear to you have yet bled:—they have fought bravely, and you may exult in their heroism.—Excuse the brevity of this address, from—

"A Grateful Man."

The heart of Rosabella, although grateful to the mysterious writer of this address, for his efforts to calm her apprehensions, found a new weight of agony added to what it before silently suffered from; as she could not doubt, that were her mystic correspondent connected with Delany, he probably knew her brother, who was certainly the individual meant by, "near and dear to her," as of the

ce Lord Montalbert or Charles Monson

held in her estimation this man could know nothing; and therefore her brother was in the army now engaged in formidable warfare; and the first moment she might be led to find him, it might be to behold him in the arms of death.

Of course the contents of this billet was anxiously inquired for by all; and Rosa, unable to effect concealment of it, had the grief to find the same idea fastened upon her mother's mind, of whom the writer alluded to, and overwhelmed her in all the agony of maternal apprehension.

The Abbé arranged that himself, Rinaldo, and his own faithful Swiss, should keep watch all night, whilst the females of the family should seek the possibility of repose; and in this vigil of the Abbé and his associates, one of them made frequent sallies through the night into the streets, to learn if all was still. They, therefore, knew of the consternation spread through the city, by the passing of artillery to join the army; and that the corse of the amiable, filially attached, and heroic Duke of Bruns-

wick had passed through Brussels; and were amongst those who beheld the Belgic troop of cavalry, who came through the town on the wings of a gallop, to proclaim their own pusillanimous conduct, and to create the most painful consternation by the instantaneously imbibed belief of the victorious French being at their heels, and about to enter Brussels: when a general migration took place of all who were fortunate enough to obtain horses; but the state of Lady Agatha chained her family to this spot of peril, and therefore, with less regret, the Abbé discovered the horses he had engaged to be in readiness, to convey himself and party from Brussels, at half an hour's notice, had been secretly taken out of their stables by panic-struck families, to convey them to Antwerp.

The dread suspense that hung in horror upon all who remained at Brussels was at length terminated by an express from the Duke of Wellington himself, lulling every apprehension of the French being yet victorious, and awakening the sunbeam of hope, that they never would be so, through

the bright rays of that glory our army had encompassed itself with, from the unvanquishable valour with which it had sustained the tremendous onset of this fearful conflict.

From the moment the Abbé Nugent had contrived to obtain a five minutes' conversation with the officer who had brought the last intelligence from the army, he began, with the permission of Lady Agatha, to prepare all the spare rooms of her large mansion into wards, for the reception of their wounded countrymen; whilst all the females of the family and household he employed in forming bandages and lint from all the linen that could be brought into requisition, and in making all that could be useful in the culinary department for the sick.

And very long this benevolently prepared hospital was not left without grateful patients, for soon the waggons with the wounded and dying heroes came slowly in, to warm with pity and grief the hearts that terror had chilled; and from every quarter the balms of kindness and com-

passion came pouring over their sufferings.

And the very sufferings of these interesting warriors, from the various marring of the "human face and form divine," might possibly have had that saddening effect upon the remaining inhabitants of Brussels, to operate powerfully in the general sensation of despondence, which seized upon almost every individual; when the account of the important retreat of the invincible General, to whom Providence had assigned the conduct of this conflict, reached them. And now a second migration, influenced by even more direful panic, took place in boats, on foot, and in every mode of conveyance that could be found.

But on the never to be forgotten eighteenth of June, news of the allies having been completely defeated reached Brussels, and gained universal credence; when the horror, the dismay, that subdued all, no pen could convey a just idea of, leading numbers to fly, in wildest consternation, in every direction from this distracted city—some for personal

security—some to aid the vanquished—some to seek their kindred—and all to increase the confusion and blockade of the roads to the grand theatre of fearful conflict.

But of this unfounded report and its dismaying consequences Rosabella knew not; for her station was by the pillow of Lady Agatha, whom the tremendous storm of the night, with the proximity of dangers mightier than the thunder's roll or lightning's flash, had so subdued, that in a state of alarming increase of malady she now lay, and no Doctor Healy, or any other to be found for her relief; and not until the battle's din, again sounded forth in tremendous and incessant cannonading, did Rosa know that the emancipation of Europe was then gloriously effecting, on the immortalizing plain of Waterloo.

Immortalized plain! — the heart-rending dirge of death has tolled it; and the loud clarion of fame, reverberating from hill to valley, through the amazed world, has sounded it; for there was reared, for the

proud boast of our isles, an adamantine pillar, for the indelible record of valorous achievements never surpassed, if ever equalled. . . . . .

As the merciless hail-storm bows the unresisting snowdrop to the earth, so each awful volley, that resounded from the plain of Waterloo, struck with destructive influence through the heart of Rosabella; for in each she heard the knell of many a fellow being, and in all ideal sounds wafted the last sigh of Lord Montalbert; and often too, the expiring groan of her brother or of Charles Monson; and through the whole of that glorious, but fatal day, she was chained by the pillow of her aunt, cold as the marble which, she doubted not, would soon cover the sacred ashes of the glory-shrouded hero whom she loved; her frame convulsed by grief and terror, whilst the rest of the family were wholly employed attending to the sufferers from the action of the sixteenth, whom they had lodged beneath their roof.

But at length, after a day of terror, anxiety, and torturing suspense, of sick-

ening hope, and anguished fears, the distant roar of battle ceased; the guns at once became silent; and the awful stillness struck with electrifying similitude to the heart of sensibility, as the soundless pause that rested over the warriors slain—Imagination may therefore conceive, though no pen can portray, the feelings of poor Rosabella at this moment. It was, she believed, the pause of nature, to weep, in silent agony, over her finest works—her favourite sons. But Rosa could not weep, although she numbered Montalbert with the slain;—no; all within her bosom seemed now the desolation of a dreary desert, where no balmy dews shed their salutary influence; and only through mental invocations to Heaven—for the movement of her lips, or audible inspiration, was, in the chamber of her sick aunt, denied her—to spare her senses from subjugation, did she preserve them from the alarming torpitude of suffering sensibility.

The Duchess di Soria, from belief of her son being in the conflict, and through sympathy for her Rosa, whose

silent anxiety for the fate of Lord Montalbert she clearly read, suffered direful pangs of maternal agony during this memorable day; but she could relieve her heart's sore burden by her tears; for as she had frequent calls to the chambers of the wounded, she could often retreat to her own to weep, and to compose her anguished heart by prayer.

By the unfortunate blockade of the road from Waterloo to Brussels, prompt communication was effectually impeded; and thus not only were torturing alarms and suspense prolonged, but, of much more fatal consequence, the wounded were detained from the relief they so instantaneously required; and no account whatever of the fate of the day had been known to have arrived at Brussels, when Lady Agatha's landlord, with a countenance pale and marked by dismay, and presenting to the keenly observant Abbé an aspect altogether of suspicious agitation, delivered a billet to that reverend man, which, he said, "had been put into his hand by an utter stranger in the street."

This billet was directed, in her mysterious correspondent's hand, to Miss Woodville; but in characters so demonstrative of agitation, that the Abbé, feeling conviction of its being the conveyance of fatal intelligence, unhesitatingly determined to inspect it, ere he ventured its delivery to Rosabella; accordingly he did so, and read —although with some difficulty, from the almost illegible unsteadiness of the writing,—

"The Corsican's sun is set for ever; and that of Britain risen to the most unequalled resplendence of immortal glory! In full retreat the totally discomfited French are pursued by their laurel-crowned victors; and in the number of those gallant pursuers is your *brave* brother, safe and unhurt.

"The hero Montalbert has with his invincible countrymen performed deeds of valor never surpassed: Pallas, proud of this favourite son, has protected him through the sanguinary conflict with her immortal ægis; and he is among the unvan-

quishable warriors who live to shine in their own glory.

"No longer can danger menace you in Brussels, I therefore this very night depart to render you essential service in another country; and when my project is accomplished expect me, in the form of

"Gratitude."

Although this mysterious correspondent of Rosabella's had entered the chamber of the Duchess di Soria for the purpose of assassination, yet from the effect Rosa's appearance had upon him, even then at once turning him from his sanguinary intention, the Abbé Nugent could not but place reliance upon the professions of his gratitude, and therefore yielded credit to the auspicious intelligence he thus conveyed. He consequently hastened to our poor heroine with this cheering billet, which proved a precious balm of comfort to her mother too, and filled every late desponding bosom throughout the house with exulting patriotic joy; and ere the first feelings of this grateful rapture had evapo-

rated, the Abbé Nugent collected together all the convalescent beneath their roof, to unite their hearts and lips in a devout aspiration of thanks to the merciful Ruler of the fate of battles.

The barbed arrows of agonizing alarm for the fate of her country, her brother, and the man she loved, thus fortunately removed from the suffering heart of Rosabella, she was enabled to turn her wondering thoughts upon her mysterious correspondent, who thus in every address proclaimed his gratitude to her; since it had never been her fate to render service to any man in the rank of a gentleman,—which the style of this man's composition proclaimed him to be—unless the footpad, from whose bosom she had turned the pistol, was one. But he was of spectral form; the assassin, who had fled on beholding her, inclining to corpulency, and in gait and every movement proclaiming that athletic power, which the other wanted.

By the evening of the nineteenth of June the part of Lady Agatha's house appropriated to the reception of our wounded

brothers had been completely filled by the Abbé Nugent, with heroes of every gradation, from the humble private to field officers of the highest rank, where all were treated indiscriminately with the zeal and tenderness of gratitude and pity; the only distinction made being in the superiority of the chambers allotted to the commissioned officers.

And a more heart-rending scene was never engaged in, than the chambers of these bleeding warriors here exhibited. The flower of our army—the pride of our isles, mutilated and disabled, writhing on the bed of suffering, weeping and mourning—not for their own agonies,—for their fortitude was, like their courage, invincible, —but for their brother, their friend, their comrade, with whom they had borne the toil and hardship of many a severe campaign,—cut off in the bloom of their health, the vigour of their animation, slaughtered by their side, and bowing to their premature fate with the saintly resignation of martyred patriots, although that fate consigned them to an unconsecrated grave,

with only glory for their shroud, and laurel for their shell. And here from the gentle murmurs of the pillowed sufferers many a tale of individual heroism, recorded by the humble private of his fallen leader,—by the approving officer, of a regretted soldier, sounded through the ears of the Abbé, to warm and melt his heart, and draw the tears of lamentation to his eyes, that individual heroism should thus live to fame, only through the contracting beams of one great and brilliant orb of national glory.

It was late in the evening of the nineteenth of June that the Abbé Nugent, anxious to obtain the opinion of Doctor Healy upon the increasing fever of one of the sufferers from the plain of Fleurus, went out to seek the doctor, whom he had not seen since early dawn, but whom he now promptly found at his own lodgings, benevolently engaged in attendance upon an officer and two dragoons, whom he had contrived to accommodate in his circumscribed dwelling.

The officer, Doctor Healy informed the Abbé, was of field rank, but yet too weak, from loss of blood, and being so long without requisite aid, to articulate more than monosyllables,—as he had been wounded early in the action, but had never quitted the field until the day was won; when as he was attempting to aid in the pursuit, he had fainted, and then was given in charge to two wounded men of his own regiment, who although but slightly hurt when they left the dire scene of slaughter, had bled so much on their terribly protracted way to Brussels, that by the time he encountered them in the streets, seeking accommodation for their charge, they were unable to utter more than an entreaty "to have every attention paid to their gallant colonel."

"And I had the good fortune," continued Doctor Healy, "to catch in his flight from one depôt of wounded to another, a particular friend of mine,—a surgeon of great skill, who promptly extracted the ball, that had lodged in this officer's side;

and as it fortunately touched no vital part, we entertain no doubt whatever of his perfect cure."

Doctor Healy could not at this precise moment leave his own interesting patients; but promised, the instant his trusty valet returned from an embassy for procuring many essential comforts and necessaries for his suffering charge, he would endeavour to get his skilful friend to accompany him to visit the more numerous patients of the Abbé; who on his part promised to send the doctor an immediate supply of proper nourishment for his ward, and then departed for his home; when in crossing one of the intervening streets he saw a wounded officer waiting for admission at the door of a house, that was closed up, as if uninhabited; where—after another officer—who, more fortunate, had shared the honour of the day unhurt, and who had attended his wounded friend into Brussels, —had almost knocked the door down, a Belgic woman opened an upper window, to announce " her determination of not

opening her house, even for the mayor himself."

"Why, you old beldam!" exclaimed the angry companion of the wounded sufferer, "you cannot dare to refuse a man admission into his own lodgings."

"They are no longer his," she replied, in a strange jargon of mingled languages; "his lady discharged them on Friday noon; and with all their baggage set off with another man, by the canal for Antwerp."

The wounded officer, now heaving a deep groan, sunk back on his horse in a swoon; and the compassionating Abbé, ineffably shocked at the horrible depravity of a wife, which could lead her to rob her husband, and abscond with a paramour in the fearful moment when that husband was gone forth to fight, and perhaps to bleed, in his country's cause; and, commiserating from his very heart the anguish a husband must endure on such a dereliction; now humanely stepped forward to offer his services, which ultimately ended in taking the poor

insensible, forsaken sufferer to Lady Agatha's house, where he unhesitatingly yielded him his own bed. His friend immediately on beholding him safely deposited in such benevolent hands, departed to join the victorious army on its triumphant march to Paris.

This last sufferer, whom the Abbé Nugent introduced into this asylum of duty, was so young, so transcendently handsome, and so apparently amiable withal, that the reverend father's astonishment was added to his horror at the dereliction of his profligate wife.

The wound of this young man was in his right arm, and wore so serious an aspect, that Doctor Healy's friend entertained strong apprehensions, that amputation would be necessary; particularly as his mental sufferings were evidently of a most oppressive nature.

During the night this young man's agonies were so severe, that the compassionating Abbé never left his pillow, but to pay his hourly round of attention to his other patients; and by morning the grateful sen-

sibility of the young warrior, with the touching melancholy that oppressed him, so powerfully interested the good priest for him, that he imparted all he knew of his history to the Duchess di Soria, and entreated her kind attentions for him. These as a debt of gratitude,—even more powerful than that his bleeding brother heroes claimed from all—she soon became painfully anxious to pay him; when in the course of the morning he entreated the Abbé to write a few cautious lines to his brother, to announce all he owed to the mercy of Providence, "for sparing his life upon the ensanguined field; and then consigning him to the hands of the good Samaritan, to bind up his wounds;" and announced his brother as the Earl of Derville.

CHAPTER XI.

It was indeed our old impetuous friend, Charles Monson, who now lay suffering from a dangerous wound, in the bed of the Abbé Nugent; and with a heart writhing in all the agonies of compunction, for the rash follies his reliance upon his own superlative wisdom had led him into, through the toils of villany to the brink of total ruin; for now, although still a minor, his commission was his all, except the sum which in early life he had dedicated for a gift to Rosabella; and which in all his temptations he had religiously preserved from the knowledge of the harpies, whose deceptive arts had undone him.

For, on that unfortunate evening of his grandmother's injudicious irritation of his impetuous feelings at Lady Elstow's, by excluding him from her carriage in favour of Mr. Sternham; he returned to town in

one of the Richmond stages, in which he found only one fellow-passenger,—a female very young, and exquisitely beautiful; who, by her well-arranged allurements, contrived rapidly to draw him from his indignant meditations, to attend to her egotism; for she was most communicative relative to her own affairs; and this imprudent species of ingenuousness awakened no suspicion in the mind of the guileless Charles Monson, who, a novice in the world's wiles, saw nothing in her communications but an artless tale, that awakened his pity and his interest.

For she represented herself as an American by birth, and a stranger in England, whither she had accompanied a lieutenant in the British navy, whom three months before she left New York she had eternally disobliged her family by wedding: that, renounced by all her own connexions, her husband, Mr. Walter Bland, found himself severely disappointed in having obtained a portionless, not a wealthy wife; and when too late, began to tremble at the wrath of his own friends: that at

length they quitted America, and on their arrival in England he had left her at Portsmouth, whilst he went off to London, to break his imprudent marriage to his father; and after three weeks of anxious separation she received her first letter from him, desiring her immediately to proceed to Richmond, to an aunt of his, who had promised kindly to receive her: that accordingly on the preceding evening she had arrived at this aunt's house, in Foot Kew Lane, whom she experienced the horror of finding a corse, having suddenly expired in the night: and the moment she had sufficiently recovered from so dreadful a shock to hold a pen, she had written to her husband to inform him of what had happened, and to announce her intention of going to town by a Richmond coach that evening, and to desire him to meet her at the Gloucester Coffee-House.

But when the coach stopped at the Gloucester Coffee-House, there was no person awaiting to receive the lady, who was in consequence thrown into agonies of distress:—"a stranger, and almost penny-

less, in that alarming metropolis, and unknowing one step of her way into the City, where her father-in-law lived, and where she must venture to present herself, although scarcely supposing she should be admitted.

Mr. Monson would have compassionated any female in so distressing a situation; but the tears of so lovely a creature could not be resisted, and he kindly offered to accompany her to the house of her father-in-law. A hackney coach was therefore procured, and to Whitechapel they proceeded, the lady the whole way making the most bewitching protestations of her animated gratitude.

At length they arrived at the habitation of Mr. Bland the elder, which they found to be the dismal blocked up building of a wholesale dealer; where, after knocking for admission, a respectable looking old female servant appeared, and informed them "Mr. Walter Bland was with his father at Enfield; but that she expected him the following day in town, as he was going to visit his aunt at Richmond."

Mrs. Bland now importuned for admission, but this the cautious porteress for some time most conscientiously refused, until Charles judiciously unclosed the door by a silver key; when he was invited in by the grateful beauty, who having learned from him that he had lodgings to seek that night—for, in the indignant ire of his wounded feelings, he had determined not to return to Albemarle Street,—wished to detain him until she learned from her father-in-law's housekeeper at what respectable hotel in the neighbourhood he might be likely to find accommodations.—This information obtained, he took leave of Mrs. Bland, first promising to comply with her request of calling upon her the succeeding morning; and then, establishing himself in this new hotel, he sent off his intimation of where he was to be found to Mr. Freecastle.

As the pillow of Mr. Monson proved a restless one to him, he arose to an early breakfast, and immediately after it fulfilled his appointment with Mrs. Bland, whom he found in a visible increase of charms

from the salutary effect of a night's repose, after a day of fatigue, anxiety, and alarm.

Her reception of him was dangerously flattering; her gratitude was uttered with the most melting pathos, and her expressions of admiration of his goodness, delivered with a simplicity of language and *naïveté* of manner, that fascinated this guileless son of inexperience; who, when she informed him "the housekeeper had just heard from one of the clerks her husband was not coming from Enfield until evening, and bewailed her disappointment in consequence of his protracted absence of not being able to purchase mourning for his kind aunt," offered to be her banker until the arrival of Mr. Bland—an offer she readily accepted; and, in consequence of her intimation of alarm at going alone in a hackney coach to make her purchase, he gallantly accompanied her on her expedition, in the course of which Mrs. O'Dowd and Rosabella encountered them.

Mrs. Walter Bland's shopping for her mourning terminated, Charles hastened to

his hotel in expectation of a letter from his solicitor, relative to his suit; where he found his sister's billet awaiting him; when her fabricated account of Rosa's weeping for his alarming absence completely routed for the moment every recollection of the dangerous fascinations of Mrs. Bland, with all the interest he experienced for her present insulation, and led him instantly to find and follow the party to the Stable Yard; and the alarm he there experienced of having a formidable rival in Lord Bayswater, chained him by our heroine for the remainder of that day, even effacing from the register of urbanity his engagement for spending the evening with his new acquaintance in Whitechapel.

Unfortunately, the occupation of Mr. Monson's chamber in Albemarle Street that night by Mr. Foxcraft led him again to the hotel in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Bland, from whom awaited him a billet portraying the agony she had suffered for his non-appearanee that evening, since his cruel absence she feared was caused by

some fatal accident having befallen him; and, in consequence of this flattering billet, Charles was with her at an early hour in the morning.

And this enchantress he found bathed in tears; when he concluded, as Mr. Bland was not yet arrived, she wept on that account; but soon he was bewitchingly informed, it was alarm for his safety that had so subdued her. In consequence of all this flattering interest for him,—his for her, through gratitude, augmented; and nothing but the absolute necessity he felt of paying his compliments at Lord Flowerdew's that morning could have drawn him from his dangerous *tête à tête*; but he engaged himself to dine with her, and was true to his engagement; and so admirably did she perform her blandishments, that she wiled minute after minute through the evening, until he but narrowly escaped failing entirely in his engagement, to meet his sister and Rosabella in Mansfield Street.

Charles had promised to be with Mrs. Bland as early as possible the succeeding

morning, and as soon as he had seen the embarkation of the ill-fated aquatic party, he proceeded to Whitechapel. He found Mrs. Bland anxiously expecting him, as she had just received a letter from her husband, forwarded from Richmond to her, enclosing a five-pound note, and desiring her immediately to set out for Oxford, for which place he was on the wing, with a cousin, an Oxonian, who promised to be their *cicerone* during the visit of the august party to the University; and, in consequence of her necessary compliance with this mandate of her husband's, she wished to prevail on him to have the benevolent kindness to accompany her, "since in his brotherly protection she should be secure; and, from experience, she knew her happiness would be augmented by his presence."

Mr. Monson was soon persuaded by this enchantress to comply, and he accompanied her to Oxford; where they found Mr. Bland apparently in great anxiety awaiting the arrival of his better half,

whom he seemed overpowered with joy at seeing; and, upon learning all her companion's kindness to her, his gratitude appeared little short of hers.

Mr. Walter Bland was a remarkably handsome young man, full of animated vivacity, and to all appearance as guileless as Charles himself; whilst his cousin, apparently in orders, was sedate, yet prepossessing in aspect, highly informed, full of anecdote, and gentlemanly even to high polish.

Fascinated by his three companions, who seemed emulous to evince their respect to Mr. Monson, and their deference to his wishes and opinions; and appearing in all things amiable, prudent, and honourable, Charles was lured on to extend his ramble with them; and, during this extent of excursion, the care of Mrs. Bland ever devolving to him, he often became so powerfully enchanted by her *naïveté*, and alluring captivations, that he not unfrequently found cause for mental congratulation upon his tender attachment to Ro-

tabella, since that alone secured him from a reprehensible passion for the wife of another.

Upon his return to town, he found his sister ill, and Rosa encircled by all the peril of a direfully infectious disease; when the dangerous fascinations of Mrs. Bland retired at once from his thoughts, and only agonized interest for Rosa filled his bosom; and hour after hour, in evening's solitude, he paced before her door, in love's visionary belief, that being even thus near her yielded some ray of comfort to his tortured heart.

The Blands had by this time taken lodgings in Piccadilly for the convenience of being near Mr. Monson, who, they incessantly declared, "was their only comfort:" as the elder Mr. Bland had absolutely refused to receive his daughter-in-law, or to aid the half-pay of his son by any allowance; and these lodgings, since Rosa was no longer visible to him, habitually became the constant retreat of Mr. Monson, when not performing his pedestrian solace beneath the windows of Rosa-

bella. In this retreat every art was called into requisition to enchain him:—the wife, through her personal charms, and the magic of half-revealed fast growing tenderness;—the husband, by flattery, conveyed through the impalpable touches of an adept in the art, to his very foibles—yielding by delicate adulation encouragement to his pride, deference to his abilities, homage to the exaltation of high birth, and wily incense to his heart, by plausible eulogiums upon his country.

But very long it did not suit the purposes of Mr. Bland to continue these alluring wiles of machination; for, after an unusually lengthened absence from his lodgings one day, he returned apparently wild with joy, to interrupt the *tête à tête* of his wife and friend, to impart to them, "having just been offered an appointment at Bombay, of considerable emolument, upon the civil establishment, the only impediment to the acceptance of which lay in the difficulty of finding means for his equipment, and for defraying the expense of his passage;" and, after some well managed

discussion of the subject between husband and wife, the former frankly requested Mr. Monson "kindly to raise the necessary sum, —for which he would most thankfully pay him lawful interest, until he was enabled to refund the principal, which he was certain of effecting in a couple of years."

Charles, ever pluming himself upon the manly decision of his character, made not one moment's pause ere he agreed to the proposition; though he knew nothing of the methods of how minors could be supplied with cash:—but Mr. Bland was perfectly conversant with the process, and therefore undertook to save his kind friend every trouble, in raising sixteen hundred pounds for his use, with the addition of all that was necessary for defraying the expenses of accommodating him with that sum.

And to this specious arrangement of Bland, Charles subscribed with the weak credulity of the most defective in intellect, building such firm reliance upon his own mighty judgment and deep skill in penetrating characters, that without consulting legal, or other friend, or even remember-

ing the necessity of inquiry relative to the connexions or individual integrity of Bland, —who, from wearing the semblance of all that was gentlemanly, he pronounced the possessor of every virtue — he left all to the management of the dexterous Mr. Bland. This gentleman inserted thousands for hundreds, and then absconded with his booty, leaving the too self-confident Charles an almost distracted victim to his plausible villany; who, in the moment he had lost so nearly the whole of his patrimony, discovered to what a height his passion for Rosa had arisen by the anguish his heart endured, on finding this, his every hope of making her his own, wrested from him by the friend whom he had trusted, and whose route no effort of his, or the police officers whom his lawyer employed, — for when too late he applied to one—could trace.

To add to the overwhelming tide of Mr. Monson's ruin, Bland left his wife behind him, who acted her part so admirably, that she soon convinced him she was no accomplice in her husband's

villany; and contrived to operate so powerfully upon his feelings, in her touching appeals to his humanity for protection, whilst she artfully contrived to introduce a suspicion, that this dereliction of her perfidious husband was caused by his having discovered a tender preference had crept into her heart for Mr. Monson, that Charles imprudently promised her protection and support, until she heard from her father in America, whom she said she should immediately inform of her destitute situation.

In a very days after Bland's disappearance, Mrs. Bland announced it possible, that he might be concealed in or about Windsor, as she knew he lately had many letters from that quarter, where an old female favourite resided; and that probably, were he and she to go down there privately, and seek him cautiously, they might discover his retreat.

Charles, now in the misery of despair at having every hope of ever being united to our heroine thus wrested from him,

felt his home a spot of anguish, and therefore, anxious to escape from it, and eager to catch at any phantom of possibility that Bland might be traced, to restore his hope of auspicious love, he fell into her snare, and whilst ostensibly seeking him who was not there, she, in their *tête à tête* occupation of one lodging, exerted all her fascinations to enchant him; and so far she did so, that she found influence over a mind so absorbed in wretchedness, that all energy of intellect seemed lost, to persuade him that she had discovered a certain clew to find her husband in Paris, with this identical female favourite, spending the money he had so treacherously obtained; and to prevail upon him to proceed to that city in pursuit of him.

Under this influence Charles returned to London the morning of the celebrated fête in the parks; obtained pecuniary assistance from the same accommodating persons, through whom Bland had been enabled to effect his villany—and on the subsequent evening set out with his dan-

gerous companion for Paris, having first called in Sloane Street, fully determined to confide in Rosa and his brother the tour he was going upon, and its fatal cause; but not finding either, that intention was frustrated.

In the dissipations of the city of Paris, into which this insidious tempter led her unresisting dupe, Charles gradually began to lose the poignancy of his anguished misery, at the blighting of all hope for him of winning the inestimable Rosa for his own; and as gradually to find the fascinations of the now undisguisedly attached enchantress too alluring to be opposed.

But at length the reappearance of Buonaparte's eagles in France relit the torch of destructive warfare, and with it the patriotism of Mr. Monson, who, all wild anxiety to become useful to his country, flew to London, where shame for his transgressions, and apprehensions of beholding Rosabella, led him not to seek any individual of his family; and making instant

application to his money broker, and at the War Office, he in due time had the transport of seeing himself gazetted as a soldier; and upon obtaining this long ardently panted for commission, he repaired to the Netherlands, still accompanied by his wily deceiver, to join his regiment; and early in June became an inhabitant of Brussels. Here, one day shortly after his arrival, upon returning from parade to his lodgings sooner than he was expected, he found Mrs. Bland in the act of perusing a letter, which in evident confusion she crumpled up, and hurried into her ridicule the moment he appeared.

Charles was neither of a jealous nor a suspicious temper; yet he thought this a singular circumstance, although he forbore to question her upon the subject; still suspicion did arise in his mind, when on the sixteenth as he was marching out of Brussels to meet the enemies of his country, he beheld a man in the Park strongly resembling Bland, although disguised; and

who started away from his recognition. But that was no moment to seek after his own affairs: the critical situation of his country's cause possessed higher claims, and chained him through duty to his corps; bearing the glory-worn standard of which, he repaired to the sanguinary conflict; and in the gallantly determined preservation of which, he received his wound; and whilst with his left hand twisting the sacred trust around his body, a French cuirassier was in the act of raising his arm to cut down this now defenceless man, when he was rescued from this impending stroke by the intrepidity of an officer of another corps, who, unfortunate in that rescue, received a wound.

But, although Charles was thus preserved from death, the desperate wound he had received compelled his being led from the plain of Waterloo; and after dreadful delays on his impeded progress, he at length arrived at Brussels; when, on finding there how complete a dupe he had been to those who had worked his ruin, and destroyed every hope of happiness for

him, the shock was too much, exhausted as he was, with hunger, fatigue, bodily anguish, and loss of blood; and sealed his senses in the temporary oblivion of a swoon.

CHAPTER XII.

As from the moment the wounded began to enter Brussels from the plains of glory, Doctor Healy had been unable to dedicate as much time to Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, as her case required, he appeared by her pillow early on the morning of the twentieth, to make his apologies, and to recommence his necessary attention to her.

Rosabella having full dependence upon her mysterious correspondent's testimony of the safety of Lord Montalbert, and therefore concluding he was gone on with the victorious army, her mind had resumed power to attend to other things; and with anxiety she was hanging over the pillow of her aunt to learn Doctor Healy's opinion of her, when her ladyship inquired, "how his patient was going on, to whom he had so kindly resigned his own bed?"

"Oh! his wound is a most beautiful case," the doctor responded, in benevolent

rapture, "and not likely to prove of the smallest future inconvenience to him; although from his patriotic determination not to quit the field until the fate of the battle was decided, his loss of blood was menacing, as well as his suffering from an undressed wound, which he got in saving the life of a countryman of your ladyship's;—a brother of Lord Derville's—which was rather a singular act of magnanimity too; as I heard from a brother officer of his this morning, that this young Monson had carried off a fair lady, with whom my patient was on the point of marriage."

Rosabella's heart beat wildly, yet she knew not why, for she could collect nothing from this account, but that the life of Mr. Monson had been particularly in peril, and that he carried off some worthlessly inconstant woman.

"And who is this magnanimously forgiving hero of yours?" said Lady Agatha, scarcely knowing what she did say, in her alarm, lest hearing thus abruptly of Mr. Monson's dishonourable conduct in carry-

ing off the betrothed of another, might too much distress her dear Rosabella.

"He is Lord Montalbert, one of the most gallant of our gallant heroes."

Rosa now sunk into a seat, her susceptibilities in the wildest tumult of dismay.—The intelligence of Lord Montalbert being wounded came with a direful pang to her heart, although, whilst uncertain of his fate, she had believed was she to hear nothing more fatal than that, she would be happy; yet now, even the favourable report of his wound seemed to prove but inefficacious balm to her bosom! whilst this history of Mr. Monson's misconduct to his lordship, was to her inexplicable. "She herself had been engaged to Lord Montalbert; but she had not been carried off by Charles Monson, and what could this statement mean?"

"And what can this mean?" was a question that perpetually arose in the mind of our heroine, until, like a stroke of subduing electricity, the probability darted into her imagination, of the detractors

of the world having ascribed her mysterious disappearance to the influence of Mr. Monson; and now inexpressibly shocked, a tide of misery again arose in her mind, almost too mighty for the efforts of her piety and fortitude to oppose.

The wound of poor Charles for several days presented a most unpromising aspect, menacing the sad necessity of amputation; but by the skill and attention of those who took care of him, in the course of a fortnight every unfavourable appearance subsided; although still it was feared his cure would be tedious in its progress; and during this fortnight the grateful Duchess, and the no less grateful Constantia — who now had learned to love her sister as tenderly as if she had been reared with her,—attended him as carefully and as anxiously as if she had been the offspring of the one, the brother of the other; for still his kindness, and that of his family to Rosabella in her helpless insulation, were ever present to their remembrance, warming their hearts to ex-

ertions in his behalf, and promoting the distillations of grateful balms to renovate them after all fatigue endured for him.

But long it had not been possible to conceal from Rosabella the person, for whose accommodation the Abbé Nugent had given up his own chamber; and the distress the knowledge of Charles being beneath the same roof with her suffering direfully, and she who loved him so affectionately, and who owed such a debt of gratitude to him and to his family, not to fly and take a sister's part in care of him, became an oppressive burden to her heart.

For although Rosa believed, that her persevering in concealing herself from recognition for Lady Meliora's sake was no longer necessary, yet, for Charles's peace she still believed it was absolutely so; since to her remembrance was fully present the agony he seemed to suffer, through the destruction of all his hopes of obtaining her; and now, when every barrier must appear to him broken down, which intervened to prevent the prudence

or propriety of his addressing her, since now family and fortune were hers—for beside that the recovery of her mother's fortune must ultimately enrich her, Lady Agatha, independent of every future expectation from her, had already given twenty thousand pounds to her mother, and ten thousand each to her sister and herself—and therefore she could not doubt, that if she appeared to nurse him, the attachment of Charles, if not subdued, would feed on hopes destructive of his future peace; for although Lord Montalbert was lost to her, yet still her heart pronounced she could never, never love again.

And what added bitter pangs to poor Rosabella's distress was her not being able fully to confide to her adored and adoring mother the cause of her singularly unnatural and ungrateful conduct, in imploring secrecy from Mr. Monson of her being in Brussels, and upon all things relative to her. She who by nature was classed amongst the most ingenuous of human beings, it was most peculiarly painful

to; and more particularly, as she saw all the mysteries which unhappily enveloped her gave considerable uneasiness to her mother.

The terror of the Duchess for the health of her child blighting beneath the sirocco's withering blast of secret sorrows, Rosa now marked with deep affliction; and after musing hours of painful meditation upon her griefs and their sources, she pronounced herself—with horror pronounced herself—a transgressor against Heaven and her mother, for murmuring at, and mourning over the decrees of Providence, and fostering in her bosom a passion, that she ought to have subdued the moment in which the duty of gratitude proscribed it, and to have recoiled from in dismay, the moment the marriage of its inspirer had rendered it criminal to indulge it; whilst to her mother she pronounced herself a monster in cruelty, after all her direful suffering through life, now she was restored to her, instead of proving a consoling balm, she was pouring new griefs, new anxieties, new alarms

into her heart; and in the moment Heaven was showering its blessings upon her head, by her restoration to such a parent and sister as hers, — to name, connection, wealth, and protection, — she proved herself an ingrate; repining, because one coveted blessing was withheld from her, and bestowed on the friend and companion of her life, — the being through whose influence she had been rescued from the path of ignorance, and reared in innocence.

Such convictions were not like seeds scattered on a barren rock, in the mind of Rosabella. No, they became germes that budded into exertion, and blossomed in the loveliness of meek submission to her fate; but, although they were lovely, and although they drew forth the most powerful admiration in the breast of the sympathizing Abbé and her mother, they awakened terrors too; lest their beauty was but the herald of the premature fate of hot-bed flowers: — for in every look and accent they saw her griefs were not cured by her firmness,—they were subdued

by her piety; and as the smile of celestial submission played round her mouth, or the sublime glance of meekness beamed from her eyes, they almost trembled, lest they were as the beatifying symptoms of a saint on her rapid way to Heaven.

During this fortnight of auspicious change in the aspect of Mr. Monson's wound, Lord Montalbert's first promise of perfect cure became each succeeding hour more certain; and possessing the blessings of an unimpaired constitution and a Heaven-formed temper, with a conscience unclouded by stain or blemish, he had many essential aids towards his recovery within himself. Yet had he not been a firm Christian, recovery would not have formed his wish; for to him life possessed no charm; since Rosabella's dereliction of him had blighted every blossom of happiness, and made the path of his existence a cheerless track.

A third week had elapsed since the direful conflict in Europe had so gloriously terminated, when Lord Montalbert ob-

tained permission to undertake the salutary exertion of a slowly-paced promenade; and as he daily gathered strength from air and gentle exercise, he determined in a very few days after his liberation from the house, to extend his walk to visit the major of his regiment, who had been desperately wounded, and was amongst those whom the Abbé Nugent had taken under his care. Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice his lordship had not the honour of knowing; but that, Doctor Healy informed him, was no impediment to his wish.

For two successive days Lord Montalbert had paid his visits to his slowly recovering friend, without experiencing one presentiment of Rosabella's inhabiting the same dwelling; although her image was ever present to his mind's eye, and the remembrance of her dereliction in the anguished records of his sorrowing heart. But on the third day of his entering this asylum of the wounded, as he was returning from sitting his permitted half hour with his friend, in the gallery leading

to the stairs he was to descend, the form of Rosabella suddenly flitted across the passage before him, in a transit from one room to another. I not at first perceiving his lordship, and in total ignorance of his having yet ventured out, as she had never dared to make inquiries after him from Doctor Healy,—her amazement could only be surpassed by her agonized dismay, when she beheld him, pale and attenuated, and paralyzed with agitation, standing in the same apartment with her.

Rosa, uttering a faint cry of agony, covered her face with her hands, as if she hoped to conceal herself from recognition.

"Rosa!—for Rosa I still must presume to call you, since your new appellation I have not yet found sufficient firmness to pronounce," his lordship with difficulty articulated, in a voice scarcely audible from excess of emotion, as he now closed the door, and placed his back against it, both for support, and to insure no interruption to this interview of mental agony to him.

"O Rosa! well may you strive to hide that fatal face from the man whose happiness you so cruelly destroyed:—but no cloud of obscurity can conceal you from my recognition. Yet, unprecedented in barbarity, as your most unexpected dereliction has proved to me, it was my fixed determination—should the coveted blessing ever await me, of beholding more your loved form,—not to inflict a pang upon your heart,—although you lacerated mine:—but late bodily suffering has destroyed, I find, the firmness of my mind, and bows me down to the weakness of reproaching you, whilst even yet you reign in my heart's unvanquishable idolatry. Oh! Rosabella, after raising me to the height of happy expectation by the sweetest smiles of hope's encouragement, why did you dash me down to misery's deep abyss, without even one pitying sound of warning?"

Rosabella, who felt full as poignantly the force of the cruelty, which her arbitrary duty had impelled her to inflict upon the man she loved, as his lordship did himself, found her weight of misery now

too great to stand beneath, and she sunk into a seat, the semblance of mute despair.

"Oh! Rosa, Rosa!" his lordship continued, in tones of the most melting pathos; "why did not some small portion of that pity, which now I see full well writhes your gentle heart for me, operate in my behalf ten fatal months ago? Why, when you found your fancied attachment to me was all delusion,—that your heart preferred a happier man, why not strive at least to lessen the tortures to be inflicted, by some preparatory ingenuous soothing?"

Rosa's heart heaved its groans in stifled anguish; for to the husband of her friend she dared not betray, that every pang she had inflicted in his bosom reverberated upon her own with augmented agony; neither would her truth in gratitude, her faith in friendship, permit her removing the veil of deception from his eyes, relative to her preference of another; since, knowing not whose hand had placed it there,—for the purpose, she doubted not, of promoting his union with Lady Meliora,—she

he sunk upon his bed in mental agonies, almost threatening annihilation to his senses, or destruction to his existence, which now he scrupled not to wish had not been spared upon the ensanguined field.

But in these moments of mental suffering the pitying destiny of Lord Montalbert conducted his preceptor—the being whom from childhood he had looked up to as his temporal counsellor, his spiritual guide—to his bedside, to yield to his bursting heart the balms of friendship, the relief of confiding the misery that subdued him.

Mr. Trench had been at St. Leonard's rectory, when he learned that his adored pupil had joined the army in the Netherlands; and instantly he set all his affairs in train for a prompt departure for London, where he might obtain more speedy and certain intelligence of his parentally-loved friend, than could be the case in his own country; and where too, he could with more facility fly to that friend, should necessity, alas! require it.

But through a variety of impeding occurrences, Mr. Trench did not arrive in London until a fortnight after the fate of battle had consigned his beloved friend to a couch of pain and suffering; when, heart-wrung, he proceeded on the wings of anxiety to Brussels; soon discovered the asylum afforded by benevolence to his wounded pupil; and by his lordship's attached servant, Steel, who had himself bravely fought in the late contest—was promptly introduced to the object of his paternal solicitude.

The swoon of Rosabella proved long and obstinate; and when her suspension of faculty terminated, a violent flood of tears succeeded, and some unguarded articulation of Lord Montalbert's name in the moment of her recovery from inanimation, gave the solution to her almost distracted mother, of the distress which overpowered her child; since she doubted not Rosabella's having seen his lordship: but the particulars of the unfortunate interview she forebore to inquire, lest she

should increase the conflict in her daughter's bosom.

But the abundant flow of Rosa's anguished tears fell not with the salutary effect her mother hoped for; since her hand bore the burning symptom of fever, and her temples throbbed with the same portentous indication; added to which, her shivering frame and piteous heaving of her bosom in convulsive agitation induced the alarmed Duchess to summon Doctor Healy, who, although in full conviction of the malady of this interesting young creature being mental, pronounced it a nervous affection, brought on by fatigue and anxiety in her long attendance upon her sister and aunt, with the terror and compassion the late direful conflict had awakened in her mind; and ordered her immediately to her bed, that she might take a strong opiate to compose the irritation of her nerves.

The heart-rived Rosa, in agony at beholding the distress with which she over-

whelmed her mother and sister, unmurmuringly complied with all the prescriptions of the good doctor, who returned to his lodgings to receive at dinner, besides Lord Montalbert, his now constant guest, Mr. Trench, whom he had invited to dine with his friend, and the Abbé Nugent.

CHAPTER XIII.

It required a powerful struggle with his firmness, ere Lord Montalbert could command his feelings sufficiently to permit his appearance at table that day; but gratitude to his benevolent host, to Mr. Trench, who had journeyed so far to see him, and to the Abbé Nugent, who had shown him the most humane attentions during his confinement,—he felt, demanded such exertion from him, and the sacrifice of any individual comfort.

Whilst sitting after dinner, Doctor Healy said—

"I must presently leave you for a short time, as I am uncommonly anxious to see my new patient again. Her illness to-day, Abbé, was sudden, and I greatly fear it is some deeply-seated mental malady, which no Æsculapian skill can reach:—yet would I give any sum to be of service to her,—for never did any young creature interest me so powerfully: so kind, so tender, so

affectionate,—so humane, so prompt in expedients for the relief of those who require them."

"I have now," responded the Abbé, "been beneath the same roof with her for many months, and I never yet met with so sweet, so pure, so interesting a creature."

"Your lordship," said Doctor Healy, "although you know not the young lady we are speaking of, are indebted yourself to her for tender care, since all the nutriment you took, whilst confined to your chamber, you already know came from Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice's;—but all was made under this sweet girl's direction; not one culinary comfort was sent for your use, or to Mr. Monson's room, that she did not inspect herself, ere she permitted it to reach you."

"*Mr. Monson's* room!!" faintly articulated Lord Montalbert,—led from his feelings of gratitude to this young stranger by an anguished pang through his heart: "Mr. Monson is then in the

house with —— of Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice?"

"O yes," replied the doctor smiling, "your lordship's knight-errantry rescued that patient, to add to the Abbé Nugent's ward."

"I much wonder," said Lord Montalbert, with the short catching respiration of extreme internal emotion, and with a frame shaking from powerful agitation, "that although the benevolence of a stranger took pity upon me, Mr. Monson's—wi—wi—wife did not attend to her husband's nourishment herself."

"Wife!" repeated the doctor. "No, no; luckily for him, poor fellow! she was no wife."

"No wife.—What mean you, sir?"

"Why, did not your lordship hear," replied Doctor Healy—not conceiving he could, and therefore not perceiving he had awakened the fierce ire of his guest—"that the harpy, whom he eloped to the Continent with last year, plundered him whilst he was gallantly battling for his country on

the plains of Waterloo and Fleurus, and re-eloped—with her own husband?"

"For mercy, tell me," exclaimed Lord Montalbert, grasping Doctor Healy's arm firmly, as if determined he should not escape his fangs, until he answered him—"is not Charles Monson—the husband of, —Miss Frederick,—of Rosabella Frederick?"

"He is the husband of no one:—but he was the dupe of a *Jezabella*,—the wife of one Bland, a notorious sharper, only to be equalled by his better half, I find," replied the doctor; "but we *have* been talking of a Rosabella—Rosabella Woodville."

Lord Montalbert, as he started, reiterated "Rosabella Woodville!"

"Yes," replied Doctor Healy, "Rosabella Woodville, daughter to the Duchess di Soria, by her first marriage, and great niece to Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice."

"Then she has seen her brother, and his information has anticipated mine," said his agitated lordship.

"Her brother!" exclaimed the Abbé.

"Does your lordship mean Frederick Woodville? for if you do, I conjure you to impart all you know of him, that I may fly to comfort his long sorrowing and most unfortunate mother."

"There are few men I know more of than him you call Frederick Woodville, but whom I now introduce to you as Frederick Woodville Arundel, — who is one of the most esteemed of my friends; not upon the earth's surface dwells a nobler being than Major Arundel:" and with a deep drawn sigh his lordship added, "he is worthy of his sister."

And now, although pitiably agitated, Lord Montalbert hesitated not to comply with the Abbé's request; but these particulars his lordship gave we will now commingle with other circumstances essential for our reader's information.

The father of our heroine was third and youngest son to Viscount Elwy; and this peer was tortured with so violent, so unbending, so implacable a temper, that it clouded over many virtues of the first order, which he possessed; and made him

generally more feared than loved;—more shunned than courted.

Unfortunately for his son Frederick, he had been the spoiled darling of his mother, whom he had calamitously lost, about a year prior to his first beholding Lady Rosalvina Northmore; and was on his part so wholly unaccustomed to contradiction, that he had not learned—either through the inspirations of his duty, or the reverence he really felt for his father,—the lesson of bending to any will but his own; so that when he wrote from Yorkshire to acquaint Lord Elwy with the attachment he had formed, requesting his immediate consent to his marriage, and received his lordship's peremptory unqualified command to give up every thought of uniting himself to a Catholic; Frederick, through the magic of love's rhetoric, persuaded the young and thoughtless Rosalvina to elope with him; and in about a week after his father's mandate had reached him, he again addressed Lord Elwy, with information of his marriage.

When this letter, announcing the direct

disobedience of his son, reached the hand of Lord Elwy, he was in the commencement of an indisposition, which although of little consequence at first, rapidly became fatal, and terminated his existence in a very few days, leaving him no power, when with repentant pangs he felt the inclination, to revoke what, in the violence of his first impulse of resentment towards his disobedient son, he had done—cut him off with one shilling.

The new Lord Elwy was only half brother to the ruined Frederick; was married, and being rather weak in intellect, had given himself up wholly to the influence of his wife and her family, who completely governed him; and being a selfish race, Frederick Woodville formed no expectation of any aid from his lordship, and if he had, he would only have met with disappointment.

His maternal, as well as paternal brother, was a widely different character; his head was stored with sense, his mind with information, his heart with goodness. He, about two years prior to Frederick's union,

had married a lovely young woman, in every way deserving of him; and although the sole heiress of an ancient and wealthy baronet, affection, not interest, had been the basis of their alliance.

The auspicious promise of happiness that smiled on the nuptial hour of Aubrey Woodville, too quickly proved delusive; for very shortly Mrs. Aubrey Woodville fell into a delicate state of health, which induced her adoring husband and parents to fly with her to the salubrious clime of Italy. But change of region availed not; the malady was mortal, although not prompt in progress: and her anxious friends first moving from spot to spot for varying scenes and more auspicious air, and then, when the distractions upon the Continent spreading their pernicious influence compelled them for safety to still more frequent removals, with the difficulty ensuing of intercourse with home, unfortunately caused in all that time only one letter of Frederick's, which announced his marriage, to reach his brother; who heard nothing further of him, until his

heart was wrung with tidings of his death. As no other intelligence accompanied this afflicting information, Aubrey, concluding his brother had received his moiety of his mother's marriage settlement, and that an earl's daughter must have had a portion, never for one moment conceived the possibility of Frederick's widow and children being left in any circumstances but those according with their rank in life; yet he instantly wrote as kind a letter of condolence, as an affectionate sympathizing heart could dictate, to the unfortunate widow, offering her a brother's friendship, and to her children an uncle's cordial love; but from the state of the Continent that letter never reached the insulated Rosalvina.

At length a new and heavier affliction assailed poor Aubrey; nor did the long fearful expectation of the blow meliorate the direful pangs it inflicted;—he lost his adored wife, and with her embalmed body he preceded her disconsolate parents to England; and on his arrival with his sacred charge, he found his orphan nephew a lorn

object to demand his care, a drooping inmate in his London mansion.

From the letter which the Duke di Soria left for Aubrey Woodville, when he deposited young Frederick, with the certificate of his birth, to prove his identity—and which he had taken from the papers of the wretched Rosalvina, when he inspected them, to seize every carefully preserved address of her beloved departed husband to her, Aubrey first learned, "that his brother's widow and children had been left in a state of poverty, from which he—the writer—had most generously rescued them, under a fallacious belief that he was beloved; but having discovered how basely he had been deceived by the perfidious ingrate, upon whom he had conferred the honour of his high rank and name, the country, and every thing appertaining to the rival his base wife cherished in her heart to his exclusion, had become hateful to him; and that the son of that rival, who bore his name, he had torn from the arms of his deceitful mother, never to be restored to them; and had sent to him to protect, or

to poniard; and that the next step he was intent upon was to fly with the destroyer of his delusive dream of conjugal happiness to his native country, to cut off for ever her intercourse with every individual of the accursed race of Woodville."

After the interment of his lamented wife, and that he could abstract his thoughts sufficiently from his cherished grief to undertake it, he replied to the Duke di Soria's letter, desiring him, since his marriage with his brother's widow had unfortunately become a source of repentance to him, immediately to send her and his young niece back to England.

Month after month having elapsed without the haughty Don deigning a reply to his letter, the anxious Aubrey, fearing that his beloved brother's tenderly-attached Rosalvina might be suffering cruelly from her jealous tyrant, at length determined to attempt an expedition to Castile, and was making preparations accordingly, when an answer arrived from the Duke, stating that the Duchess had just presented him with a lovely daughter,

and had wholly forgotten all who bore or had ever borne the name of Woodville; and that his Britannic Majesty's dominions could not purchase his permission for his adored and adoring wife to go from him on a visit, even of a day: and then coolly added, "that the child, Rosabella, had been sent with a careful nurse by the Duchess herself from Spain to the care of an aunt of hers, and had with her attendant, and the whole ship's crew, perished on the coast of Ireland.

As the bosom of Aubrey Woodville was the seat of honour, he could not believe a proud Castilian, and one of the Hidalgoes, would give falsehoods under his hand; and well knowing the inconsistency of human nature, and how friends can die and promptly be forgotten, he sighed to think such was the fate of his brother's memory;—wept for the piteous destiny of the cherub Rosabella; and believing it would be an insult to his cherished remembrance of his brother to bestow any further notice on a woman, who had

so totally forgotten him and his children, he wrote no more to Castile, but contented himself—as all that was, alas! left for him, to evince how sincere had been his fraternal affection,—by supplying, with unremitting tenderness and care to his beloved nephew, the duties of the parents he had lost.

Under the judicious guidance of Aubrey Woodville, the young and docile Frederick was educated, with every attention to his health and to his religious and moral duties, united with every essential mental acquirement to form him as a scholar and a gentleman; and never did child love a father, or father a child more affectionately, than this uncle and nephew. And as father and son they at length became considered by the world in general; since, upon the death of Sir William Arundel,—father of Mrs. Aubrey Woodville, he bequeathed every thing he died possessed of, as Lady Arundel was no more—to his son-in-law, upon condition of taking the name, and bearing the arms of Arundel,—a change of name that Aubrey extended to his ne-

phew, whom he with proper forms adopted as his son.

But, although Aubrey Arundel gave up his sister-in-law, Frederick Arundel could not his mother; and most frequently he addressed letters to her at the Castle di Soria: but the state of the Continent, and the intercepting hand of the duke, combined to prevent one line from England ever reaching the miserable Rosalvina. Yet, notwithstanding this sad chill to his fond hopes and wishes in the silence of his mother, his affectionate heart still panted to behold a parent, if one was yet spared to him,—to embrace his Spanish sister, and to obtain intelligence of the part of Ireland's coast where his darling playmate Rosabella perished; and, if the ruthless element had thrown up her cherub corse, where it had found interment. As he advanced to manhood, these wishes became so painfully oppressive to his heart, that, with a hope of its leading him to realize the object he had ever in his thoughts, he importuned his uncle to permit his entering the army; and the in-

dulgent Aubrey, although trembling in heart at possible consequences, would not thwart a wish, upon which he believed the happiness of his beloved boy rested. A commission was therefore purchased for him, and, through chance, in the same regiment with Lord Montalbert, — with whom an intimacy sprung up from their first introduction to each other, and ripened into the most sincere friendship, as together they pursued their career of glory upon the Peninsula.

But, when at length the brilliant successes of his unconquered leader brought him to Castile, the haven of his long panting wishes, and that poor Frederick made his anxious way to the Castle di Soria, the most painful disappointment assailed him there:—the duke had joined the arms of Joseph Buonaparte, and the duchess with her daughter gone into Alava.

At length, under the triumphant banners of unfaltering success, the dire horrors of battle raged at Vittoria; and there, as the hero dealt slaughter with his unconquered compeers through the ranks of the

brave enemy, the heart of the son and brother bled at every pore, since he knew that the castle his mother and her child had been removed to overlooked the ensanguined plain, and he knew not what they had suffered from the ruthless foe, or might suffer, were the British here to learn the lesson of defeat.

But the hard-contested day was won.—Frederick Arundel, and his friend Lord Montalbert, covered with well earned laurels without the alloy of a wound, on the subsequent morning, found opportunity to attend to the tender pleadings of nature, and to seek for the filial heart of Arundel some relief, by setting out to find among the castles in the vicinity of Vittoria that in which his mother resided; when, as by the course of the Zadora they were passing over the memorable plain, they heard a piteous groan break from a clump of willows contiguous to the road they were pursuing.

The humanity of both led them to stop: and instantly dismounting and giving their horses to the care of Wilson, they entered the

thicket, and discovered a wounded Portuguese soldier there perishing, without aid or power to move from a spot, where apprehension of the Spanish peasantry had led him inadvertently to conceal himself.

With the tenderness of true humanity, those amiable young men staunched the suffering soldier's wounds as well as they were able with their handkerchiefs, then raising him in their arms, they bore him to the entrance of the thicket, with intention to place him on Wilson's horse, being the least spirited of the three; but Wilson, with his steed, had vanished—Lord Montalbert, leaving the support of the nearly exhausted Portuguese to his friend, made a *sortie* from the boscade, to reconnoitre from an approximate eminence for the route of Wilson, but no vestige of him could he discern; and as from that point he had seen a castle not far distant, he determined either to bear the wounded soldier thither, or obtain from thence assistance.

Hastily now his lordship returned to his

friend, when, on reentering the thicket, his foot hit against something which the overhanging foliage concealed. That something was the loaded musket of the soldier, which had fallen from his hand obliquely against the willow, as weak and fainting he was no longer able to grasp it, when he sought refuge there; and now, by this most unfortunate touch the trigger was pulled by an intervening twigg, the piece went off, and the contents—alas! were lodged in the body of poor Frederick, who, with a deep groan, sunk to the ground, crimsoning it with his blood.

But, can we describe the sensations of Lord Montalbert at this dire moment?—Oh! no, we cannot:—the attempt must do his feelings injustice, and evince our own weakness in the portraiture.

As in anguish unutterable he knelt by his friend, tearing the linen from his own bosom to staunch the desperate wound, Arundel pressed his hand with energy, smiled in affection's acquittal upon him, and then subdued, he fainted.

The smile of Arundel seemed to have rived the heart and stunned the senses of Lord Montalbert, who, now wildly starting from the side of his friend, flew with the speed and distracted air of a maniac to the castle which he had seen. At the moment he arrived, a domestic emerged from the gate on a mission to Miranda, to whom the almost grief-maddened Montalbert told the fatal accident that had just occurred, and implored assistance; which the humane Spaniard promptly promised, and as promptly procured, calling forth domestics with a matrass, and collecting linen, and every thing he could rapidly procure that could be useful for the occasion, exhorting his compeers to every exertion of speed.

So active indeed was their speed, that they almost found wings to satisfy the anguished impatience of Lord Montalbert, whose rapid race they nearly emulated;—but, alas! they were too late:—for, shocking to humanity! the wounded Portuguese was lying now a naked corse before them;

—but Arundel was gone, and not a trace remaining of him but the sanguine stream, that had issued from his wound.

With a wild cry of despair, the sickening vision of his lordship took in the dire conviction of the calamitous fact; and, in the next dreadful moment, he appeared as if transformed to marble by the fell shock that thus assailed him; for wan, and mute, and horror-struck he stood, until the Spaniard implored him to fly to the castle with him, lest he too should become prisoner to some band of straggling French, or to banditti.

"And I can answer," continued the Spaniard, "that every thing shall be done for your security in safe convoy to your quarters, since my lady is your countrywoman, although wife to a Spaniard, the Duke di Soria."

The electric pang of agony, this name shot through the heart of Lord Montalbert, aroused every dormant faculty to the most acute susceptibility.—"Had he then immolated the long estranged son at the very door of his mother?"

The horror this mental question augmented now fastened on his brain, and like a maniac he rushed by the good Rinaldo to seek his friend, and rescue him with his life-blood; and, unmindful of personal danger, he roamed from village to village—from mountain to valley, unheeding interposing streams, seeking his friend throughout the day,—and night found his lordship a phrenzied wanderer; for a typhus fever had assailed him—the effect of mental anguish, with the fatigue he had endured, running with the speed of desperation through his agonizing search, and never pausing in the round of his inquiries, until, exhausted by malady and exertion, he sunk down in the suburbs of Vittoria about nine in the evening, whither he had at length providentially bent his unconscious way; and where some humane persons, happily finding him, conveyed him to the British hospital in that city.

For five weeks Lord Montalbert was confined to his bed, in the delirium of a fever; and, upon his first awakening to perception, a direful shock assailed him

on finding seated by his pillow the dejected uncle of his lost friend,—a shock that overpowered him, and again bereft him of his senses by a dangerous relapse.

CHAPTER XIV.

Frederick Woodville Arundel had been reported missing after the battle of Vittoria; and the heart-wrung Aubrey, on receiving this intelligence, instantly set out for Spain, to trace if possible the fate of his adopted son. Lord Montalbert was therefore the first person he sought out; well aware that his interest for Frederick would lead him to instant inquiry; and Lord Montalbert he found unconscious of all things; and as Steel informed him, his lord and Captain Arundel had rode out together at early dawn succeeding the engagement, only from Lord Montalbert therefore could he hope to find a clew to guide him to his child. An anxious interval it proved to Mr. Arundel—trembling for the life of his friend, and uncertain of his nephew's fate—until his lordship was able to yield him the heart-rending information, which although his humanity led

him to give as cautiously as his own agonized feelings would permit, yet he concealed not that he had caused the destruction of his friend.

The affliction of Mr. Arundel was tempered by the goodness of his heart, with every kind and pitying consideration for the tortured feelings of Lord Montalbert, whom he endeavoured to console with the cheering influence of hope, whilst his own anguished bosom cherished not one ray.

But although Aubrey Arundel still paid every possible attention to the mentally suffering invalide, he delayed not the pursuit of every measure to discover the fate of his adopted child. Lord Montalbert and himself resolved upon sacrificing even all their possessions, if necessary, to effect the discovery of whither Frederick had been conveyed, and by whom:—but in not one of his active as anxious inquiries could he even obtain information of Wilson, or of the horses he had in charge, although one of them was an Arabian, remarkable for beauty.

In his inquiries for the fate of his nephew, Mr. Arundel learned, that the Duke di Soria's castle had been treacherously given up to plunderers—sacked, and set on fire, the night succeeding the unfortunate Frederick's disappearance; and, as the enemy was then in confused retreat, and by that time at some distance, no one could form a suspicion of who had been the spoilers, whilst of the fate of the duchess and her daughter nothing was confidently known, although it was rumoured they had effected their escape.

It had been the intention of Aubrey Arundel, to make one more effort to see his sister-in-law, on being so unexpectedly drawn into her neighbourhood; but thus calamitously was that intention frustrated: and, at length, finding nothing but afflicting disappointments to all his plans and researches, he determined to follow the retreating army under the auspices of the victorious one, in the forlorn hope, that if Frederick yet lived, and had fallen into the hands of some straggling party of the enemy, (for such the Spanish peasants stated

to have seen the day after the battle, making a secret march in the direction their army had retreated in) some new-made prisoner might be able to yield information relative to him.

Under this forlorn hope, the sorrowing Aubrey at length quitted Vittoria for the Pyrennees—first extorting a promise from Lord Montalbert, that he would make no unnecessary delay in his return to England; there, if possible, by medical aid, to restore that health, which mental suffering had shattered.

Lord Montalbert, no longer able at this period to perform his duty as a soldier, proceeded to London, where he set on foot every plan that wealth and interest could devise for intelligence of his friend, and then proceeded to St. Leonard's Abbey to try the efficacy of his native air. But he carried his disease within him carefully cherished in his heart; and the dreadful death of his friend—for he sheltered no hope of his existence—consigned him to solitude, and his aspect to the character of deep melancholy, which not all the influ-

ence of his own, or Mr. Trench's piety, could arouse him from:—since, for love was reserved that achievement, for now at St. Leonard's a variety of circumstances recalled to his remembrance the Rosabella Frederick, who had captivated his lamented young friend Augustus Trench, and had won the parental affection of his own revered uncle and aunt; and all combined to awaken the most powerful anxiety to behold her, which allowed him not to rest until his wish was gratified.

From the moment a first view of Rosa was obtained by the ingenuity of his lordship, her image commenced the precedency of Arundel's in his hours of solitary contemplation, and imperceptibly to introduce the soothing influence of hope, to cheer that bosom, which the uncertain fate of his friend had for so many months consigned to despondency. And now, eager to catch at all that could beam with auspicious promise of the restoration of his peace, he promptly fell into the wile prepared for him by the insidious Delany; who, on the night when his lordship's hu-

manity had rashly led him into the assembly of traitors, had been let by the betraying manner in which he alluded to our heroine, into the secret of his lordship's passion;—a discovery the wary miscreant determined at once to turn to his own advantage, as it reminded him of her brother, whose affinity to her he was well aware of; whose fate he was no stranger to; whilst the distress Lord Montalbert had endured upon his friend's account he was perfectly acquainted with.

For the completion of his selfish projects Delany importuned an audience of Lord Montalbert, when he allowed it to appear, that the prime cause of his anxiety to reach Paris arose from his panting wish to evince his gratitude to an English lady, the wife of a Spanish grandee, by rescuing her son, a British officer, from the hands of his vindictive father-in-law, who had had him treacherously borne from the plains of Vittoria, (where he had been accidentally wounded), and lodged in a prison, to which he hoped to find his way, and set him free.

This at once called forth the anxious interrogations of Lord Montalbert, which promptly awakened those bright hopes the deluding miscreant had prepared to lure him into his avaricious purposes; for now, under all the animating expectations this wretch held out to him, of promptly obtaining satisfactory intelligence of Arundel, Lord Montalbert supplied him with ample means to pursue his pretended journey of research, with every promise of liberal recompense, if he proved successful.

Under the cheering hope thus held out by the plausible Delany, Lord Montalbert emerged from retirement—although scarcely convalescent—to attend the jubilee, in full certainty of there meeting the lovely being, who had made an indelible impression upon his heart. But upon that fond expectation finding disappointment, he early withdrew from the gay scene, to attend the dinner of his tenantry, and to go upon a mission of benevolence, which he was anxious to execute that day; and on his return from which, as he was rapidly proceeding in his curricle

along a rising ground, he perceived the idol of his affections pacing her lonely way in the valley, at so inconsiderable a distance, that, bounding from his carriage, a few moments only intervened, until he held open the gate for her to pass through, when the inexplicably ungracious repulsiveness of her manner so amazed and alarmed him, that in painful anxiety to develope the cause, he appeared at the ball, to aim by every attention to the Derville family at securing their favour, and obtaining for himself admission at Ravenswood; but by which unfortunately he awakened that delusive vision in the imagination of the vain Meliora, that caused him many an hour of bitter misery.

But from the conduct of Mr. Sternham, Lord Montalbert was aroused to suspicion of some sinister motive operating upon his extraordinary disapprobation of his addressing Miss Frederick. He therefore determined to subvert his plans, and with rapture learned that Rosabella was gone to Myrtle's Town; since there, the residence of his friend would yield him

opportunity to attempt at least the circumvention of Mr. Sternham's stratagems; and under a fictitious name to shield himself from this inexplicable enemy's hearing of his being at Myrtle Lodge; whilst by it he should find conviction, that if he won Rosa, his coronet would have borne no part in the achievement.

This determined siege of Rosabella's heart Lord Montalbert commenced without the slightest suspicion of her bearing any affinity to Frederick Arundel, whom often he had heard deplore the loss of his only sister upon the Irish coast as an established fact; so that when our heroine related the history of her insulation to him, and that conviction came to his anguished breast, through the coincidence with all that Frederick's memory supplied of his mother's marriage, that she was sister to the man he had too probably bereaved of life, he was unable to sustain the shock with firmness; and under the influence of every misery, that could assail his heart, from the torturing belief that Rosa could never bestow her hand upon

the individual who had—although so unintentionally—deprived her brother of existence; he, in the despondence of his agonies, seemed industriously to tear every shadow of that hope from his despairing bosom, which but a few hours since he had so fondly cherished there, of Frederick Arundel being yet restored to his sorrowing friends.

Under the influence of this agonizing despondence Lord Montalbert fled from Rosabella, and winged his way to Aubrey Arundel, who, he knew, had returned to London, after a painful tour of fruitless research, to impart to him his new affliction; and almost immediately after they met,—as the last resource of their expiring hopes—they, accompanied by Mr. Trench, set out to Paris in pursuit of Delany, to compel or bribe him to reveal all that he knew of Frederick's fate; since his having any clew to it betrayed a deeper knowledge than he had confessed. But had they then confined their pursuit of him to the metropolis of England, their chance of success would have been more

promising; since it was the unhallowed impostor Delany, who, in alarm of recognition through any of the domestics of Lady Derville, had been chased so suddenly from Freecastle's Hotel, on so unexpectedly encountering our heroine there; and of whose being in London he immediately dispatched information to her villainous relative Lord Clanmartyr, who, he doubted not, would send a fiat for her effectual removal from the possible recognition of her father's family.

The pursuers of Delany were at length most unexpectedly and joyfully recalled from their useless tour, by a letter from the beloved object of their long painful anxieties himself, then with Admiral Oakbury, to whom he had flown, on learning his uncle Aubrey was at Paris.

Frederick Arundel knew not by whom he had been removed from the plain of Vittoria, since that had been effected whilst he yet continued in a state of insensibility; and for many successive days he knew nothing of what was passing around him; but on his restored percep-

tion he found himself with several French officers, also suffering from wounds, deposited in a small hovel in an obscure village in Gascony, so devoid of comforts, and so ill attended to, that had it not been for his faithful Wilson, whom with joy he perceived watching by his pillow, he must have perished.

The account which Wilson had to give of his being providentially there to attend his beloved master was, "that scarcely had the two chargers been given to his care, when his master's Arabian broke from him, and being much encumbered by the care of Lord Montalbert's horse, who wanted his liberty too, in the descent of a valley he lost sight of the Arabian, and from that moment all clew to him; although he continued his pursuit until night found him mazed and wandering about, and nearly distracted at the loss of his dear master's highly prized horse, a present of his uncle Oakbury to him; and encountering no individual to put him in the road to Vittoria. At length he was attacked by a band of armed men,

guarding a wounded prisoner and a quantity of valuable plunder.

"Although he had arms in his own holsters, and in those of Lord Montalbert's saddle, they came so unexpectedly upon him, that ere he was aware of their approach they had seized his lordship's steed, and then knocked him off his, and secured him for their prize. This he no longer repined at, when morning's dawn discovered to him his beloved master in their wounded prisoner, whom they had placed on a hurdle for a couch, and carried, when they moved, upon the shoulders of some of them; as the man who seemed to bear the greatest sway in their party, and who appeared to know something of surgery, evinced anxiety about him.

"By day they skulked and *bivouacked* in woods, and by night made very rapid marches; but at length their band fell in most unexpectedly with Soult's army in the Pyrenees; and being recognised as a horde of French deserters going to form into banditti in the mountains, they were seized, and in the conflict he had received

a musket ball through his leg, which fortunately at first wearing a serious aspect, he was sent with his dear master to a hovel in Gascony, which had been gladly seized as an hospital for some wounded French."

From this hovel they were shortly removed to the nearest *dépôt* of English prisoners, from whence they often wrote home, but from whence no letter of theirs had ever reached its place of destination; and when at length the temporary sheathing of all swords produced a general exchange of prisoners, poor Arundel, still weak as almost infant feebleness, through the loss of blood he had sustained, the fatigue he had endured, and the want of proper nourishment and skilful care, with difficulty reached Bourdeaux. There learning from some British officers, that Lord Montalbert was gone to try his native air for the recovery of lost health, he made not one moment of unnecessary delay ere he embarked for Ireland, to embrace his friend, and remove from his feeling heart the barbed arrow, which

he doubted not had proved the destruction of the first of human blessings.

On the difficultly performed journey of the languid Arundel, from the part on the coast of Ireland where he debarked, to St. Leonard's Abbey, he, as our readers know, unconsciously encountered his long lamented sister at Myrtle's Town; but unfortunately not finding the friend he sought in Ireland, he proceeded, as soon as necessary rest and medical aid in Dublin enabled him to attempt it,—to give the rapture of once more beholding him to his venerable uncle Admiral Oakbury,

The letters of Frederick Arundel, conveying the intelligence of his existence to his uncle Aubrey and Lord Montalbert, had many a league to travel after them through their wide range in pursuit of Delany, and also of the Duchess di Soria; who, that unhallowed impostor informed his lordship, in their conference at St. Leonard's Abbey, had, after the conflagration of her castle, taken refuge in a convent in Biscay.

The moment the nearly subduing emo-

tions of joy, the receipt of letters from their beloved Frederick himself, allowed the faculties of Lord Montalbert and Aubrey Arundel to form arrangements, and themselves to spring into action, they commenced their rapid return to England. They arrived in London the morning of the Park fête; and although from Captain Gore Lord Montalbert had heard of Rosabella's being in England, yet he knew not where; and conceiving his first duty to be that of flying to his friend, to implore his forgiveness for all the sufferings he had caused him to endure, he determined, ere he sought his Rosa, to join Frederick at his own place in Surrey, where he then was passing a short time, preparatory to his meditated expedition to Wales; and where he could, by imparting to Frederick all he had heard from Rosabella of her early history, be enabled at once to remove from her mind the tortures of uncertainty she had so long endured relative to her connections, which his mysterious dereliction of

her at Myrtle's Town must have powerfully increased.

In consequence of this determination, Lord Montalbert and his anxious friends would have set out for Surrey in a very few hours after they entered London, had not his lordship's sister, the Countess of Ilminster, managed to prevent it; for as she was just arrived in England, after a long absence with her husband, who had held a high diplomatic situation at the court of ——, and not having had the happiness of beholding her beloved brother since her marriage, she could not endure the thought of parting with him again so immediately; and as she was to form one of Her Majesty's party at this memorable fête, she manœuvred that a mandate from court should enchain her brother by her for that day.

At this fête, as our readers already know, Lord Montalbert most unexpectedly beheld the idol of his homage; but in a public scene like that, his lordship did not feel disposed to a confession of

having addressed her under a borrowed name; and his shrinking from the recognition of any one to proclaim him in her hearing had occasioned that suspicious and apparently inexplicable anxiety to fly from her, when apprehension of the approach of the Ravenswood family was presented to him; and in a moment of that apprehension's operation he encountered Lady Meliora Monson.

According to the arrangements imparted by Mr. Trench to Rosabella, he arrived in Sloane Street on the Thursday succeeding the Park fête, accompanied by her uncle Aubrey Arundel, gently to disclose to her that Frederick Arundel claimed her as his long-lamented sister, ere they should make the hopes of Lord Montalbert known to Lady Derville.

But dreadful was the shock awaiting them. Lord Derville alone was visible to them, who, not aware of how deeply both were interested, without any preparatory caution to soften the intelligence, "announced his grandmother dangerously ill at Richmond, in consequence of the

most unexpected elopement of her *protégée* with his brother."

Lord Derville gave this information upon his own belief, which circumstances only sanctioned; but wholly unauthorised by Lady Derville to make such an unfounded affirmation: for she had been fully convinced by the poor fugitive's letter that it was not so; and, struck to the very soul at what the gratitude of Rosabella had led her to sacrifice—Rosa, whom she had so unjustly suspected and cruelly accused—had become, in consequence, seriously indisposed; and had held communication with no one on the subject, but in great indignation with Mr. Sternham.

The further intelligence of Lord Derville, that his brother and a most beautiful female companion had been traced a considerable way upon the Dover road, instantly sent off the dismayed brother and uncle of Rosabella to the Continent, to compel Mr. Monson to make the infatuated deceiver of Lord Montalbert his wife,—should the firm belief of the nearly dis-

tracted object of her dereliction prove unfounded: for he considered it impious to doubt the purity of Rosabella, although she had so cruelly, so inexplicably, so perfidiously deserted him; and at the same moment that the two Arundels set out for France, the heart-wrung Lord Montalbert, accompanied by the deeply sympathizing Mr. Trench, returned once more to brood on mental misery at St. Leonard's Abbey.

Upon the Continent the anxious pursuers could obtain no intelligence of the fugitives they sought; for wherever a description of the man they were in chase of led them to hope they had traced Mr. Monson, that of the lady who accompanied him destroyed their expectation; and after a fruitless search of several months abroad, both for Rosabella and the Duchess di Soria, Aubrey Arundel, now—by the death of his elder brother without male heir—Viscount Elwy, returned with his dejected nephew to England, as miserable as such bitter disappoint-

ments to their honour and affection could make them.

The torturing belief, which a flight to Paris, instead of Scotland, had led them to imbibe; and which finding no marriage of Charles Monson and Rosabella Frederick registered in any parish church of the metropolis had confirmed; determined the relatives of the lost Rosa never to disclose her affinity to them, since she had so cruelly disgraced them. Thus therefore, Lord and Lady Flowerdew never heard a sound breathed upon the subject; or, even enjoined to secrecy as they had been by Rosa, they would have broken through every restriction, to rescue her immaculate fame from the sully of suspicion; more particularly, as they would have considered the necessity of her concealment from Mr. Monson terminated with the erroneous supposition of their consanguinity.

Again the transiently reposing sword was unsheathed, and Major Arundel visited the Continent once more in his mar-

tial character; and not until a very short period prior to the decisive victory did he discover an unerring direction to Mr. Monson, by finding his name in the Army List. But Major Arundel could not then quit his station with his regiment, which was some distance from Brussels; and being in momentary expectation for orders to advance, he forbore any address to Charles, wishing to convey his sentiments in a personal interview.

But so rapid an advance became necessary for the deliverance of Europe, that all idea of individual purposes was superseded by his country's peril; and as he was amongst those peculiarly fortunate heroes, who purchased immortal glory upon the plain of Waterloo without a wound, but those inflicted on his feeling heart, in the saddest day of triumph England ever saw, his duty led him on with the victorious army to the capital of France. — — —

CHAPTER XV.

THE powerful opiate which Doctor Healy judged it necessary to administer to Rosabella, obtained for her a long and tranquil repose; but as in it was comprised no balm for the wounds of her heart, she awoke the subsequent morning, as fully sensible of the sorrows that oppressed her, as when the soporific influence commenced their temporary suspension. The alarming appearance of bodily ill, however, was removed; and she arose and dressed with an intention to become the companion of Lady Agatha, as in her chamber she was likely to encounter no one, whom her ruthless destiny had made it necessary for her to shun; but to this project her tender mother pronounced a gentle negative.

"No, my love," she said, "it is my wish, and the good doctor's mandate, that you should be kept quiet to-day; there-

fore let your spot of sojourn be my *boudoir.*"

Rosa made no objection to her mother's wish, although her own would have been a sentence to solitude, until by the precepts of piety and reason she could think upon the scene of the preceding day, without such anguish from her retrospection.

The Duchess seemed anxious to draw her dejected child into conversation; and Rosa soon perceived, that her usually sad mother looked and spoke more cheerfully than she had ever seen her do; yet still she beheld tears at intervals trembling in her eyes; but they appeared to her anxiously observant child more like the suffusions of grateful joy, than of hidden grief; and influenced by this belief, she at length said, in all the tremulous agitation a suddenly formed idea had awakened—

"Oh! Madam, you have—surely you have, heard of my brother!"

The Duchess smiled, burst into tears, and wept her assent upon the bosom of her sympathetically affected daughter;

but soon recalling her firmness, she gave her the rapture of hearing that Arundel, whom she had so much admired and esteemed, was that dear regretted brother, whom in infancy she had so fondly loved.

"But," the Duchess at length added, "we are not the only individuals beneath this roof, who have pleasing demands upon their gratitude this day. Poor Mr. Monson has received the full forgiveness of Lady Derville, couched in the kindest terms that ever affection found language to pardon with; and imploring his return to her maternal arms the moment he is able."

The susceptibilities of Rosabella were ever alive to prompt impressions; but her spirits were now in so sensitive a state, that she could not hear of the affectionate kindness of her beloved benefactress to her dear but imprudent friend Charles, without a tributary flow of tears.

"My child! my ever fondly adored child!" exclaimed the Duchess, tenderly

clasping her in her arms, "what am I to do with you, since every thing affects you thus? And I have many pleasing things to tell you, I fondly trusted might steal through your bosom even one moment of oblivion to the secret sorrow that oppresses you; and which to behold without participation is agony to me."

"Oh!" said Rosa, returning the tender pressure of her mother's arms, and struggling for the restoration of her firmness; "Oh! tell me all you wish, that I should know and believe, nothing shall subdue me to distress my mother."

"Lord Derville is in Brussels;—come on the wings of affection to his brother."

Rosa shook with agitation, as she faltered—"oh! then he will learn that I am here also! Alas! what shall I do?"

"You will do, I am confident, exactly what is right," said the Duchess, with serious impressiveness, "and you must feel, my own Rosa, that it would *not* be

doing exactly what is right, to decline seeing any individual of a family, to whom you are so incalculably indebted—unless —as in the case of Mr. Monson, the well-doing of the individual forbade the interview:—and as his lordship knows you are in Brussels, you can scarcely escape from seeing him,—even could gratitude permit it,—for in a note I just received from his lordship, entreating immediate permission to wait upon me, he mentions his anxiety to see you, for whom he is charged with some particular remembrances from his sister."

Rosa groaned in spirit, for her sickening heart whispered it was some wedding remembrance:—but that very conviction aroused her to a recollection of the necessity for her further sequestration of herself having terminated upon the marriage of Lord Montalbert with her friend; and that no duty upon the torturing subject now remained for her performance, but to exert her fortitude to enable her to meet the family of Derville, and their new connection, without any subjugation of

her feelings; which might, too fatally for Lord and Lady Montalbert's peace, betray how agonizing to her had proved that sacrifice, which, from her unexpected interview with him, she knew had but too cruelly destroyed his happiness; and after a moment's conflict with her feelings, she lowly articulated—

"Give me, my mother, one hour for serious meditation, and you shall find me in future,—at least, endeavouring to do all things in conformity with your wishes."

The Duchess clasped her docile child to her fond bosom with a maternal glow of tender affection; and with sympathy's soft tears trembling in her eyes, she left her daughter to that salutary solitude she required.

The hour thus obtained was effectively employed:—for the meditations and prayers of sincere and fervent piety are never inefficacious. The strengthening and tranquillizing influence she sought, she found; and at the expiration of the specified period the Duchess returned to her

child, so completely subdued by the maternal exultation, and torturing sympathy, which that very child had awakened in her bosom since she parted from her, that now, the sublime eloquence of Rosa's countenance, betraying how her affecting serenity had been obtained, proved almost too much for the susceptible parent's efforts for the preservation of her self-possession.

But so apprehensive was the Duchess of overthrowing the sacred fabric of poor Rosa's firmness, by touching any chord of sympathetic tenderness, that she restrained the impulse of her fond wishes to embrace her, and give to the self-devoted victim the weeping tribute of the mournful approbation her heart was saddened by:—for Rosalvina now was fully informed upon the subject of her daughter's flight from the protection of Lady Derville.

From the moment the Duchess di Soria found how incalculable was her debt of gratitude to Lady Derville, her heart panted to express her sentiments upon the

subject to the benefactress of her child; but the mystery which encompassed Rosa's estrangement from her protectress's family restrained her anxious wish, until it had been suggested by the Abbé Nugent, that through no other source was she likely to obtain the essential clew to the concealed misery, that was consuming her child; and which unless penetrated could not be counteracted; for the Abbé believed, that Rosa was spell-bound to silence, by honour or some imperative duty; and that the discovery of the secret would prove the developement of some new excellence in Rosabella.

A few days previous to the commencement of the decisive warfare in the Netherlands, the Duchess di Soria therefore addressed such a letter to Lady Derville, as a fond and feeling mother's heart could dictate to an individual, to whom such a vast maternal debt was due. But in tender consideration of Rosa's motives and wishes for concealment, she had forborne to state her long lost child's being with her; and to this letter Lord Derville had been the

bearer of an answer from his grandmother, who hesitated not to teach the Duchess di Soria to glory in her daughter, by recounting the heroic sacrifice she had made of her brilliant prospects, and security of happiness, in her union with Lord Montalbert; and concluded her epistle by importuning the Duchess, " not to conceal from her grandson the place of the inestimable Rosabella's residence, when he would reveal to her the necessity for that information."

Lord Derville, upon delivering this letter to the Duchess, requested the address of Miss Woodville; when, as Lord Montalbert had seen her Rosa in Brussels, she considered concealment at an end, and therefore informed him, " her child resided with her;" but contrary to the intimation of Lady Derville, no consequent communication was made by his lordship.

The mind of Rosalvina now, whilst in animated glow of exultation at the exemplary conduct of her child, was writhing too in maternal anguish at the blighted

happiness of this silent sufferer; and since she thought it wrong to soften by sympathy, she felt at a loss how to let her Rosa know that Lady Derville had communicated all to her. From her profound meditation upon how she should proceed she was at length aroused by Constantia, who glided into the room, and throwing her arms around her sister's neck, coaxingly said—

"My sweet compassionate Rosa will not inflict tortures upon the impatience of a friend, who is panting to embrace her."

"Not poor Charles:—not him yet, I hope, Constantia," faltered Rosa.

"No, not poor Charles; but me,—me, my beloved, my truant Rosa! Only me, your own, own Meliora!" exclaimed her impetuous ladyship, rushing through the door Constantia had purposely left open; and flying to her friend, caught the almost swooning girl in her arms, and bursting into an agony of tears, kissed and pressed our trembling heroine to her bosom, with

the affectionate repetitions and lively fervour of her animated feelings.

"When did you arrive, my own dear Meliora?" at length our agitated and weeping heroine articulated; "and you found your—" Rosa here suddenly ceased; for had her existence depended upon the success of the effort, she could not have found utterance for your "husband," or even "Lord Montalbert;" but resolute to vanquish a weakness, she now deemed little less than criminal, after a pause of ~~painful struggle, she continued~~—

"Sincerely do I congratulate you, upon his having been spared to you in that dreadful conflict. And other congratulations I have yet to offer, my own beloved friend."

"Indeed have you, Rosa," replied her ladyship, with impressive emphasis, accompanied by a bright suffusion of cheek, "and upon a subject, you are not perhaps aware of."

The lip of Rosa quivered so convulsively, and her wan cheek blanched to a hue so semblative of death, that the

Duchess in maternal anguish fled from the room, to weep in solitude for the blighted happiness of her child, and the alarmed Constantia flew after her agitated mother.

"But you asked me, my own incomparable Rosa," continued her ladyship, with quickness, not choosing yet to enter upon the subject of that congratulation she had alluded to, "when I arrived in Brussels? and I reply,—last night, at so late an hour I could not intrude here; and therefore, not until this morning could I see my dear dear Charles; nor, until this morning, did I know the joy was for me of finding you at Brussels; or I really believe I would have stormed this citadel of benevolence in the night, and have entered to you through the breach of *politesse*."

Although the agitation and distress of poor Rosabella were almost insupportable, since now she feared, as Lady Montalbert was arrived, her fortitude would be sentenced to the severe trial of meeting her lord; she yet could not but observe a sin-

gular degree of agitated anxiety about her friend;—an alternate blanch and flush of cheek,—a shortness of respiration, and an approach to abstraction in her manner, that promptly led the apprehensive Rosa almost to fear her beloved Meliora had not received that tender welcome from her husband, which her affection claimed; and whilst this painful apprehension was awakening the most torturing sensations in her bosom, one of the domestics appeared, and addressing the now more visibly agitated Meliora, said—

"Madam, the gentleman you expected is arrived—"

"Pray let him be shown up here instantly, be so good," she responded.

"Lord Derville, I presume," Rosa exclaimed; "and I have not inquired for him,—and more ungrateful yet, never once spoke of my dear dear benefactress:—but indeed I have been so overpowered by surprise, I let my mother depart without an introduction to you."

But still more overpowered by surprise

our heroine was shortly doomed to be; for the door was again thrown open, and not Lord Derville,—but Lord Montalbert was announced, who appeared in all the visible tremor of the most powerful agitation.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSABELLA had scarcely time to feel, that this was too cruel a demand upon her firmness, ere her faculties seemed all hurrying towards suspension, when her impetuous friend exclaimed—

"Oh! fly, fly, my lord, to aid me in supporting her!—but there, there, take her into your own arms, whilst I seek for restoratives."

Lord Montalbert was not slow in obedience to the mandate of her ladyship:—he took Rosa into his supporting arms, as he upbraidingly murmured, "Is it possible she was unprepared to see me?" and as he gazed upon her, in all the tender solicitude of his agonized bosom, the struggle of her feelings terminated in a copious flow of tears; when, dismayed at this involuntary discovery of all she wished for ever to conceal, she made an ineffectual effort to

break from his encircling arms, as wildly she articulated—

"O my mother! I must,—must go to my mother!"

"No, Rosa, no, you must not yet seek your mother," her ladyship said, aiding the gentle yet fervent efforts of Lord Montalbert to detain her. "No, you must not again fly from the man who loves you; and whom you must not, after all the agonizing pangs *we* have inflicted on him, —must not have the coquetry to deny you estimate with all the tenderness he merits. Those arms are your haven, Rosa; from which my maniac, my inexcusable folly, has so long banished you; but now the barrier withdraws, and at your feet implores forgiveness for all the misery she has caused you both." And on her knees, before them, Lady Meliora sunk with glowing cheeks, over which in torrents flowed shame and sorrow's mingled tears.

Nothing most probably in existence could at this moment have drawn Lord Montalbert from his tender assiduities to his terribly agitated Rosa, but the form of

this lovely young woman, in this humiliating posture before him: but the moment he beheld her there, his support of his beloved was relinquished, to snatch the suppliant from her knees, and give her to the expanding arms of Rosabella, who now took her to her bosom with affection's warm embrace, and mingled her flowing tears with those of her agitated Meliora.

"O, my own exalted Rosa! My own generous, self-sacrificed friend!" Lady Meliora at length articulated, "Lord Montalbert's now for ever unalienably own Rosa! let me ease my long-upbraiding tortured heart, I implore you, by myself joining those hands, which my vanity so culpably, so cruelly severed! Lord Montalbert can you—can you ever give your hand in amity to me, whose execrable folly has caused you so many months of misery?"

Lord Montalbert instantly snatched her hand, which with kindness and reverence he pressed to his lips, as feelingly he said—

"With gratitude I thus homage a hand, that has just conveyed me from despair's

dark midnight to hope's bright day. O Lady Meliora, could you but know the state of mental wretchedness your letter found me in, then you could conceive how great is the debt of gratitude I owe you; but, you do know the treasure my heart was mourning for, and therefore can conceive it:—your letter bore full testimony to what that treasure was:—of what my Rosa—my magnanimous Rosa—"

His lordship's voice now faltered and failed him; and subdued through sympathy for the sufferings, which Rosa's sense of rectitude had led her to endure, he sought a prompt retreat in the deep recess of a window, to rally the vanquished energies of his firmness.

"Meliora, you,—you then are not married to him!" the almost mentally subdued Rosa with difficulty achieved the power of lowly articulating;—and then, as a painful apprehension shot through her bosom, that the generosity of her friend was leading her to seal her own misery, by yielding to her the man she loved, in a firmer tone added—

"Oh! why did you bring his lordship hither, until you had at least apprised me of what you meditated?"

"Why did I?—Because I considered each tardy moment a torturing continuation of my crime, until I made my restitution of the treasure I despoiled him of. And now, dear and transcendently excellent Rosa, I shall leave you with his cruelly treated lordship, to endeavour, if you can, to make your own peace, for all your Quixotism in friendship and gratitude caused him to endure. But first, Lord Montalbert, allow me to ask you, Have I, in my humiliating confession,—speak candidly, I conjure you,—have I, according to my long established custom of making *self* my first object,—have I, in aiming at my own vindication, failed in Rosabella's?"

"Rosabella's vindication!!" his lordship exclaimed, in a tone, and with emotions eloquently expressive of his feelings.

"Ah! I am answered. Deeds of excellence require no advocate!" her ladyship responded, as she blushed. "But

Lord Montalbert, and my Rosa, ere I leave you, permit my concluding my painful confessions:—nay, nay, I must be heard! for as humiliation was too long a sensation unknown to my bosom, it is not one that finds a cordial welcome there; and consequently I am anxious, you perceive, to have done with those themes, that teem with its inflictions. But my affectionate, my sensitive friend! look not so distressed, for I have no confession to make that can humble and degrade me more than the situation Lord Montalbert found me in, and from which he extricated me."

And now a convulsive sob of agonized shame broke on the ear of his lordship, who caught and pressed her hand affectionately, whilst Rosa in trembling apprehension threw her arms around the neck of her friend, and tenderly drew her to hide her blushing face upon her sympathizing bosom.

Lord Montalbert, sensibly affected by the distress of one of these lovely young friends, and by the melting sympathy of the other, gently importuned Lady Me-

liora to spare them the pain of entering upon any theme, that could be unpleasant to her.

"Oh!" she replied more cheerfully, "pray hear the sequel of my adventures, which I have reserved for Rosa's ear; that you may convince yourself I am sincere in the repentance of my monstrous follies; and that I really mean to become amiable, and under the auspices of the exemplary Lady Montalbert, lure some honest man to intrust me with his happiness."

At the unexpected sound of "Lady Montalbert," Rosa deeply blushed, and so did his lordship, through joyful surprise; and as he looked in tender rapture upon her, who he trusted soon would do honour to that title, Lady Meliora continued—

"On the evening of the first of August the delusive structure of my vanity was dissolved, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision;' and you, my beloved Rosa, watched by me that night, wretched through sympathy, unknowing the nature of my wound.

"But soon, too soon, the imaginary

arrows, that I believed were rankling in my bosom, were with the barbs of reality sent cruelly through yours," her ladyship continued, with her lovely countenance flushing to a painful blush of increasing mortification, as her voice fell to the low tones of shame. "And you, my magnanimous Rosa, fled from title, wealth, the man I now know your heart was unalienably devoted to;—in short, from every prospect of brilliant happiness. And for whom did you immolate yourself, a heart-rived sacrifice? For one, Rosa, who humbled her own pride for ever in the dust."

The heart of Rosa trembled in alarm of hearing some unfortunate inspiration of her erring vanity;—nor was she mistaken.

"O, no," exclaimed Lord Montalbert, kindly and encouragingly taking Lady Meliora's icy hand, "you were deceived, but not degraded. The villany of another can reflect no disgrace upon you."

"But my weakness,—my folly, can, my lord—O, Rosa, it was not your fault, that

I degraded myself as I have done;—for you warned me of that man. You had penetration to discover he was not estimable; but vanity has no comprehension, except for its own gratifications.

"When you fled, Rosa, circumstances led me to believe it was with Charles. Grandmama had then reasons for not undeceiving me; and under that delusion I was quite happy relative to you; as you were the wife my heart had elected for my favourite brother. But in every other respect, Rosa, I was miserable;—for I was bereaved of you; and my vanity was writhing in tortures;—for I had hoped to make half mankind my slaves, and to find the most grateful incense through their wretchedness; and I was disappointed. At Richmond I stood an unworshipped idol,—for not one suitor had I to boast of; whilst the pert girl, whom the passive world had received as a beauty upon her own assurance, had won a rich Nabob, to throw her sarcastic taunts at my vanity; and above all the humiliations that sur-

rounded me, Miss Noyes—the poor relative and humble companion of Lady Elstow, neither handsome nor young—had captivated the young and handsome Sir James Steelthorp, a baronet of ancient date, with an estate of twelve thousand per annum.

"With all this nuptial finery appalling me on every side, as cruel spectres of my own discomfited attractions, I could not,—no I could not resist being grateful to any one for admiration. O, Rosa, no one can tell, but those who have felt the wounds of vanity to the quick, as I have done, what balm the adulation of even the most insignificant can prove.

"Captain Hawk appeared at Richmond still on leave of absence, and became again my shadow; introduced to me a widow sister of his, who soon became my constant companion; and, under her auspices, he soothed my mortifications, and flattered me out of my sanction to his application to grandmama, for permission to address me; but that permission was of course not granted. I was forbidden to

see him or his sister more, and our speedy return to Ravenswood was instantly determined; when that specious designer stole upon me from a boat, which had conveyed him to the verge of our lawn that embanked the Thames. There in a sequestered alcove, where unluckily he found me bewailing the discomfit of my humbled vanity—he played his deceptious part so well—even calling forth the formidable aid of a pistol, turned to his own heart;—he flattered and dismayed me out of my sober senses into his boat, and then into a chaise for Scotland, only pausing a few moments in London to take up his sister, whom I had discretion enough to resist going without—and to obtain from her a necessary wardrobe for me.

"My dearest Rosa," continued her now painfully humbled ladyship, "you are now so blanched by dismay, and tremble so with terror, that I must hasten to terminate your distressing sympathy.

"Vain, frivolous, and contemptible as I have proved myself to be, yet you may credit me, when I affirm, that ere I reached

St. Albans, I bitterly repented the step I had taken, and importuned my designing companions to restore me to my grandmother. But no, the Hawk and Buzzard would not relinquish their prey; and we at length arrived at York, where, fortunately—Oh, how fortunately! although at the moment I should have infinitely preferred a rencounter with a cannon shot,—we met Lord Montalbert on the staircase of the hotel, where we stopped to change horses. To my utter amazement, his lordship precipitately followed me into the apartment to which a waiter was ushering us, and eagerly demanded from me—'If the suspicion awakened by the road and manner I was travelling was a just one; and that I was on the wing for Caledonia, to unite myself to the companion of my journey?'

"Captain Hawk fiercely interfered, when his lordship mildly, but determinately replied,—'I shall answer you, sir, when her ladyship replies to my question, to which it is of the utmost import-

ance to herself that she should candidly reply.'

"I faltered out my odious affirmative; when instantly his lordship took my hand, and, like a kind brother, drew it through his arm, as impressively he said—

"'I am grieved then to say I must frustrate that intention.—I must rescue you from a fatal imposition, and protect you safely back to the bosom of your family. As to you, sir, there is a letter of explanation, which I was intrusted with the delivery of.—The certificate of Miss Pomroy's marriage with you has been found.'

"Lord Montalbert now presented a letter to the miscreant, who, on casting his eyes on the superscription, rushed out of the room, followed by his sister, and I have never since beheld either. Miss Pomroy was his wife, whom the wretch disowned, because the certificate of her marriage had been mislaid; the only witness to it—it being a clandestine one, performed in a house in Ireland,—was in confinement as a lunatic; and the clergyman

dead. The union had scarcely taken place when the banker, in whose hands her handsome fortune was vested, becoming insolvent, the mercenary monster disclaimed their marriage. Then think, my dear friend, what an escape your erring Meliora has had; and what a debt of gratitude she owes to Lord Montalbert."

Rosabella was sensibly affected by this account of the fatal precipice, from which her imprudent friend had been providentially rescued by Lord Montalbert, who had been applied to by Miss Pomroy's guardian,—a neighbour of his lordship's at St. Leonard's, for advice upon the distressing subject; and who, in consequence, had undertaken the conveyance of the disclaimed wife's letter, announcing the recovery of her marriage testimonial, to the agent of Captain Hawk's regiment, to be forwarded to him. His lordship was on his way from Portpatrick to London, in his misery's wanderings, to learn something of Rosabella, when he beheld

Captain Hawk—whom he had a professional acquaintance with—accompanying Lady Meliora Monson in that sort of excursion, which left but little doubt of its destination.

After Rosa had expressed, as well as evinced, the sympathy of her feeling heart for her friend, Lady Meliora, struggling to suppress the fast flowing tears of her humiliation, hastened to terminate her painful communications.

"Lord Montalbert," her ladyship continued, "was the safe escort of the completely, and, I trust, efficaciously humbled Meliora, to the protection of her almost distracted grandmother; whose impressive lecture upon my terrible imprudence she terminated by a full and eloquent detail of the sacrifice the noble minded child of excellence had made for me, under the erroneous belief of my happiness depending solely on Lord Montalbert; and that this heroic child of rectitude,—insulated as she was in this danger-teeming world, was gone to encounter every evil in

it, estranged from all who had ever known her, for the promotion of my happiness.

"Oh! Lord Montalbert, forgive me, I implore you, for thus unnerving you!—but I will be brief in my conclusion, and glance no more at Rosa's sufferings.—The morning succeeding this soul-harrowing intelligence found me in the delirium of a malignant fever,—raving of my immolated friend; but no Rosa was there to answer to my piteous call, and nurse me as tender mothers do their drooping babes.—Oh! no, my weak follies had sent her heart-riven—but, I forbear,—and my sorrowing grandmother had, for three weeks, to mourn by my pillow, uncertain of the fate of the child she had so imprudently reared in the contemptible path of pernicious vanity.

"Oh! Rosa, my beloved Rosa! do not weep so bitterly for me, who caused you to endure such months of anguish.—And now," continued her ladyship, rising from her seat, and tenderly embracing Rosa, "I have only to add, that not until about

six weeks since did my bodily health allow convalescence to my mental, to determine upon making a humiliating confession to Lord Montalbert, and send him in quest of you. But his lordship had by that time joined his regiment in the Netherlands; and I made it a question, whether I ought to agitate his mind by such intelligence, whilst the duties of his profession must withhold his pursuit of our lost treasure. I wrote my painful, yet necessary confessions, addressed to his lordship, in readiness to transmit to him the moment opportunity favoured me; but my poor brother's wound unfortunately allowed me to be the bearer of my packet to Brussels, where I knew Lord Montalbert was. And the moment I was informed by the Duchess di Soria's interview with Derville this morning, that you were here, I despatched my confession to Lord Montalbert, with a request, that as promptly as possible he would meet me in this house; where, in the yet unsubdued impetuosity of my nature, not enduring the torturingly slow methods of caution, I contrived a

friend in court suited to my purpose, by procuring an introduction to your lovely sister.

"I have now performed my task, in making my humiliating confessions to you both; and, in pity to the wounded spirit of a sincere penitent, Lord Montalbert, use your influence with this dear Rosa, to forgive me;—and you, my Rosa, use your gentle rhetoric, to induce his lordship to think of me without contempt and detestation; and, for that merciful purpose, I at length leave you to a *tête à tête*."

But Lady Meliora was not permitted to leave them to a *tête à tête*, until convinced by both she had no wish ungratified relative to them; and Lord Montalbert might have talked through their long conference of that magnanimity, which had led her ladyship to so humiliating and eloquently portrayed a confession to him, which the affectionate Rosabella so anxiously panted for him fully to appreciate, could he have talked *to* Rosa,—after such an agonizing separation,—of any thing but Rosa—of his passion, of his hopes, and of

his wishes; and the sun of that auspicious day went not down, ere the grateful Duchess di Soria embraced him as the disinterested lover of her insulated child, and smiled her cordial approbation of their intended union.

CHAPTER XVII.

As neither Lady Meliora, nor Lord Derville, from not having been in the confidence of their brother, knew to what a height the passion of Charles for Rosa had arisen, they unhesitatingly discussed before him this day many communications relative to her, that promptly led them to a most unpleasant discovery of the state of his heart; and, for four and twenty hours, they had most deeply to repent and bewail their imprudence. But, at the expiration of that period of mental, and consequent bodily sufferings, the powers of his mind began their operations over the painful conflict of disappointed love: yet, whilst conviction told him a ruined man could not address the all perfect Rosa, the same conviction whispered with a bitter pang, that had it not been for his home nurtured pride, which taught him to believe no combination of perfections could compensate

for family honours, he might have secured the affections of Rosabella ere the more fortunate Lord Montalbert had appeared to win her; and have at length found in his wife that high descent he thought essential to his happiness, whilst his attachment, cheered by reciprocity, would have secured him from the machinations of the infamous Mrs. Bland.

His temporary infatuation to Mrs. Bland had, however, to a certainty,—although perhaps unknown to himself,—weakened his love for Rosa, or his hope of obtaining her; or else, even with his pride for an auxiliary, that shrunk from the humiliation of proving a successless wooer, Mr. Monson could scarcely, in twenty-four hours, have commenced the determined process of tranquillizing the misery of hopeless love into unmurmuring submission to the decree of fate; and to distil a pure fraternal affection from that late ardent passion, which had made him at times almost mad, and for months always wretched.

Ere Rosabella bade welcome to Lord

Derville in the house of Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, Lady Meliora took an opportunity of requesting her to persevere in silence on the subject of Miss Vandelure to him.

"For," she added, with a rising tear, "we have proved three unfortunate adventurers in our *début* upon the great theatre of life. My poor visionary guardian believed she should, by her seclusion of us, present us spotless to the world; but it was to be as spotless victims to those arts, we had never been forewarned to shun.

"You already know the miseries and misfortunes the home-nurtured foibles of poor Charles and myself have led us into, but you have yet to learn the sad catastrophe of Derville's; who, a novice in the world at almost twenty-one, knew not how to discriminate in the choice of a friend, but allowed his ruling passion to select one for him, who, twining in wily cunning round his immature propensity, led him by it to his domestic ruin;—for he introduced him to Miss Vandelure, and, under

the conviction of her fortune being, as the miscreant Foxcraft reported it, he addressed her; and, although money was the bait, poor Mortimer became unfortunately so attached to her, that it has cruelly augmented the misery of his undoing.

"Mr. Van Trompe, as you know, refused—in the essence of their machinations—to give his assent to the marriage of his ward; therefore no hundreds of thousands were in requisition to appear upon their union, which Foxcraft worked up my credulous brother to solemnize at Gretna Green, and afterwards by banns at St. George's Church. Scarcely was the legality of the union thus confirmed, when Mrs. Allworthy sent in her bills to my brother, for the maintenance, clothing, education, and every species of expense, which for six years she had supplied Lady Derville with; and this demand led to the sudden explosion of the whole conspiracy; when poor Derville had the horror to discover his wife, whom he adored, to be an impostor!—the illegitimate offspring of a

Dutch adventurer, Van Trompe; who, from the exquisite beauty of the girl, laid his plans for luring some novice in worldly arts to address her; both through the toils of that beauty, and a plausible report of immense wealth. The withheld consent of the guardian was to conceal the pecuniary deception, until she, by her management, wiled her husband out of certain sums of money for the use of Van Trompe and his associate Foxcraft; who had calculated, that by the time they came to be detected, the ties of attachment between their tool and her dupe would have been too closely cemented by offspring, for him to expose or desert the mother of his children. But this vile *dénouement* came on prematurely for their purposes; since the moment Derville questioned his wife upon the extraordinary demands of Mrs. Allworthy, she sunk at his feet, confessed every thing, making her own ungovernable passion for him her plea for extenuation, in proving, as she had done, the passive tool of villany and deception.

"Well can you conceive, my susceptible Rosa, the distraction of my brother on this discovery, and the distress of grandmama.—As for me, I was then the insensate inhabitant of a bed of sickness; but it almost proved too much for her, and nearly killed poor Derville, who would gladly have compounded for the loss of his expected wealth, to have proved the integrity of his wife without a stain; but, as that could not be, he was compelled to inflict upon himself the misery of separation. So now his prospects of domestic happiness are destroyed for ever, unless grief can kill; for, I understand, her affliction at the separation, and her penitence for her own misconduct, are very severe."

Rosabella was inexpressibly shocked at this direful climax to the misfortunes of her young companions and friends; nor was her sympathy for Lord Derville diminished, when she saw him, and beheld grief and dejection touchingly marked upon his brow; and when, after his cordial greetings and congratulations upon

her happy prospects, his lordship said, with a mournful effort at a smile, that only betrayed internal anguish——

"Ah! Rosa, had not mine and my brother's guardian angel slept, they would have whispered you were a prize for one of us to woo, and win; for your heart was an unblemished gem, and now you are set in all the brilliancy, that pride or prudence could require."

Several days elapsed after it had been discovered to poor Charles, that Rosabella was beneath the same roof with him, and was the affianced bride of Lord Montalbert, ere he could summon up fortitude to request to see her: and the first interview proved one of painful exertion to them both. But Charles possessed sufficient firmness to entreat an early repetition of her visit; and the second made the third less painful to him; until, by degrees, her presence not only ceased to pain him, but became a longed for anodyne, that calmed the desolation of his mind, and led him on to hope, even yet, for friendship and for love in honourable hearts.

Our heroine had now so many individuals in Brussels fervently attached to her, all wishing to monopolize her time and attention in a greater degree than she could dedicate individually to any of them, that they all breathed forth their murmurs; but none more piteously, or perhaps so justly as Lord Montalbert. He seriously complained to the duchess, and implored her "to remember all the sufferings he had endured in his attachment to her daughter; and since Lady Agatha was sufficiently convalescent to render travelling no longer perilous to her, to commence arrangements for quitting the Continent, that he might put his marriage settlements in immediate train for his speedy union."

The Duchess di Soria, beside her wish to insure the happiness of her beloved Rosabella, was particularly anxious to return to England, to institute a suit for the recovery of her portion, and its long arrear of interest, from Clanmartyr; but gratitude to the family of Derville forbade her thinking of it, whilst Mr. Monson was not

sufficiently convalescent to accompany his brother and sister home; and that the comfort of Rosabella's society for Lady Meliora was but the just tribute of their gratitude. On her stating this impeachment to compliance with his wish, his lordship perfectly—although not unaccompanied by mournful murmurs from his heart—acquiesced in the necessity of such a sacrifice to the friends of Rosa.

The moment Lord Montalbert learned that the Duchess di Soria was in Brussels, he wrote the pleasing information to Major Arundel; who, as rapidly as posts could effect the interchange of letters, addressed his mother, claiming her long arrear of maternal tenderness, in the most dutiful and affectionate terms that language could convey; and assuring her, the very moment he could procure leave of absence, he should fly to her to obtain her long ardently coveted blessing, and to embrace his two dear sisters.

To Rosabella—who, Lord Montalbert informed him, was also in Brussels—he wrote a most affectionate, fraternal letter;

assuring her, "that she had been received in his heart as her natural dwelling the first moment he beheld her, and that his approving admiration had since attended her in all things, but in her inexplicably cruel conduct to his matchless friend." But, ere this rebuke had reached the hands of Rosa, her brother was in possession of a second, and promptly following epistle, from Lord Montalbert, fully explanatory of poor Rosa's conduct, and proclaiming himself the happiest of the happy expectants of connubial bliss.

In a very few moments after our heroine had, in rapturous joy, informed Lady Meliora, that her brother was shortly to arrive in Brussels, her ladyship complaining of sudden faintness, Rosa led her to her chamber; where, to her infinite surprise, her agitated friend burst into a flood of tears; and, with wringing hands, deplored "her folly,—her madness,—her reprehensible indelicacy, in having so committed herself to censure and contempt by her degrading elopement," with more bitter agony than she yet had done to Rosa; who,

at length, in tender sympathy, inquired, "had she found any new cause for lamenting her introduction to Captain Hawk?"

"Surely, too surely, I have," she exclaimed, in a tone of anguish—"Is not the amiable Arundel coming hither, and how am I ever to appear before him, conscious as I must be of having become an an object of scorn to him? For, although you may spare me, Rosa, Lord Montalbert, you may rest assured, has already published my degradation to his friend.

"Oh! that I had never beheld that vile deceiver! or rather, I ought to say,—oh! that I had never—never committed any action to soil my cheek with the scorching blush of shame!——Rosa, the moment your brother arrives, I shall affect illness, to excuse my not appearing amongst your happy circle; for never shall I again be able to endure one of those penetrating glances of his, that used at Wimbledon to come diving into my very soul, to search out what was passing there; and when wearied and disgusted with all the

Lord Montalbert was its idol—had now more poignantly to deplore the deformities she had disgusted by,—since now lively was the retrospection to her tortured memory of those moments, in which the admiration of Frederick Arundel for her had been unequivocal.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At length, Mr. Monson being pronounced perfectly competent to the undertaking, our whole party returned to London,—our three martial heroes, on leave of absence —where the Dowager Lady Derville was in readiness to receive them in the mansion of Lord Elwy; who, the moment he learned, by a letter from Lord Montalbert, the *dénouement* of all his late miseries and perplexities, waited on the maternally wretched dowager, to give her the grateful thanks of the Elwy family, for her protection of their insulated Rosabella. And when his lordship had also learned at what period he might reasonably expect his beloved brother's Rosalvina and children, he again hastened to Richmond, and persuaded the drooping benefactress of our heroine to come to his house, which was sufficiently capacious for the purpose; there to spend a happy fortnight with her

children and her friends, ere their several avocations might make a partial separation necessary.

It was therefore at the house of Lord Elwy—who himself gave the most cordial fraternal welcome to the widow of his brother, and the most paternal reception to his daughter—that the Duchess di Soria made all those grateful acknowledgments, with which a mother's heart could glow, to Lady Derville, for her tender protection of her Rosa, who was herself too grateful and too affectionately attached to her benefactress ever to breathe to any of her relatives, or even to Lord Montalbert, the smallest allusion to the unkindness which had clouded her happiness, through the inauspicious influence of Mr. Sternham, who had quitted his station in Lady Derville's family; for upon her detection of his system of misrepresentation of Lord Montalbert and Rosabella, he lost her confidence.

Admiral Oakbury allowed no unnecessary moment to elapse, ere he expanded his arms of kindness and affection to em-

brace the widow of his nephew, and the great niece whom his approbation had smiled upon, whilst unconscious of affinity. And as a proof of the degree of estimation he was prepared to hold them in, he made each a munificent gift, even in the moment of introduction; which he however informed the Duchess, with an air of kind reproach, should have long since been the offering of his regard, had she given him credit for attachment to his late nephew, by applying to him for protection, ere she intrusted her own and children's happiness to a foreign stranger.

Lord and Lady Flowerdew were not slow in paying their compliments to Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice; nor Rosa tardy in evincing the deep sense she cherished of their goodness to her. And so very partial had they ever been to her, from the moment their introduction took place, that it was a matter of heart-felt joy to them her having been discovered to belong to a family of their most esteemed friends, and to a connexion of their own. And Lady Flowerdew conveyed some intelligence to

our heroine that yielded the most sincere pleasure to her, which was,—that Lord Bayswater had joined the party of Lord and Lady Flowerdew abroad, when wishing to forget her who had wounded his pride as much as his heart, by her rejection of him; and cherishing in his memory the incense his vanity had received at Wimbledon, by the swoon of Miss Lorrain; he particularly attached himself to Claudia, on every excursion during their tour; when as they contemplated together the rare productions of the fine arts, concentrated by the sword of rapine at Paris, he discovered such information to be hers, so much similarity in taste and in sentiment, that he soon began seriously to meditate upon, whether a union with her might not promise him much domestic happiness. From the moment he brought himself to contemplate the subject, he found some potent magic in it, that allowed his thoughts no other theme; and to the equal joy and surprise of the lovestricken Claudia, he one day, immediately after their return to England, starting out of a profound reverie,

suddenly declared himself her ardent lover, and without a moment's pause, and even without an emblematical device, offered her his coronet.

Immediately upon the arrival of our travellers in London, every thing was put in train for the nuptials of Lord Montalbert and our heroine. So tremblingly apprehensive was his lordship of any new interruption to his expected happiness, that not one moment of unnecessary delay would he suffer to interpose to his obtaining the prize he long had coveted; and in the church of Saint George's, Hanover Square, Rosabella was bestowed upon the man of her heart's election; and the inestimable Mr. Trench united her to his beloved pupil and friend.

In a few hours after the nuptial ceremony, and the sumptuous breakfast given upon the happy occasion, by Lord Elwy, to the relatives and friends assembled on the auspicious event; the bride, laden with costly gifts from all her numerous kindred and friends, set out with her devotedly attached lord to St. Leonard's Abbey, where she

was shortly to expect a great number of the party that had attended at her nuptials.

Without any retarding occurrence Lord and Lady Montalbert at length reached the confines of the domains of Saint Leonard's Abbey, where an unexpected cavalcade and pedestrian procession awaited to bid them welcome, to strew flowers in their path, and shower blessings on their heads;—composed of the united tenantry and poor of St. Leonard's and Ravenswood lands, both equally attached to the bride and bridegroom, to whom scarcely an individual amongst the shouting throng but was under some personal obligation.

The horses being instantly discarded by the multitude as an unnecessary appendage to Lord Montalbert's carriage, taking to themselves the transport of toiling to convey to their homes those who they knew were come to dispense happiness, or at least comforts to all around them; and therefore the whole assemblage had the gratification of escorting the happy pair, even into the quadrangle of the Abbey,

where his lordship's agent and steward, aware of the popular reception intended for their lord and lady, had prepared that kind of cheer, fully demonstrative of good old Irish hospitality, with which they knew the hearty congratulators would joyfully regale.

The affecting incense of this heart-inspired popularity of reception on her coming to her home, with the eloquent tenderness of her husband's affectionate welcome to the halls of his ancestors, had so operated upon the susceptible feeling of Rosabella, that her mind was not sufficiently disengaged on her entrance into the vestibule of the Abbey, to attend to any individual but the beloved being who was leading her in as the mistress of the magnificent edifice. However, one promptly not only attracted but rivetted her observation,—a form which she felt conviction was that of the assassin of Brussels, and the footpad of the forest, stood before her, bearing in his hand—if her eyes were not deluded in their recognition,—the identical tin box safe and uninjured, which An-

tonia had seemed only to live to guard, and which she had seen washed by billows of ungovernable fury into the unfathomable repository of the "vasty deep."

This mysterious being, true to his prediction of her again beholding him in the moment she least expected him, and equally true to his promise, restored to her that she thought lost for ever; since it was the important box of Antonia he now presented to her, accompanied by a packet, both of which he delivered in silence; and then, gracefully and expressively placing his hand upon his heart, he bowed profoundly, and retreated.

For one moment amazement sealed the senses of Lady Montalbert from their usual self-possession; but in the next she informed her lord of what had been thus mysteriously restored to her; when his lordship, gratefully anxious to recompense the stranger, desired to have him called back; but he had vanished amid the throng, and all declared, that no such person had been seen departing.

As Rosa could not immediately procure

from her baggage the key of the box which Antonia had resigned to her a short period prior to her death, she was compelled to the inspection of the packet first, and which contained—

"Joy to an amiable pair! whom a grateful man importunes to take no measure for tracing him out; since that which he restores is but his small tribute to Lady Montalbert, for a life which her humanity saved from the pistol of an unthinking being, who would have 'cut him off in the blossom of his sin,' and sent him to a dire account.

"But here let me drop the ambiguity of the third person, and ingenuously confess in the first, that I, who was a villain of the blackest stamp, am one no longer—if penitence can indeed exonerate me—therefore, even for the sake of justice, I need not be sought, for my wish to sin is past, and I am hastening to the spot, where I have resolved to make my peace with offended Heaven.

"I will not stain the honour of my

family by mentioning a name I have disgraced: suffice it to say, I am one of those luckless younger children, whom the inattention often practised in this country to their provision in marriage settlements left to vegetate in perilous idleness, a hanger-on to my monopolizing eldest brother, to be set forward in the world as his generosity should think proper.

"Unfortunately for his dependent brothers and sisters, he possessed neither generosity nor common justice: whilst I as unfortunately did some talent and a restless spirit. In the life-time of my father I had acquired some learning;—but as he bequeathed me no employment or discretion, the fiend of idleness led me to associates beneath myself, who flattered me as a demigod for my superior attainments; and amongst these debasing companions I became acquainted with a miscreant named Delany, who infatuated me by his wiles. Soon, too soon, he trained me into an accurate tool for his purposes, and schooled me into an active agent for the wide dissemination of treason's deep and direful projects; and

under the auspices of this miscreant I quitted my native home, and traversed almost every country in Europe—well recompensed by my employers,—sowing the deleterious seeds of impiety and rebellion.

" It was after a diabolical mission of this nature, when sickness and the inattention of Delany had reduced me to the expenditure of my last farthing, that my good destiny, too long neglectful of my welfare, impelled me to the project of commencing footpad:—for the angel of pity then struck a chord, which I knew not harmonized in my ferocious breast;—it vibrated the soft mellifluent tone of gratitude, for the first benefit conferred spontaneously upon me; and time has proved those tones more genial to my nature, than the habits of my life could have warranted a belief of finding in my bosom.

" All who enrol themselves under the black banners of treason must be aware, that however subtle the specious form may first appear to them, the essence of its pure spirit is all ideal;—for once embodied its soul becomes the demoniac one of turpi-

tude; since murder, treachery, pillage, and hypocrisy, are the brethren of rebellion. To a traitor therefore the theory of murder had been long familiar; and to start from the practice would have been foreign to the code that governed me; and the proposition made to me, through the sacrilegious impostor Delany, to bereave the Duchess di Soria and her two daughters of existence, for a great pecuniary reward, proved no shock from which I shrunk. No: for most unhesitatingly I undertook the crime.

"The Duchess di Soria inhabited a mansion, which belonged to a devoted partizan of the Emperor Napoleon, and being a votary of the same cause, I had constant access to a house abounding with subterraneous and other secret passages, fitting it in every way for the twofold purposes I was engaged in, nocturnal assassination, and preparation for the expected arrival of the victorious French. At length, by rectifying some impeding barriers, I obtained a free entrance to the chamber of the Duchess and her children; and thither

I went upon my murderous mission, where the hand that turned the pistol from my heart was stretched forth to save a parent from my sanguinary dagger;—and no shield could have proved more defensive. It was the ægis of gratitude; and through that talismanic influence impenetrable.

"The horror of mind in which I receded from the chamber I had entered for a diabolical slaughter, I possess no language to portray; and to conceive it, is not in the power of a mind unpolluted by deeds like mine: I will therefore pass over the agonies my gratitude was writhed by:—I will only say, I trust the effect was salutary.

"At Quatre Bras and Waterloo it was destined my conversion should be completed.—Both battles I attended, in anxious hope, and glowing expectation, that the triumph of France would have proved the triumph of my political speculations. But no,—in the carnage of the brave I was struck with the horror of fearful warfare; and whilst contemplating the contest of natural foes, the dread

picture arose to appal me, of civil discord; of kindred blood shed by kindred hand;—of every tie under Heaven rent and torn, fibre by fibre, and pulse by pulse, even of the heart; and all for what? For speculation:—for a chance of bettering that, which has been pronounced by the wisdom of ages the best:—for fame to a few:—destruction to thousands:—for plunder to the radically idle, or the professional ravager; and a momentary preponderance in the scale of property to the physically strong. As I dwelt upon this dismaying vision, reflected from the passing scene, my soul became humanized; and while I beheld the glorious slain, my bosom caught the kindling spark of genuine patriotism, that quickly blazed to love, to pride in my country; and as I gazed and saw where each man fell, a hero was laid low; my heart breathed a requiem for my brave brethren; and I swore in that heart to recede from my apostasy. But in the termination, an awful conviction struck upon my changing soul—The Lord of Hosts was with my

country! and I trust the convert of that hour was stamped by sterling sincerity.

"Enclosed is the mandate for the murder of the Duchess di Soria, and her two daughters, written by the hand of Dowling Delany; and if it serves for no other purpose, it will rid the church of a foul stigma in this sacrilegious impostor, this pretended priest, who is possessed of no one testimonial to prove, that he belongs to the sacred function he professes.

"But the box, which I have the gratification to restore to its rightful owner, I must conclude of some importance to Lady Montalbert, from the rapture which Dowling Delany expressed, when he learned it had been washed into the bosom of the deep, from whence I had the good fortune to draw it in a net, which with some of my companions I was amusing myself trailing for soles, in the neighbourhood of Myrtle's Town, about a month after it had been swept away. I instantly knew it, from the singularity of its form, to be that I had frequently seen in the possession of Antonia di Horosco, whilst she formed part of

the domestic establishment of Delany; and in which she told me were many papers of consequence to the Duchess di Soria, whom then never having seen, I was uninterested about; and therefore determined to present my prize to Delany, who had bewailed to me Antonia's having purloined, at the period she absconded from him, some papers which might affect his life, and that of his chief patron:—but he was absent from Ireland at that time. I therefore deposited it in a careful place; and the moment I discovered that it was to the elder daughter of the Duchess di Soria I owed my life, I determined that it should be to her and her only I would restore, what the hand of Providence permitted me to find.

"In horror I have receded from all compact with Delany; and as I firmly believe the existence of the Duchess di Soria imperiled as long as this miscreant lives, I would advise no moment of unnecessary delay to intervene, until measures are taken to prevent those mischiefs he is equal to; —but should further proof be wanting to

effect this purpose, I will, in despite of personal danger, once more appear, and give a name of some importance to Lady Montalbert's

" devoted friend,
" faithful in
" Gratitude."

The amazed and alarmed Rosa instantly gave this letter to her lord's perusal; who, having before heard of the attempted assassination of the Duchess di Soria at Brussels, immediately despatched a summons to his man of law, and to Mr. Trench—who he doubted not had arrived at the rectory, as he was to leave London the day after he had set out; and he and Rosa had remained nearly a week in Wales, exploring many of its beauties on their way—that he might promptly consult with them upon the method he should pursue effectually to counteract the menaced mischiefs of Delany. Whilst the messenger was gone on this mission, Rosa obtained the long-believed useless key of Antonia's box from her baggage; which soon led her

to find, beside the confession of Antonia, —the certificate of her own birth, several letters from her father to her mother,—a lock of braided hair, and a miniature portrait, which she doubted not was that which had awakened the Duke di Soria's jealousy, and which Lord Montalbert pronounced it, from the striking resemblance of his Rosa to it. To add to the alarm the mysterious friend of our heroine had awakened, with these relics they found in careful preservation a mandate from the present Lord Clanmartyr to Delany, for despatching an emissary into Spain to assassinate the Duchess di Soria and her Spanish daughter; and to allow no compunctious feelings to interpose against the massacre of the whole Ravenswood family, if he could devise no other secure means of ridding him of the possible claims of the girl Rosabella.

The confession of Antonia di Horosco was written in her native language; but as we hope we may have many more readers than those who are well versed in Spanish, we will present a translation in the

form of our own continued narrative, with which we can mingle some account of the unhallowed impostor, who, as the tool of the vile Lord Clanmartyr, had toiled for the destruction of Lady Rosalvina and her children, to exonerate him from their demands upon the family estates.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE mother of Dowling Delany, upon becoming a widow, sent him from Ireland to the care of her only brother, one of the fathers attached to the convent of St. Bertam, at St. Omers, to have him there educated for the church. But most ungenial to young Delany proved every thing sacred; whilst to all that was profane he turned with avidity; and after having achieved various exploits in St. Omers, of unqualified depravity, he at length one night absconded from St. Bertam's for Paris, first secretly enriching himself by property belonging to his uncle, of considerable amount, secure—that for the honour of their family his reverend relative would not stop his career by any judicial pursuit.

At Paris he embarked in every species of crime, except murder; but that he

shrunk from, until the revolutionary horrors which deluged Europe in blood overcame his scruples, and awakening a seditious demon within his bosom, led him on to become a sanguinary agent in all the direful deeds, that disgraced the French nation during the age of terror.

Delany possessing in an eminent degree two great essentials for the formation of a villain,—a good head, and corrupt heart,—he was selected by the fiend of discord, for a trusty agent to disseminate seditious tenets through various states of Europe; and an indefatigable one he proved, since his very soul was devoted to mischief; and the actively rapid Delany flew from country to country, laying his combustible train, and secured from suspicion by the sanctified appearance of his garb and manner.

As amongst Hibernia's sons,—who, bearing in their inmost soul the very essence of hardihood, bravery, enterprise, and enthusiasm, are ill fitted for the life of sloth and inactivity, to which their migrating superiors doom them, and are therefore more open to the wily tempter, who holds out in-

ducements to call their propensities into action—he met a number of easily converted proselytes to the doctrines of his fair promises, he spent much of his time in that country, where he obtained the friendship and patronage of Lord Clanmartyr; who, having secrets of importance in trust for the impostor priest, scrupled not to confide in him his wishes relative to Lady Rosalvina and her progeny; and in conformity with these wishes, this vile emissary soon found power to act.

In the itinerant life Delany led, he became acquainted with Antonia di Horosco, at Madrid; who, in compliance with their mutual profligacy, accompanied him to London, where they arrived just at the period of the Duke di Soria's union with the unfortunate Rosalvina, and when they were in search of a female attendant for the little Rosabella, to accompany them to Spain. Antonia offered herself for the station; and, by the management of her paramour obtaining a most satisfactory character, was elected in preference to all other candidates, through her being a Cas-

tilian; and when she had undertaken the care of our young heroine, it was with the solemn injunction of the sanguinary Delany, to terminate the child's existence by the least suspicious means her inventive faculties could devise.

The jealousy of the Spanish tyrant, by throwing the young Frederick into the protection of powerful friends, occasioned Lord Clanmartyr to pause upon the subject of his murder, lest the investigation of the rich and great might lead to his detection; and the result of his deliberation was, to withdraw the mandate, until at least the death of his mother should make him heir to her portion:—but, on the other hand, the Duke di Soria completely threw the infant Rosa into the power of Antonia, whom he despatched from Portpatrick, to convey her to the protection of Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, who he knew was then at her seat near Belfast; and to do him every justice, he ordered the child might be treated with the most tender care; and made a most liberal allowance for the expenses of her journey.

But although the poor babe was thus most unexpectedly thrown upon the mercy of the mistress of Delany, yet her infant fascinations had so won upon the heart of Antonia, that she could not deprive her of existence; but to strike a balance with her conscience, as she had sworn to rid Lord Clanmartyr of her, she devised and executed the project of billetting her upon their simple hostess at Donaghadee, without a clew to lead to her connexions; and having performed her purpose, she stole away in an effectual disguise, to join Delany, to whom she gave the fallacious intelligence of the child's demise.

Not until a very short period prior to the commencement of our present history, did Antonia betray, in the delirium of a fever, the existence of Rosabella to the ruthless Delany; who then being engaged in rearing the black flag of rebellion in the neighbourhood of Ravenswood, it struck his savage mind, that by the midnight massacre of the family that benevolently sheltered her, the eye of suspicion could not [illegible] at Lord Clanmartyr as her mur-

derer; and having written to his lordship upon the subject, drew back the reply, which accompanied the confession of Antonia.

But the subtle Delany having developed something beyond common interest for our heroine in Lord Montalbert, the night of his lordship having wandered into the conclave of traitors, he made it a question if it would not prove more for his own advantage to let her live, and lure contributions by her means from this enamoured peer.

At the period of the glorious battle of Vittoria, Delany was in Alava for the express purpose of effecting the destruction of the Duchess di Soria and her daughter, by the conflagration of her dwelling; and in the moment Frederick Arundel received his wound, he unfortunately was with a party of French and Spanish deserters, in ambush, in the very thicket where the accident had occurred. Upon the flight of Lord Montalbert to seek for aid, it entered his diabolical imagination to seize the unprotected Fre-

derick — whose person he was well acquainted with—as a prize for the decree of Lord Clanmartyr.

Accordingly he performed this atrocious exploit, sending the wounded and apparently dying young man on to the Pyrenees, under the escort of a party of the deserters, who were going to form themselves into a banditti, amid the mountains, under the command of a French surgeon of some skill, but a most appropriate personage to act as commandant to so worthy a league. The surgeon being a particular confederate of Delany, he put the poor insensible Frederick under his peculiar care, whilst he himself remained with the detachment, that was to fire and pillage the devoted castle. This achievement accomplished, he fled to Bayonne—where, to his utter dismay, he encountered the fugitive Duchess and her child, whom he believed he had destroyed.

It having transpired in their conversation upon this unexpected rencontre, that the Duchess had written to Father O'Blaze, her arrival at Bayonne,—whose death

she was in ignorance of,—Delany felt that it might prove dangerous to him to immolate his long determined prey, until he should ascertain if that letter reached its place of destination, to awaken interest and inquiry relative to her.—In consequence therefore, he persuaded her to accompany him to Brussels, when he swindled her out of almost the entire of the property she had been able in the moment of existing danger to secure, and where he left her in the house of one of his associates, who, he knew, would readily perform the part of bravo for him, should there appear no cause to change that sanguinary intention.

But, just as he was about to embark at Ostend, an express reached him, demanding his immediate presence at Paris to attend a political convention. There he was detained some time; and thence his avocations called him to Ireland, without the power of visiting Yorkshire, a visit which his political pursuits detained him from, until the period when, from his letter case, he, through the intervention of Pro-

vidence, dropped the letter of the Duchess di Soria into the cedar chest, where it had been deposited with his clothes during his short stay at Black Friars Moat.

From Black Friars, Delany proceeded to Lord Clanmartyr's, where he was detained by the fracture of his leg, until the period of Buonaparte's escape from Elba, when he hastened to Paris; from whence, as the army was about to proceed to the attack, he issued his mandate to one of his prime associates in Brussels, to assassinate the Duchess di Soria and both her daughters:—for he had discovered that Rosa was with her; but Providence had, in its unslumbering mercy, ordained that Rosabella had converted the intended assassin into a devoted friend.

The fever, which had caused the secret of our heroine's existence to escape Antonia, was in its effect so fatal to her constitution, that soon conviction arose in her mind of her last sand being set; and, with this conviction, came such horror at the life of iniquity she had led, that she withdrew herself from every possible clew,

which could lead any of her former vile associates to trace her out. Having in her care the letters addressed from time to time by Lord Clanmartyr to Delany, she selected that one which she thought might prove of advantage to the bereaved Rosabella: and, as we have already stated, traced the residence of the *ci-devant* Mrs. Cormack from Donaghadee to Myrtle's Town, and thither winged her secret way, to restore to Rosa the documents of her birth.

But, although Lord and Lady Montalbert had not before them all the plans and villany of Delany to appal them, they still had fully sufficient proofs of the evil intention of Lord Clanmartyr respecting the Duchess di Soria and her children, thus presented to them, to justify their anxiety for some measure to be adopted, to oppose effectually all meditated mischief. Whilst they were impatiently expecting those his lordship had summoned, many letters of congratulation, which awaited their arrival at St. Leonard's Abbey, were put into their hands; and from

these they both, as if by one sympathetic impulse, selected the kind, the affectionate, and affecting ones, addressed to both, from the Bishop of —— and Lady Anne Belmont, at length returned to the Episcopal Palace at ———; and so anxious to behold, and give their blessings to their dear nephew, and their equally dear Rosa, that they declared their determination of visiting St. Leonard's Abbey at the expiration of the first honey-moon, that passed over the heads of its lord and lady.

The affectionate grateful rapture, which Rosa feelingly evinced on perusal of these most welcome letters, proved grateful incense to the heart of Lord Montalbert; while true to his feeling as a lover, all that menaced her took precedence of every other subject in his thought, and in the full glow of his pleasurable emotion upon the letters of his revered and beloved relatives, it struck him, that Lord Clanmartyr residing in the diocese of his uncle, it might perhaps prove a judicious method for effecting all they wished, to make the Bishop of —— the agent in the delicate

business of announcing to his lordship, that his sanguinary projects were detected.

But ere Lord Montalbert had time fully to discuss this project with his heart's elected counsellor, his lawyer arrived with information, "that Mr. Trench was gone to Myrtle's Town upon the summons of an express that very morning from Captain Gore."

The alarmed Lord and Lady Montalbert, in apprehension of some distress having overwhelmed the estimable Gore, despatched a messenger with a letter to Mr. Trench, expressive of their anxiety, ere they entered upon the business for which the presence of the lawyer was required.

But, before we proceed to state the reply from Myrtle's Town, we will take leave of the sanguinary confederates, by briefly stating that Lord Montalbert despatched his confidential lawyer with every document in his possession, to prove the guilt of Lord Clanmartyr, accompanied by a letter on the subject to the Bishop of ——, who lost not one unnecessary mo-

ment in waiting upon the culprit with his credentials. The result was the prompt payment into the hands of the bishop, of the portion of Lady Rosalvina Northmore, as charged upon the Clanmartyr estates by the will of her father, with the interest lawfully due for many years upon the principal; and the rapid departure of his lordship from Ireland, to hide for ever his detected villany, by self-inflicted exile into foreign countries, accompanied by his coadjutor Delany, who was not however permitted long to continue his associate, as the see of Rome, apprised of the sacrilegious imposture he had practised, overtook him with its most inveterate vengeance.

The reply from Mr. Trench severely wounded the susceptible feelings of Lord and Lady Montalbert, as it gave to them the painful information, that Mrs. Gore had broken down all bonds of religious and moral duty, by forsaking her husband and child, to elope with an itinerant teacher of languages.

But, upon further investigation, the

facts were proved to be, that when Mrs. Gore had been seized by her mania for acquiring the Latin language, finding she could not make *much* proficiency without instruction, she employed her maid secretly to inquire out a Latin master in the neighbourhood; and this confident, being in the interest of a profligate man of rank and fortune, who had been deeply struck by the exquisite beauty of Mrs. Gore, he was introduced as the secret master. Captain Gore being unfortunately compelled to attend a court martial at Plymouth, which detained him from home for several weeks, gave opportunities to the subtle seducer to attend more closely, and undermine her principles and attachment to her husband and child, by the most unqualified adulation of her transcendent mental abilities;—and unfortunately, upon the return of Captain Gore, he perceived an alarming alteration in his beloved and cruelly neglected boy, whom he immediately determined upon taking to the metropolis for medical advice. But to

accompany him Mrs. Gore positively refused, not having one moment to spare, she said, from the improvement of her mind; and, as the physicians in Dublin found it absolutely necessary to detain poor Nelson for some weeks under their immediate care, time and further opportunity were allowed the profligate invader of another's happiness, to infatuate the vain, weak, and unpardonable victim to her own folly and his arts, to set off to Italy with him; and the first intimation the attached husband had of this dereliction was in a letter, that awaited his return to his deserted home, which took place the night preceding his summon of his uncle—announcing "that she was gone to improve her classic lore, by making a tour of Italy and the Greek Isles with a male friend."

We cannot say the happiness of Captain Gore was destroyed by this diabolical dereliction, since he never had known happiness with a woman so ungenial to him; but he sensibly felt the stroke, and perhaps

he grieved, more for his child's sake than his own, the horrid necessity he now found of divorcing his unworthy as unfeeling mother. Lord and Lady Montalbert, well remembering how much Captain Gore had appeared attached to his wife, when they were inmates of Myrtle Lodge, and concluding he must be almost distracted at her misconduct, united in an affectionate entreaty, through Mr. Trench, that he would come immediately to them, and bring his little Nelson to Rosa to tenderly nurse.

To this affectingly kind invitation Gore sent a grateful negative; "for although," he said, "the woman, whom he had so erroneously selected to constitute his domestic comforts, had long ere the last decisive step weakened his ardent attachment to her, by her follies and unfeeling apathy to all the sensibilities of the heart; he believed he could not yet sustain with fortitude the beholding that perfect state of connubial happiness, which St. Leonard's Abbey contained:—but in a short time he would come,—not to envy them, but to

find conviction of his dearest friend being more fortunate in wedlock than himself, and to avail himself of Lady Montalbert's tender kindness to his deserted boy."

CHAPTER XX.

At the time which had been arranged for their visit, the Duchess di Soria, Lady Constantia, and Colonel Arundel,—for Frederick had been promoted as well as Lord Montalbert and Charles Monson, for their conduct in the last glorious conflict,—arrived at St. Leonard's Abbey, where, amongst other delights of their reception, the duchess was agreeably surprised by the receipt of her now largely augmented dower; which both her son and son-in-law entreated should be considered ultimately as belonging to the unportioned Constantia, as neither of Woodville's children required more than they already possessed, and were to inherit from their father's affluent family:—a proposition of generosity towards her Constantia, which the grateful Rosalvina felt by no means disinclined to; as, through that medium, she hoped to repay some part of

her maternal debt to those who had cherished her deserted child.

The Dowager Lady Derville and her dispirited grand-children had returned to Ireland in the same party with the duchess, Frederick, and Constantia; and had now re-entered the mansion of Ravenswood under feelings widely different from those they had set out with, to make their first appearance in the busy scenes of life. Then all was buoyant hope,—now every hope was blighted; but from the useful lessons, which had been sorrowfully presented to them in their disappointments, they all determined to derive improvement.

During their long extent of journey, and on their becalmed sea voyage, the Duchess di Soria,—an anxious observer of Mr. Monson, for whom her maternal gratitude had awakened a most powerful interest—with pleasure perceived, that the profound melancholy, which seemed to overpower him upon the marriage of Rosabella, gradually dispersed; as he became more obviously ingenious in devising

plausible pretences for occupying a place in the carriage with Lady Constantia, and ready excuses for seating himself by her at each inn, and in the packet; whilst he became each hour more expert in drawing her into the continuance of all her little services to aid him, which her humanity had yielded him at Brussels: and all these observations of a revolution in the heart of Charles, led the duchess to cherish a hope, that the happiness which one of her daughters had disturbed, the other would restore.

Upon their arrival in the county of ——, the grateful mother still observed the same restless anxiety in Mr. Monson to be near Constantia, every day finding him a lingering visitor at St. Leonard's Abbey, unless the inmates of that dwelling were assembled at Ravenswood; always declaring—"he could find no one to arrange his sling so commodiously as Lady Constantia—no one to do any thing so comfortably for him as she could."

The grateful Rosabella had allowed no moments to intervene unnecessarily, ere

she despatched, with her gloves, cake, &c. a most superb bridal gift from St. Leonard's Abbey to her ever kind friend Mrs. Alermont O'Dowd, who lost not one hour in hastening with her gallant spouse, and adorned in the very highest feather of her most stylish costume, to pay their compliments to Lord and Lady Montalbert, by whom they were cordially received. For, although his lordship knew little of Mrs. O'Dowd, and nothing of her husband, yet his gratitude for their kindness to the idol of his heart had placed them high in his estimation; and this reception yielded many causes of gratification to Mrs. O'Dowd; but none of greater importance than the conviction thus implied, of St. Leonard's Abbey proving the scene of grand display for the most elegant of all her London and Parisian costume.

In about two months after the return of the family to Ravenswood, Lady Meliora Monson and Mrs. O'Dowd were both making a morning visit to St. Leonard's Abbey, and Rosabella had received them in a small conservatory adjoining the break-

fast room, where she, with her mother, sister, and Lady Anne Belmont,—who, with the bishop, was then staying at the abbey—were at their work; and shortly after the arrival of these visitors, Charles made his appearance; who, although invited by the attentive Rosa to occupy a seat, remained restlessly standing, and at length suddenly retreated.

"Pray, what is the matter?" exclaimed Lady Anne, smiling, "is not my cap set as becomingly as usual, that Mr. Monson has paid us so short a visit this morning?"

"Why, ma'am," replied Lady Meliora, smiling too, "his right hand was, you see, at an awkward distance to perform its offices conveniently; so, I suppose he is gone back to Ravenswood, to put up with some left one's clumsy efforts to aid him."

All eyes attracted by the observation, now perceived every possible approach to Lady Constantia was blockaded by the other ladies and their work tables, as she was in an interior seat next the windows, and into whose now blooming cheeks a bright blush was called by the remark of

Lady Meliora, just as its accuracy was justified by the appearance of Mr. Monson outside the window, near which she was seated; who unhesitatingly raised the sash, to admire a camellia japonica that bloomed just by her.

"O, my honey!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd, "you will blow us all out of the conservatory, if you let in that current of wind."

"I am going to shut it, my honey," responded Charles; but ere he did so, he vaulted in, and seated himself snugly by Constantia.

"Have you brought your work?" demanded Constantia, as she again blushed.

"My sisters, Rosa and Meliora, used always to supply me with work, when I intruded upon their morning party," said Charles, "to unravel their silks and their sauciness together."

"Well," she replied, "your sister Constantia will now supply you with appropriate employment for an inmate of an abbey; there, tell those beads, good brother," and she handed him a box of beads,

to exercise his patience in sorting for her.

"Good brother, indeed!" exclaimed Charles, smiling, as a brightened bloom suffused his cheek. "I know not, my fair novice, that I have ever led you to suppose I would consecrate you a sister, even to perform Father Francis with you; and have it engraven on our tombs, 'that we were lovely in our lives, and in our deaths were not divided.'"

"What a pity," said Rosa, in a half whisper to Lady Meliora, accompanied by an arch smile, "that her eyes are not *fierce* black!"

"And further, that there is not the essential inheritance of a d—l within," replied Lady Meliora, with responding archness.

"What are you too witty sprites plotting about?" demanded the half-conscious Charles.

"We are only reverting to an old prophecy," returned Lady Meliora.

"Which we pronounce cannot be ve-

rified, from certain lack of visible signs," said Lady Montalbert.

"O," said Charles, with a painful sigh, "are you not wandering where there were to be coffers to empty? Alas! you know who has effectually performed that exploit, to the annihilation of every prophetic augury of happiness for him."

"Charles," exclaimed Lady Meliora, with tears of affection starting to her eyes, "has not a relative of that person you allude to told him, he shall have the moiety of all she possesses? and can he doubt it?"

Charles caught her hand, pressed it affectionately, as he shook his head; and after a moment's pause, he started from his seat, and retreated as he had entered.

The remainder of that day,—the next, and a third passed on, without the reappearance of Mr. Monson at St. Leonard's; and Lady Montalbert, alarmed, lest any thing had been said in their mirth to wound his feelings, despatched her lord —in full confidence of her apprehensions

—to Ravenswood, to inveigle the dowager over to the abbey, with her grandchildren, to pass some days, as the evenings were beginning to close too soon for the comfort of mere dining intercourse.

Lady Derville gladly acceded to the proposition, as she said Ravenswood was no longer like her own home, since deprived of Rosabella; and in about two hours after this point was settled, Mr. Monson, with an aspect of mingled dejection and perturbation, appeared at St. Leonard's Abbey, to bid farewell, he said, as he was going off by the mail that night to join his regiment.

"For," he said, "a pauper like him, who had a profession for his bread, must devote himself to it; and as his wound was sufficiently recovered to permit his doing so, he would no longer play truant from his duty, which must fall rather heavily upon those who had escaped unhurt."

"But, if you were not so rapid in your flight," said Colonel Arundel, "I, from

having the same sentiments upon the subject, would accompany you."

"I have business to transact in Dublin, and will gladly await your arrival there," responded Mr. Monson.

"And I have business with you," said the anxious Rosa. Will you take a turn with me upon the terrace?"

Charles, with a palpitating heart, instantly complied; although fearful she was going to ask him some questions relative to his late absence, that it would prove awkward to him to parry; and in one particular he was right,—for Rosa entreated to know if she had offended him, or wounded his feelings by her thoughtless raillery:—but she did so with so much affectionate interest, that, instead of attempting to parry the fact, he acknowledged his inconstancy, by stating, "that when hope of obtaining her had taken flight for ever, gratitude had lured him by dangerous remembrances of all the pitying kindness of Lady Constantia to him, until he found the fascinating votary of pity

the magnet of resistless attraction to him. But not until the raillery of his sister and herself had proclaimed the observation of others upon the state of his feelings, had he been aware how near the verge of a destructive precipice he had wandered. This warned him in time to fly, ere he must appear to the world a despicable mercenary, who had been withheld from addressing one sister, because she possessed neither rank nor riches, when he had a share of both; and when despoiled of the latter, sued for the affections of the other, because she had the advantage of birth and wealth."

In vain the sincerely attached Rosa strove to combat the inflexible pride of Charles, which seemed resolute in its prevention to his happiness; for it remained unvanquishable to all her entreaties, to postpone his departure until after the visit of his family at the abbey. He acknowledged he dared not; for he was convinced, that were he once more to become an inmate of the same house with the resistless Constantia, he should commit

himself to the scorn and detestation of her family, as a mercenary pauper.

"Was she possessed of no other attraction but her wealth," said Rosa, smiling, "those of her family, who know you not so well as I do, might imbibe that detestation of you;—but as she possesses quite sufficient attractions to exonerate you, I think, my good friend, I would not allow this implacable pride of yours to forbid the bans, ere you tried your success with this sweet as lovely sister of mine.—However, Charles, you will leave one indefatigable friend behind in me, who will watch over that happiness of yours, your pride so disregards; and should I perceive the approach of any suitor likely to succeed, I will give you timely warning, to try whether pride or love has in you the firmest votary."

Charles, pale at the suggestion of this too probable suitor, caught Lady Montalbert in his arms, in a transport of his lively gratitude, and imprinted a farewell kiss of fraternal adieu, as he held her there; he then hurried from her and de-

parted, without any further valedictions, as he trembled lest in a parting interview he should betray the sentiments he had imbibed for the lovely Constantia.

Colonel Arundel very shortly followed the impetuous Charles to Dublin, from whence they proceeded to London, where a most welcome surprise awaited Mr. Monson, through the indefatigable exertions of his solicitor, whom he had consulted upon the means he was to pursue for tracing the route of the miscreant Bland, and who, luckily for Charles, possessed a clear head and a feeling heart; since they both operated in the rescue of his devoted patrimony from the toils of villany, and affixed the loss sustained upon a culpable, not an innocent sufferer.

For this gentleman, shocked beyond measure at the ruin, so iniquitously effected, of so fine and very young a man as Mr. Monson, became so interested for him, that through the inspiration of his own kindness and pity, he left nothing unattempted, first to discover the retreat of Bland, and then, from some suspicions

awakened in his mind of collusion between that miscreant and the usurer, he demanded to see all the papers relative to the transaction. In these, after the most minute examination, he discovered that some of the fraudulent alterations attributed to Bland, were made in the writing of the usurer himself; and his suspicions thus receiving confirmation, he pursued the investigation, until, through various channels, accomplished by unfaltering toil and ingenuity, he collected such a body of evidence against the usurer, for having proved one of the principal agents in a conspiracy to defraud Mr. Monson, that, in dread of inevitable consequences, this culprit wisely absconded with a large portion of his ill-gotten pelf, leaving behind him a formal acquittal of every demand either upon the equity or honour of Mr. Monson, or his heirs, except for those sums he had advanced to Charles for his own use.

This acquittal was delivered to Charles by the kind friend who had obtained it for [illegible] and after his gratitude had awakened

to full glow for the mercy of Heaven, and to his solicitor, the first aspiration that arose from his heart, was a wish that he had not been so precipitate in his flight from Ravenswood; but it was now too late to return; since he had attended the commander-in-chief's levee, and had reported himself on the wing to join his regiment.

But to Lady Montalbert he instantly wrote, to impart his providential rescue from comparative beggary; and after relating that fortunate event, he proceeded to say, "that, since his last interview with her, his heart and judgment had never ceased to wonder how his senses had escaped a fatal overthrow, on beholding her hand plighted to another; and still more, how that heart, so sensible of her fascinations, had learned inconstancy, in a period so short as that which had elapsed since she had become a wife; but that since it had been his fate to prove himself an inconsistent and fickle being, if she, upon mature deliberation, thought it would not be too presumptuous in him to address her

lovely sister, he would erect his standard of hope under her encouraging auspices; and in that happy event, she might acknowledge to Lady Constantia, 'he had been the culprit who had robbed her of the bracelet of her own hair, which she had just woven for her sister;' and that, if she, his dearest friend, invited by her approbation his return to Ireland, he would quit Paris for the transport of beholding the dear inhabitants of St. Leonard's Abbey, the moment he could obtain the power of doing so."

The contents of this letter Rosa immediately confided to her mother, with whose approbation, she proclaimed the purloiner of the bracelet to Lady Constantia; who, although a Spaniard, had, by the watchful care of her anxious mother, been so wholly uninitiated in the code of gallantry, or the manœuvring of love, that with the most genuine *naïveté*, she expressed her rather indignant wonder, at "why Mr. Monson should do so ungentlemanly a thing as steal her hair, and allow her to search so much for it as she had done?"

"I suppose," said Rosa, smiling, "he thought it pretty, and that impelled the theft."

"Perhaps so," she innocently replied; "and since men wear bracelets in this country, and that he is such a favourite of yours, Rosa, tell him I will weave a fellow of that he took of your hair, or his sister's,—or indeed of mama's:—for I think mama has more beautiful hair than any body."

"Or of mine, Constantia," said Lord Montalbert, smiling; "for Rosa—who is our criterion of taste—says, 'mine is the prettiest in the world.' But I fear it is too short for the purpose, or Mr. Monson would, no doubt, prize it as highly as the lock which tempted him to this *ungentlemanly theft.*"

There was something so playfully arch in the tones and expressive countenance of his lordship, that Constantia was aroused to suspicion relative to the cause of Mr. Monson's taking the bracelet; and the moment she found her sister alone, she requested her, with a bright blush, "not

to write any thing to Mr. Monson, about her knowing he had carried off the bracelet, lest," she added, after a pause, and another bright increase of bloom, " he might believe me so vain as to attach some meaning to it."

Rosa lost no time in assuring her highly estimated friend Charles, of her approbation to his using every method short of necromancy, for winning the affections of her sister; and, faithful to her promise, shortly informed him of Constantia having innumerable suitors; and added her advice for making no unnecessary delay in Paris, lest some one of them should entoil the affections of the artless fascinator.

Charles required not this information to make his detention from Ireland a source of misery to him; but he could not yet obtain leave of absence from his regiment, and was compelled to endure the trial of seeing his more fortunate friend Arundel set out without him for the haven of his anxious wishes; but charged with the conveyances of many beautiful gifts

emale friends, amongst which, Lady

Constantia's betrayed a most suspicious preference.

Colonel Arundel was, like his friend Monson, no sooner arrived at Paris, than repentant of those feelings of equity which had led him thither, to diminish the military duty of others; since he too was home-sick: for so lately had the blessing of a mother's presence and affection, with those of two dear sisters, been restored to him, than he panted to be with them, and to witness that happiness, which the letters of his friend and brother so feelingly portrayed, as bestowed by Rosabella upon him and all around her:—whilst some degree of curiosity to see if Lady Meliora persevered in that steady course of unaffected humility he had left her pacing in, aided not a little, perhaps, his determination to apply for leave to return home.

From London, Frederick Arundel was accompanied by his uncles Lord Elwy and Admiral Oakbury to St. Leonard's Abbey, where he had left the small family of Ravenswood on a visit, and where he now

again found them; and during the months of his absence, the auspicious change, which had commenced in the mind of Lady Meliora Monson, had taken deep and everlasting root.

For the combined shocks which she had sustained, through her narrow escapes from the perilous precipices her besetting sin had blindly led her to the verge of, in her elopement for Scotland with the husband of another, and in her almost fatal interruption to the happiness of the most beloved friend she had upon earth, had aroused her to the indelible impression of her own reprehensible folly, and to an utter abhorrence of the deformities of affectation, and the demoniac influence of vanity;—for its dominion over her had been diabolical; perverting the amiable properties of her nature, and nurturing the deadly passions of envy and selfishness in a heart not genial to their influence; and no sooner did a just sense of her errors take possession of her mind, than genuine repentance was planted in her bosom, and whole soul became devoted to the

extirpation of all those home-nurtured propensities, which she felt full conviction had despoiled her of the esteem of the only man, for whom her heart had ever imbibed one particle of genuine partiality.

To catch the pure essence of Christian piety became her firm aim, and the storing of her mind with information of utility her next pursuit; whilst to clothe her manners with the placid spirit of humility was her unremitting endeavour; and so well had she succeeded in all her resolutions to improve, that Frederick Arundel was so struck by the visible alteration in her whole aspect — for now the graceful simplicity of unaffected sweetness had attractively combined with the animated vivacity of her nature,—that, in amazement lost, he was not so prompt in his meeting civilities as her ladyship's heart-cherished welcome of him taught her to expect; and led her to exclaim, with a painful blush, accompanied by a mournful smile—

"Colonel Arundel knows me not, now I have left off my unsuccessful performance

of a beauty, and am endeavouring to pace the unpretending way of a quiet rational being."

"I cannot allow," said Frederick, with animation, "that you have left off the performance of a beauty, since never did I behold your powers so adequate to the task; and admiration of the performer only caused my silence."

The animation of Arundel's tone, with his look and manner altogether, when he uttered this, relit the lamp of hope in Lady Meliora's bosom; and each succeeding day augmented the brilliancy of its steady flame; for Frederick, ere he was aware of his intentions, found himself making the most unequivocal declarations of love to her; and at the expiration of a very few weeks, the consent of Lady Derville, the Duchess di Soria, Lord Elwy, and even Admiral Oakbury—who at Wimbledon abhorred her,—were joyfully given, with the heart's approbation of the delighted Rosa, to an union so auspicious in promise of happiness to individuals so dear. Nor did the idea of distance in sepa-

ration operate much upon the mind of Lady Derville, as she yielded her sanction to this desirable alliance for her darling; since the estates of Elwy and Arundel were both situated in the principality; and from a mountain on the latter could clearly be discerned on a favourable day the crags of rock overhanging Ravenswood; and therefore she deluded her feelings of reluctance with the persuasion, that speedy intercourse could always be effected.

Charles, the long miserable Charles, obtained that leave of absence he panted for, to attend the nuptials of his sister; and having passed the ordeal of a winter at Paris, untainted by pernicious example or the lures of dissipation; he felt so much restored to his own esteem, that now in health, in hope, and consequent spirits, he proved a suitor too formidable for the already partially inclined heart of the lovely Constantia long to resist. The Duchess di Soria, devoted by her feelings of gratitude to every individual of the Derville family, smiled her delighted ap-

probation upon the mutual attachment of this young pair; and, although Lady Constantia's eyes are not brilliant black; that no one particle of her father's d—l can be discovered in her; that her coffers have not been filled with Spanish pistoles, but with good old English currency; she is shortly to confer happiness upon the adoring Charles, whose pride now seems all to concentrate in the cherished hope of becoming a good husband, father, master; and in performing, with the upright principles of an honourable man, all the duties of that station he may be called upon to fulfil.

The salutary, though harsh lesson, which the inexperienced wards of Lady Derville received in the world, to cure the errors of injudicious solitude, came with potent effect to the heart of poor Lord Derville; for she, through whose deceptious toils his domestic happiness was wrecked, was amongst the first to prove, that generosity was finding a genial habitation in his bosom. The allowance he made to his wife, even in the mo-

ment he discovered her delinquency, was a handsome one; and at the period this narrative is about to be presented to the public, he has, without any application upon the subject, most generously doubled it, to procure her every aid and comfort in her rapidly declining health, and to enable her to proceed to the south of France, or any other genial climate, to arrest the fatal termination of that deluding malady, which generally derides the power of clime or skill of man, into which grief and repentance have sunk this unfortunate but transgressing young woman.

Mr. Sternham having found it necessary to relinquish his church preferment, through the private admonition of his diocesan, the living of Ravenswood has been presented by Lord Derville, now of age, to a most worthy successor; the long neglected little parish church, under the auspices, and at the sole expense of the now most liberal Lord Derville, has been completely repaired and beautified; and there the *mild* doctrines of the Christian faith are, with animated zeal and unfaltering dili-

gence, disseminated to a rapidly increasing congregation; nor is the neglect of active charity a fault longer attributable to the pastor or family of Ravenswood.

The father of Mr. Sternham had been one of those miscreants, who, whilst entrusted with the agency of an absentee's property, enriched himself at the expense of his patron and the unfortunate tenantry; —his only son, the selfish wooer of our heroine, from early evincing powerful talents, had been educated by his ambitious father for the bar;—and possessing, neither through instruction nor intuition, the smallest particle of piety, the society and brotherhood of a nest of atheistical philosophers, from being most genial to him, he closely cemented, and under their auspices, and crowned by the laurels of their most unqualified applause, he published many essays, and other tracts, agreeable to the tenets of their diabolical infidelity.

In the height of the career of this his atheistical literary fame, the father of Mr. Sternham fell into the fangs of the law, for

some of his unfair dealings; and so large a portion of his ill-gotten wealth was the forfeiture, that with avidity he seized upon the acceptance of a living for his son, which a bousing companion of his own offered him, believing that great talent was only necessary to form a candidate for the most responsible of all professions.

Young Sternham having taken the requisite degrees at college, and the impiety of his principles and writings being known only to his associates, no difficulty occurred in his ordination; and as a wolf in sheep's clothing he entered upon his sacred profession, to do the cause of religion all the injury it was possible for an individual to effect; since, from beneath the garb of austerity he assumed, the cloven foot of hypocrisy would betray itself to all around him, except to her he had infatuated into a belief of his being all that was wise and good.

By this deceptious form of sanctity the friend of Lady Derville was cruelly deceived, when he selected him as an unex-

ceptionable preceptor for her grandchildren.

As the secrets of the heart will sometimes stray into a betraying channel, so the true principles of Mr. Sternham suspiciously tinted some of the most ingenious points of the work he had published whilst in England; insomuch, that the wary eye of the bishop of his diocese,—a man pious in heart, and profound in theology—was attracted steadfastly; and from that work was led to a careful inspection of all the known productions of this suspicious man; and so much of sophism he detected in them, that with indefatigable perseverance he delved into the early pursuits and habits of Mr. Sternham, and then penetrated to his atheistical associates, when all this research terminated in the private admonition we have alluded to, in which was included a recommendation to withdraw from the hallowed profession he had profaned, to spare him the pain of resorting to compulsion.

Not one individual who had ever evinced

kindness, even in the most trivial form, to Rosabella, but received their remuneration, either by pecuniary reward, or in every flattering attention from her idolizing mother and husband. Our readers may therefore suppose, that neither Betty Roach nor Mrs. Kilbride were forgotten; and upon the arrival of Lord Elwy and Admiral Oakbury in Ireland, they, with Frederick Arundel, requested their mite of gratitude should be conveyed to the first kind protectress of her, who they all found had promptly secured for herself a high place in their affections; and in a very short period after this request had been complied with, our heroine received the following composition, to express the gratitude of Mrs. Kilbride.

"Darling Miss Rosa,
now my lady dear!

"It is a million of thanks, let alone a thousand, which the burning heart of me sends, for all those elegant gifts, which you and your own noble kin have kindly sent me, to make me mad with joy, and

stark mad with pride; and which I did not want, at all, at all, after all the goodness to me of your dear and beautiful lord, and success to him! who all the time I took for one Captain Egremont, and fairly cheated him of nigh hand a year's prayers, that I was wasting upon the impostor.

"But although, my lady dear, I will never be wanting such grand supplies of the needful, the last came most opportunely, and good luck to the noble senders! to convince me there are those in the world that care for the likes of me, although my rap of a husband—that is, dear, he would be mine only he belongs to another—regards me not, the varlet! barring the property which he would have humbugged me out of—I'll tell no lie to skreen him, the mercenary!—if pilaver and blarney could have undone the deeds of the law, by which your noble lord had all the property stuck fast to myself.

"My darling Lady Rosa, it is always lots of my troubles I have to be tasing you with, when I write to you, and good to you, dear! and now I have to

tell you, and more grief to me! that all the prayers I have been breathing, through my officious gratitude to that Poll Ligamy, for her expected benefit of hanging my husband for me, have gone for nothing; for 'tis one big Amy that has stud my friend, and got rid of him for me; but how this wife had the power to break all the other marriages, I don't exactly know, dear; but suppose, as her name seems to tell, bekease she was the most powerful woman, and that the weakest goes to the wall.

"But although my late husband regards me not, there are those in the world that do, Miss Rosa, my lady; and did too, ere I got my last increase of fortune,—that is, myself manes, in the way of friendship, who Kilbride is not fit to hould a candle to. Ah! my Lady Rosa, 'tis long before an elegant warrior would have been coming in my way, when I was upon my prefarment, let alone a Waterloo hero:—but the one I mane was trumpet-major in my lord's regiment, and had his beautiful uniform hacked and shot

to pieces by the merciless French; still, however, 'tis the noblest of sights he is, when dressed in the remlits* of his battle array, with the white feathers nodding so elegantly as he struts up the street; and *ochone!* my Lady Rosa, but 'tis yourself he would be wounding the heart of, and be making you cry your beautiful eyes out, had you the luck to hear the accounts he gives of all the perils and hardships your dear lord wint through abroad, and of all his goodness to the sick and wounded.

"And beside the hacking of his uniform, this elegant warrior, dear,—who is as fine and proper a looking man as ever you seen, barring that he is a good deal weather-beaten—lost an arm in the last elegant battle; but that is no detriment at all, at all, for he blows the trumpet as well with his left hand as any other would with their right. Och, jewel! 'tis deafening you with delight he'd be, were you to hear him, and his charger neighing a second to him; for the poor animal comes limping up at the sound, nodding, and

* Remnants.

tossing, and pawing up the ground, as if for all the world he wanted to be at the French oncet more;—for the charger was wounded too, dear, and your own beautiful lord purchased him out and out, and allows his old master a pension for the care of the noble beast; and so, dear, whin the pace brought home the horse and his rider disabled from the wars, as luck would have it, they came to diet and lodge at my opposite neighbour's, and a more creditable man, I'll be bail, never entered a house, nor Mr. O'Din; who, upon finding my lord was my guardian angel, and upon my as cutely discovering my lord was also his, —bekease indeed Mr. O'Din tould me so himself,—we got into such earnest cabals about you and your lord, dear, which is the same thing, that we soon became as great allies as the Juke of Wellington and ould Blewcur themselves.

"Now, Miss Rosa dear, and lady darling, dont be blushing for me, in thinking I have got it into my foolish head to be marrying again; for, more grief to me, miss, if I do that same rashly, for sure I have had experience enough to make me

wise and wary; and, any how, 'tis not in my thoughts at present, bekease, dear, I do not think it would be at all creditable to be marrying a new husband whilst an old one was living; and Kilbride, I find, has been respited, and so 'tis supposed he will not be hanged these six weeks at least: and after that, dear, I would hardly be balking the wish that has long been upon me, of wearing weeds for him, the pillager of the world.

"Dear darling Lady Rosa, the rason myself did not answer your last gracious letter sooner, was bekease I was stagnated by joyful surprise at all the money the noble gentlemen sent to me, and could not hould a joint of me still, let alone a pen to stop in my shaking fingers, to trace my thanks; but now myself is every morsel as badly off; for, though the quill stays quiet in my hand, 'tis the goose it belonged to that is roosting in my brains to guide it; for, more grief to me! if it remains stuck there until doomsday, if I can tell your noble kin how deeply penetrated is the gratitude of——

"JUDITH KIL——"

"Ah! then, Miss Rosa dear, what is my name? for myself forgot to ax; but suppose, any how, tis not Kilbride; for, since big Amy broke our marriage, I am not to disparage myself longer with the humbug of his name. . . . . .

"And now, my lady dear, having begun, as it were, another letter to you, I may as well be telling you a mighty quare thing, and which, was I shoespurstitchus, would greatly stagger me: but a few nights ago I met Mr. O'Din at a wake; and, as we sat caballing and joking by the coffin, with nine candles blazing on the lid to lighten our grief, Mr. O'Din mentioned having had his fortune tould oncet abroad—which, indeed, he was led to tell, by my showing the matrimonial foretokens upon my ring finger, where the moul, which comes after the little imperfect one, that Betty Roach christened my sham marriage, has lately become more visible,—and the gipsy tould him, 'he would find his wife in his own country; and that he would know her when he seen a portly woman with nine shadows at her back'—so, with that, dear, I stole just a skew look behind

me; and, och! och! my lady! I thought the life would have left me: for there I found myself perched, with nine shadows to my back; so, dear, I screeched through terror and amaze; and, upon Mr. O'Din civilly axing me 'what was it ailed me?' I up and tould him in my fright; and, with that, he laughed, and said—'He could have tould me that without my taking the trouble of looking.'"

The serious displeasure of Rosabella at the evident determination of her first protectress to take unto herself a fourth helpmate, added considerably to the amusement Lord Montalbert derived from the epistle of this, not superstitious, admirer of Mr. O'Din; but which he at length appeased, by gravely assuring her, upon whose placid brow he had never before seen a frown of anger, "that he really thought it would be advisable to encourage the union, to secure Mrs. Kilbride from a more imprudent disposition of herself; since O'Din was an honest, honorable, sober, and humane fellow, and for whom he be securing a comfortable home."

Nancy Mahon found her husband living; and, after many weeks of painful suffering, her tender care enabled him to return in Admiral Oakbury's yacht to England, where the discharge of Corneille from the service was procured by the benevolent Lord and Lady Flowerdew, who sent the affectionate pair back to their own country, with ample means, through their bounty, to stock the farm which Lord Montalbert has presented to them.

It is scarcely necessary to state, that the faithful Rinaldo experienced every mark of that gratitude he had full claim to, not only from the Duchess di Soria and Lady Constantia themselves, but from all to whom they were dear.

Lady Agatha Fitzmaurice, having relinquished her bigotry, abandoned her moated abbey, and removed with her household to a cheerful residence in the neighbourhood of St. Leonard's, for the happiness of being near those she loves; and there, under the influence of the pious Abbé Nugent, she dispenses aid and comfort to all around who require the kind offices of benevolence.

The Duchess di Soria, admired by all, and sought for in marriage by men of the first rank and consequence in the united kingdom, cannot be tempted again to throw a shade over her devotion to the first and only attachment of her heart; but now, centring all her happiness in her children, finds, in their excellence and affectionate attention, a blessing sufficient to compensate for the years of wedded misery she had known.

Lord Montalbert, blessed by the tender unalienable attachment of the wife of his heart's election, honoured by the world, esteemed by his neighbours, loved by his friends, and revered by his tenants, dependants, and domestics, we may pronounce a completely happy man.

Nor has the fortunate partner of his bosom one wish ungratified, except when she beholds sickness or sorrow she cannot relieve; and her improvements, made under the auspices of the Abbé Nugent, both in accomplishments and intellectual acquisitions, burst unexpectedly — with many other treasures of her mental stores on the astonishment of her enraptured

husband, to increase, if that were possible, his love and admiration. And we now leave her, not only the idol of her lord, her relatives, and friends, but of all around her; since, in the harsh but salutary school of adversity, she learned to know herself and her important duties; and, from that knowledge, to form her selection of those precious jewels, that now most brilliantly adorn her coronet.

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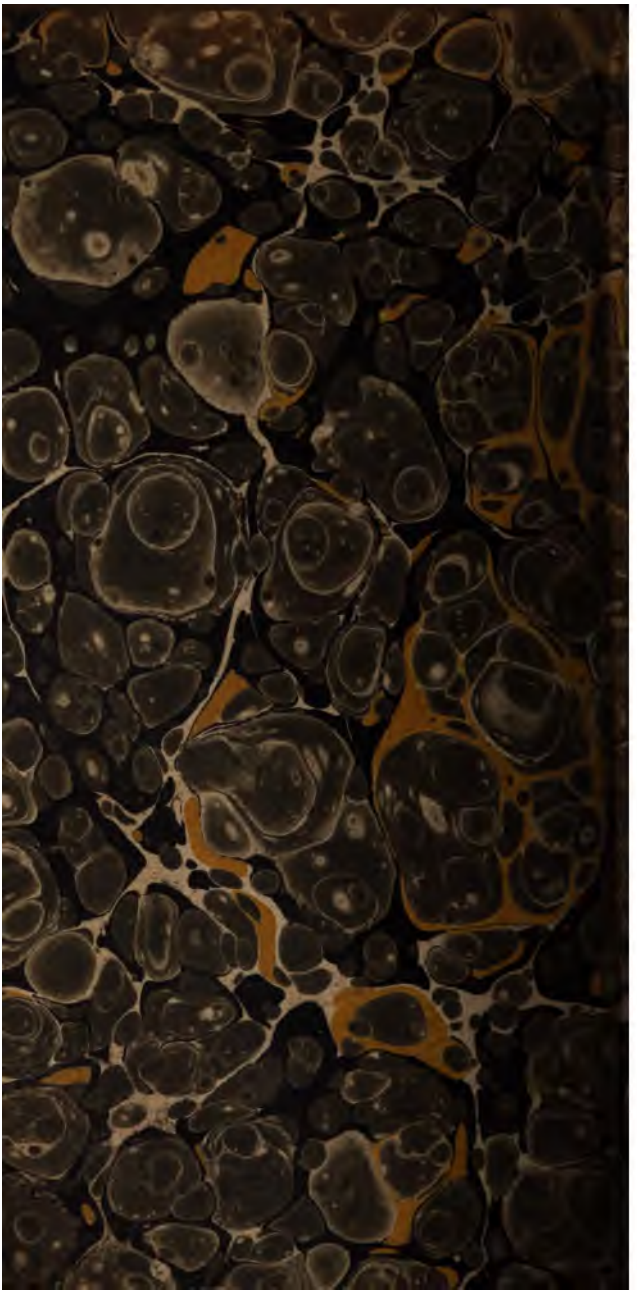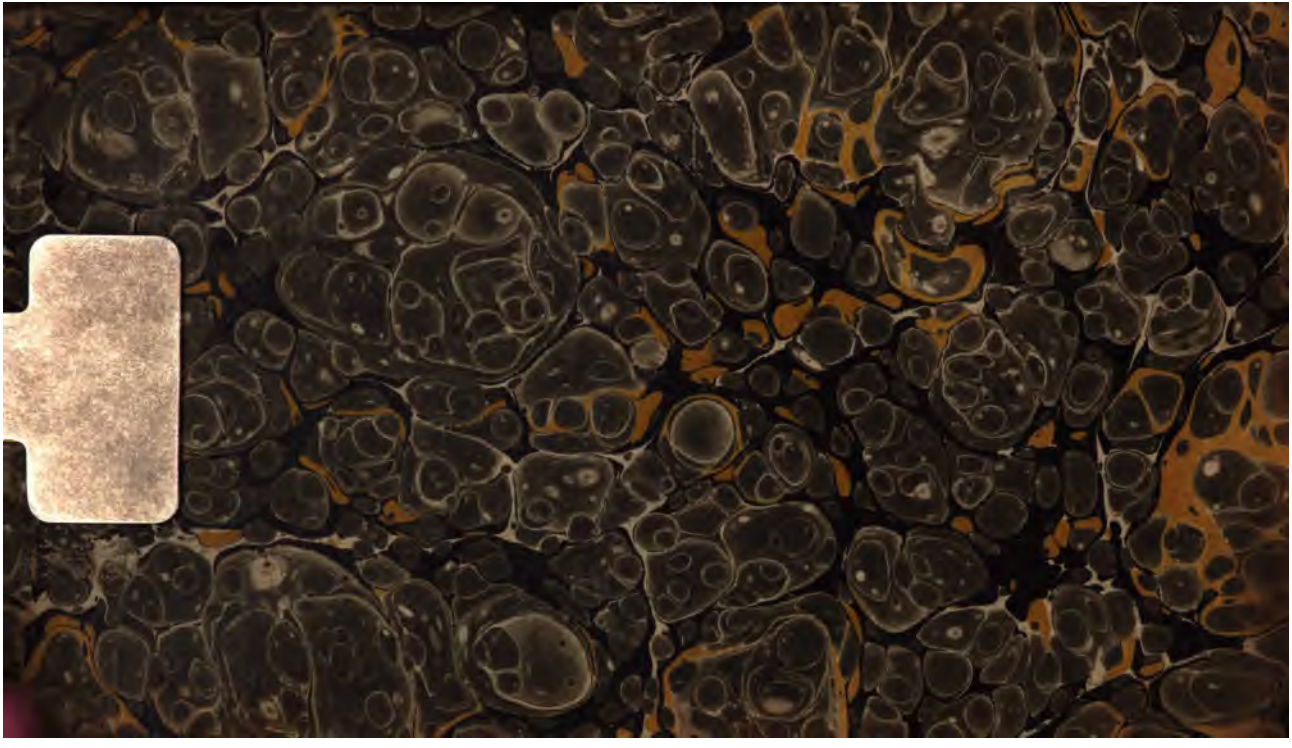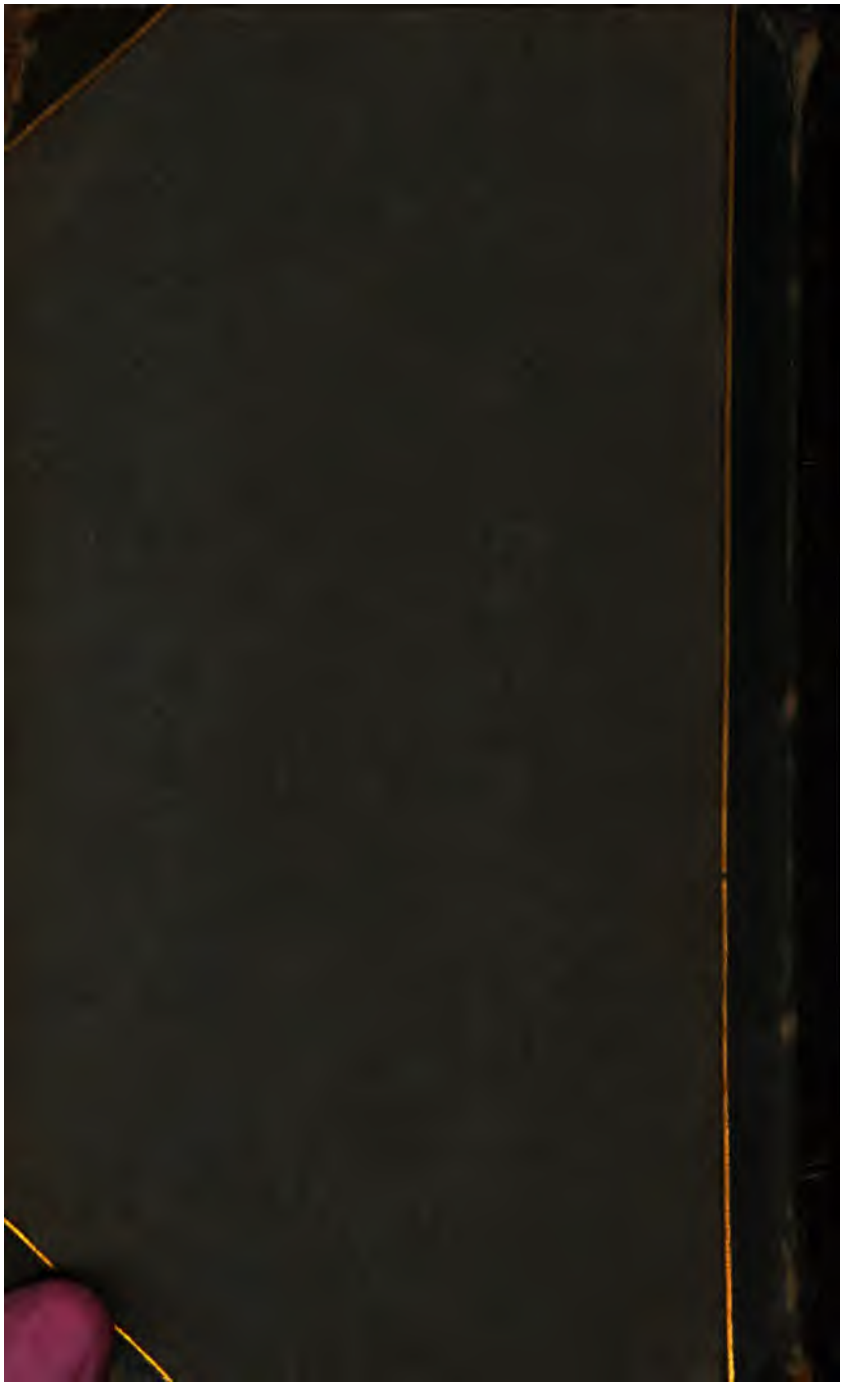
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